

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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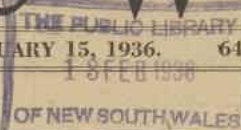
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SYDNEY



## HELEN

THE day's work now is over,  
with all its little cares,  
And Helen gives attention to her  
very own affairs,  
With all the charming deftness that  
every woman knows,  
Rouging both her pretty lips, and  
powdering her nose.

Now a little snatch of song, laugh-  
ing eyes alight,  
For Someone dear is waiting to drive  
her home to-night.  
So Helen has ideas of another role in  
life. . . .  
For Someone last night asked her if  
she would be his wife.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.





# EASY VICTIMS for Hold-Up MEN!

**Women Cashiers who Carry Large Sums Through Streets Without an Escort!**

## EMPLOYERS SHOULD PROTECT THEM

The cold-blooded murder of a Government messenger in Melbourne, when a large sum was stolen by armed bandits, throws out in unpleasantly bold relief the risks to which women cashiers entrusted with carrying money to banks and the cashing of pay cheques are subjected almost every day of every week in every city to earn their daily bread.

*They are not provided with escorts, much less protection, by the wealthy concerns that employ them, yet they are in daily danger of being waylaid and maimed, or even killed to save the few shillings the employment of armed protectors would entail.*

SINCE the Melbourne hold-up much has been said about the necessity for providing armed escorts for paymasters and others entrusted with the transport of money to and from banks.

But similar talk has been indulged in before. As soon as the shooting is forgotten, however, employers forget about the danger their employees are called upon to face, and the same old routine is resumed.

### Too Trusting

IT is amazing the number of firms in all the capital cities that permit their cashiers to carry big cheques and carry large sums to the banks.

Only last week a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly was in one of the largest banks in Sydney when a young girl presented a cheque for nearly £1000 to be cashed.

She obtained notes of various denominations, casually placed them in her handbag, and left the bank without any escort. This is but one instance of the surprising confidence which business executives have in the honesty of the public—a confidence that is not justified by events.

True, in May, 1934, when Elsa Gregorson, a girl cashier, was assaulted and robbed of a pay-roll of £295, there was public outcry, and the police issued a warning to employers. But so little heed was taken that a few weeks later another girl was held up in broad daylight and a pay-roll stolen.

Miss Gregorson displayed wonderful courage when the thief assaulted her and grabbed her bag. She held on to

him and called for help, with the result that a man was arrested and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for assault with violence.

The temptation which is afforded thieves in young girls being entrusted with large sums of money is great, and many opportunities are daily offered. A cunning thief has only to observe closely the movements of a woman clerk and await his chance to make a big haul.

Although it may not be generally known, it is not the province of the police to provide escorts for the safe conduct of money. There are many men with excellent qualifications available for engagement, and the police favor the employment of men specially trained in the use of firearms and who, by their natural aptitude, are fitted for such duties.

Retired policemen and many returned soldiers are possessed of the necessary qualifications, and for a comparatively small sum can be engaged by companies whose business necessitates the transfer of large sums of money from place to place.

The Commissioners of Police in all the States regard it as most unfair that any woman should be exposed to the risk of being assaulted and robbed, and declare that employers should confine the work of carrying money to male employees suitably escorted.

Mr. Mackay, the Chief of the New South Wales Police, is very emphatic on this point. He considers that women should not be asked to take the risks associated with the carriage of money through the streets. It is a job for armed men, accompanied by armed escorts.



JIM FERRIER, amateur golf champion of Australia and Close Champion of New South Wales, who will write a series of articles on "How to play golf" for The Australian Women's Weekly, commencing in next issue. In the lower picture, the young champion, who will be an aspirant for the British Open and the English, Scottish, and Irish championships during the coming season, is shown at the finish of his swing.

## FERRIER to Write for WOMEN'S WEEKLY Special Service That Will Help Women Golfers to "Break 90"

The Australian Women's Weekly has pleasure in presenting yet another outstanding service to its readers.

It has completed arrangements with Australia's wonder golfer, Jim Ferrier, for a series of articles designed to assist the thousands of feminine devotees of the game.

THERE is no one better suited to do this than Ferrier, who at the age of 20 has been in the forefront of golf for six years. And not only is the Sydney boy a great player, but he is also a remarkably keen student of the game in all its technical aspects.

Ferrier will not endeavor to "blind" the reader "with science." Rather it is his aim to express fundamentals of the game in a manner easily assimilated by all. He realizes that he will be writing for the newcomer to the game as well as for the low-marker.

Ferrier has had a phenomenal career in golf. At the age of 14—he was barred from other sports owing to a foot injury—he made his debut as a member of the Manly A grade team. Incidentally he won his initial game. The same year he took the Summer Cup, Manly's hot-season classic, after a play-off with Thompson. That proved his temperament for the game.

In the season following he astonished the golfing world by winning the Manly (N.S.W.) Club championship from a field which included such notable golfers as Harry Hattersley and Eric Apperly, and in the following year went on to take the New South Wales amateur championship, defeating Eric Apperly in the final at Rose Bay. It was a staggering effort by one so young.

Since then Ferrier has gone from success to success, and only the Australian Open has eluded him. In this he has been very unlucky. In 1931 he finished only a stroke behind the winner, Ivo Whitton, at Kensington, while last year, at Seaton, one bad hole at the second last in the final round robbed him of what appeared a certain victory.

He atoned by taking the Australian amateur title, beating Hattersley 2 and 1. Last October he created an amazing record by touring 72 holes at Killara in the Close Championship of New South



WARWICK DEEPING, whose novel, "Sackcloth Into Silk," will be commenced in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Wales in 266 strokes—16 strokes in front of a field which included the State's best professionals as well as amateurs.

Ferrier will bring this wide experience to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly, commencing in next week's issue.

## Mother Love ... Theme of New Deeping Serial

Mother love and its attendant sacrifices is the deeply moving theme of "Sackcloth Into Silk," the new Warwick Deeping serial, which will be commenced in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

HAILED by the critics as the greatest novel by Warwick Deeping since "Sorrell and Son," it is a story which will have a direct and poignant appeal to all women.

The heroine is Rebecca Slopp, who plans for the future of her brilliant son Karl. No sacrifice of self or her otherwise undistinguished family is too great in order that Karl may reach the heights as a dramatist.

In "Sorrell and Son," Deeping gave us a wholesome and entirely convincing picture of fatherhood. In "Sackcloth Into Silk" he has shown us motherhood, and the quiet heroic battle the average mother has to fight if she is the possessor of a brilliant son.

The great appeal of the story is its humanity and its likeness to life. Rebecca Slopp might be any woman. In fact, she represents the ordinary affectionate parent plotting and planning for the future of a brilliant boy or girl.

It is a tale of early struggle and success hard won, written with the sympathetic touch of which Warwick Deeping is so completely a master.

LOIS FAR LOVELIER



she's a wise, wily maiden, this Lois of the petal-soft skin! Nobody may see her without her cherished Revelry face powder because she has to admit in her heart, that her complexion is really the most ordinary thing. Praise be to Revelry that makes it look so flawless.

**Revelry**  
that artful, flattering Face Powder

2/6 Box — at all Chemists and Stores

Also Revelry Face Creams, Revelry Talk and Revelry Perfume...echoing the same exciting fragrance.

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUST.) LTD.



84.6.27



## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### VARIED CAREER

THE Rt. Hon. Sir Kingsley Wood, the British Postmaster-General who made the post office popular, was reported recently to have said that he "attributes all his success to a lucky wife." Only five feet tall, he is a plump little man with sparkling eyes, neat moustache, and aura of efficiency.

Born the son of a Wesleyan minister, he was admitted as a solicitor in 1903. He represented Woolwich on L.C.C., 1911-19; M.P. for West Woolwich 1918, and knighted in that same year. Made Privy Councillor in 1925, and became P.M.G. in 1931. Last month he was made Minister for Health.



### TO STUDY ABROAD

MISS LORNA BYRNE, B.Sc. Agr., organiser of the women's section of the Agricultural Bureau of New South Wales, has been awarded a visitor's grant by the Carnegie Corporation. This will enable her to travel overseas and study the developments taking place in rural adult education.

Miss Byrne intends visiting Great Britain and Ireland, and probably some of the Scandinavian countries, and will return by way of Canada and the United States.

After an education at West Maitland Girls' High School, she came before the public eye as being one of the first women to enter the Faculty of Agriculture at the Sydney University. She graduated in 1921, and after several years of teaching in various schools joined the bureau.

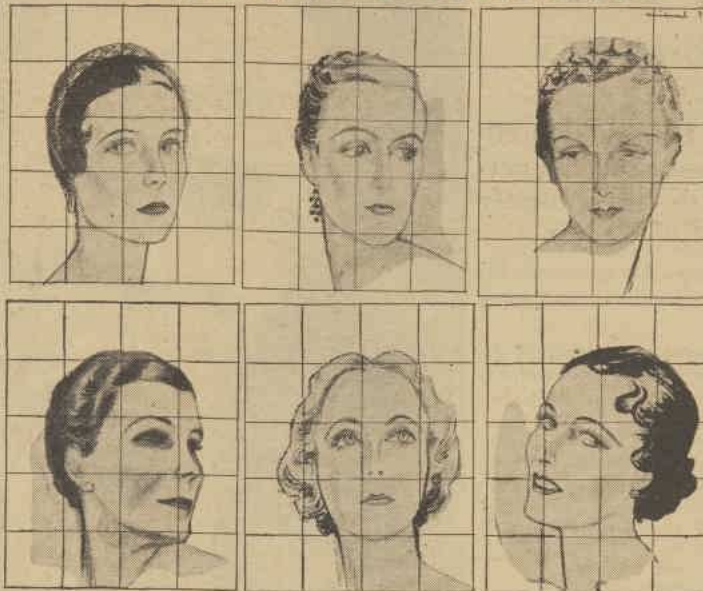
Miss Byrne has travelled extensively throughout Australia, organising and visiting women's branches of the movement, and fostering the ideals of the bureau.



### RESIGNED POSITION

COLONEL HUBERT JULIAN, popularly known as the "Black Eagle" of Harlem, arrived in New York on board the Aquitania recently. For a time he was the backbone of the Ethiopian air fleet, but some weeks ago resigned his position. It is not known what exactly prompted his decision to leave Ethiopia. There have been many rumors, but all the colonel has to say to the public on the subject is that "he was not treated with respect."

# THE WOMAN a Man PREFERS



HOW DO YOU COMPARE with the characteristic types shown in the above graphs? The top row represents, in order, the women born under the signs of Jupiter, Saturn, and Solaranne. The lower group refers to those born under the signs of Taurus, Luna, Venus, Mars, and Mercury. The types of men to whom they appeal are given in the article below. Study it, then hunt out your man.

## If You're Making a Leap Year Proposal, Here's How to Pick Your Man!

**W**HAT type of woman does a man prefer in this Leap Year, 1936, when woman proposes and man accepts or pays forfeit?

It largely depends on the occupation or profession of the man. If your Beau Ideal is a doctor, a professor, or a mathematician, and you were born under the star of Venus, waste no more time in trying to win his affection. Look round instead for an artist, musician, or composer.

**B**EFORE you "pop the question" to your backward swain, it might pay you to study this formula of types that men prefer. It is based on the occupations of men and the stars under which women were born. It represents an accumulation of the wisdom of an astrologer from France, where they understand so much about romance, and how to go about winning a man's heart!

The table is both a guide and a challenge. It is a guide for the girl who wishes to keep within the classes stipulated and a challenge to win the heart of a Romeo outside your class—if you can.

Thrice armed is she who knows her man's preferences in women, so make what use you will of this formula. Here it is:

### Men Prefer...

A lady born under Jupiter, when they are men of affairs, when they love noise, movement, and when they desire a companion having the same tastes, the same desires.

Therefore, if you are short in build, svelte without being thin; if you have big eyes, a mouth with lips a little big, a chin a little wide with a dimple, a clear voice, a walk well-modulated without being slow; if you have nut-brown hair, curls, long, thick, and pliant, a neck elegant and well-proportioned, tinted with blue veins, you will be able, without fear, to approach a man of this kind, who will fit in with your character, and who, like yourself, will love pleasure, fetes, receptions.

### Men Prefer...

A woman born under Saturn when they are doctors, learned men, mathematicians, wise men, prudent and hard-working, who would like to be aided in their work, and you will please one of them, without doubt, if you are large, dark, if your face is a little long and pale, with cheeks slightly hollow; if your black eyebrows approach each other and surround hollow eyes, which are black and a little sad; if your nose is long, thin and pointed; if your mouth is wide with white teeth; if your head is bowed on a thin neck, with the muscles fairly

strong and the veins quite apparent, and if your voice is grave, a little sonorous, and your step rather slow.

### Men Prefer...

A woman born under Solaranne or Old Sol when they are lovers of art, or artists themselves.

You will appeal to them if you are of slight build, avelte, well-made; if your hair is long, fine and soft, and accompanies a face with a chin prominent, without being exaggerated, and rather low; if your eyes are large, brilliant, and finely-shaped, with a brown pupil and with eyebrows long and arched; if your

The planets and stars referred to in this article are applicable to those whose birthdays occur as follows:—

JUPITER: Nov. 23 to Dec. 23.  
SATURN: Dec. 23 to Jan. 20.  
SOLARIANNE (or Old Sol): July 23 to Aug. 24.  
TAURUS: April 21 to May 23.  
LUNA: June 22 to July 23.  
VENUS: April 21 to May 22, and Sept. 23 to Oct. 24.  
MARS: March 21 to April 21, and Oct. 24 to Nov. 23.  
MERCURY: May 22 to June 22, and Aug. 24 to Sept. 23.

wide mouth lets people see teeth well set, without being too white.

Altogether, you must be elegant, gracious, even majestic, your voice agreeable and sonorous and always harmonious.

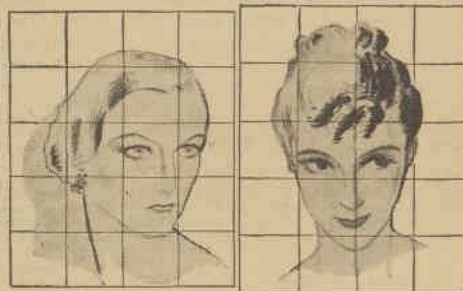
### Men Prefer...

A woman born under Taurus if they love everything which pertains to the earth, and wish to find in the woman of their choice not a "peasant," but a being who understands nature and that which she produces.

You will be able therefore to go to a farmer, a man who is busy breeding cattle, where the earth forms the main element, if you are big, thin, with a strong back, giving you a solid frame, which is nevertheless bowed in spite of this back, and on which rests a head a trifle large; if, in your face, a little square, your forehead is only a trifle developed; if your eyebrows are low over your eyes, little and deep-set; if your nose is a little large; if your mouth is big; if your chin is wide and



WHICH WOMAN?—A MAN PONDERS.



square, if your voice is rather deep. In short, if your step is rather slow and heavy.

### Men Prefer...

A woman born under Luna if they are sailors, navigators, born to dream, fond of poetry, a little capricious and changeable, a little egotistic, and they will look for a devoted woman.

You will be quite able to please them if you are rather tall; if your body preserves a slender appearance; if in your face, which is full and a little broad, your nose is a trifle short and rather narrow; if your mouth is rather small, with large lips, and teeth broad and a little big; if your eyes are round and clear, with eyelashes thick and long; if your neck is white and fairly narrow, with little circular lines which resemble thread; if, on the whole, your complexion is dull white and rather pale, and is colored sometimes with little colors; if your hair is fine and soft, long and fair; and if you are a little slow in your movements.

### Men Prefer...

A woman born under Venus if they are artists, musicians, composers, and if they are looking for, in their companion, a model or an artistic inspiration, for in your quality of Venus you must be beautiful, pleasant, seductive. You will be the dreamed-of inspiration if you are of medium height; if your face is round, with pretty cheeks, dimpled; if your beautiful brow, round and rather little, has two or three little lines between the eyebrows, which must be beautiful, long, thick, distinct.

Above all else, you must have big, beautiful, bright eyes; if your nose is elegant; if your mouth is little and red, and has lips a little thick, especially the lower lip, and teeth white and well-set; if your chin is round, fat, a little long, and has a dimple; if your neck is white, strong, and round; if your skin is soft and fine and has the appearance of ivory.

Please turn to Page 4

**Take 3 Inches  
Off Your Chest-Line!**  
REDUCE  
YOUR BUST  
this NEW Easy Way!



**ARE** you embarrassed by a large oversize bust that hangs in shapeless, unsightly fat? Do you want to reduce your bust and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth? Now you can reduce that chest-line by 3 to 5 inches. Let me tell you how FREE.

### TAKE OFF FLABBY SAGGING FAT!

Don't let a large early bust spoil your figure, make you old, and give you that settled effect. It is now so easy to regain that slim, trim figure of youth.

### Try This To-day!

Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce your bust it costs you nothing. I want you to try it; I want you to PROVE as hundreds of other women have proved, that you, too, can reduce your bust with this wonderful new treatment.

### Sent FREE!

If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

### TEAR COUPON—POST NOW!

Joan Powell Studio, W4,  
107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.  
Please send me, with no obligation, your "Amazing Something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.  
Name .....  
Address .....  
Date 12/2/36

### Read This Genuine PROOF!

"I am delighted with the results. I have lost 3 inches in my bust measurement, and hope to lose another 2 inches. Thanking you."  
Mrs. F. Allan, W.  
"I have been using it for little over a week now, and can feel and see the difference in the bust already. They are getting firmer and rounder."  
Mrs. C. Clark, D.  
"I am very pleased with the results. My bust is quite small now."  
Miss L. Felter, A.  
"I am very delighted with the result."  
Mrs. D. Rock, W.  
"There is a great improvement."  
Miss B. Heath, B.  
"I am thrilled with the results and have already lost over a stone in weight since starting."  
Miss M. Camille, F.  
"My bust has become a better and firmer shape."  
Mrs. Rosling, A.

**NOTE!**  
These letters and many more are open for inspection at my offices any time.



# DUMB — and He was MADE to SPEAK

## Natural Larynx Replaced by an Artificial Voice-Box TRIUMPH of MODERN SURGERY

By Our Special Commissioner.

When, two years ago, Mr. William Firmstone, well-known Sydney business-man, underwent a throat operation, in which his larynx was removed, he naturally thought he would be dumb for the rest of his life.

To-day, with the aid of an artificial larynx, he transacts his ordinary business, speaks distinctly over the telephone, and even addresses public meetings.

Modern surgery, allied to the perfection of a modern mechanical device, has accomplished this seeming miracle. So far as can be ascertained, Mr. Firmstone's case is the first of its kind to be so treated in Australia, though similar cases have been recorded in America.

The facts of his amazing recovery as related here were supplied by him to the Women's Weekly in the interests of any other present or potential sufferers from the same disability. He attributes the "miracle" to the skill of Dr. V. M. Coppleston, one of the most brilliant of the younger school of Australian surgeons.

TWO years ago William Firmstone, a well-known Mascot builder and company manager, was admitted to St. Vincent's Hospital with a very serious throat affection which reduced him from a strong, robust man to a mere skeleton.

His case appeared hopeless—so much so that arrangements were made for him to enter the Hospice for the Dying. But while in the hospital Firmstone

was placed under the care of Dr. V. M. Coppleston, of Macquarie Street.

The patient was examined by a number of other leading surgeons, and ultimately, after many consultations, it was decided that his only chance was to undergo a major operation without delay.

The patient was in such a precarious state of health, and such was the nature of the operation, that it was impossible to administer the usual anaesthetic, and Firmstone was informed that the only

relief that could be given him was a local anaesthetic.

Still, when informed that he had a fighting chance of recovering his health, although his voice would have to be sacrificed, Firmstone agreed to undergo the operation. Dr. Coppleston performed



MR. WILLIAM FIRMSTONE, upon whom the wonderful throat operation described in this article was performed.

—Women's Weekly photo

## FREE DANCING LESSONS!

Professor Bolot's Wonderful FREE Offer to All "Women's Weekly" Readers.

Learn Dancing This New, Easy Way

NOW you can test this wonderful course on dancing yourself—try this famous system in your own home and if after 30 days you have not become an expert dancer, popular and sought after, it COSTS YOU NOTHING—not one penny! But you must hurry, this offer may never again be repeated. It places you under no obligation whatsoever; all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW!

Simple as A.B.C.

IT does not matter if you have never danced a step in your life before—or if you have been trying for years to dance—the famous BOLOT System, the system that has stood the test of 25 years, guarantees to make you an accomplished dancer in just 30 days—OR IT COSTS YOU NOT ONE PENNY—it will teach you all the latest dances—Slow Foxtrot, Quick Step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, etc.—together with Old Time. The Bolot System never fails—you have Professor Bolot's personal guarantee.

**Become Popular — Admired**  
MAGNETIC Personality—Popularity—Confidence, can be attained with Professor Bolot's wonderful course—you will find yourself sought after—admired by the opposite sex—invited out to all social functions—in short, you will become a "social lion." Dancing is the shortest cut to good times—non-dancers and bad dancers join all the fun in life—now is the time to start and take advantage of Professor Bolot's wonderful offer NOW—but hurry, this offer is limited.

Without Music — Partner — or Drudgery

THIS guaranteed system will teach you to dance quickly—without music or partner—without drudgery or difficulty, on a systematic and convenient classes here. You become a finished dancer almost overnight—no longer need you be the "wallflower" at all the parties or dances—YOU BECOME POPULAR! Take advantage of this wonderful offer of DANCING LESSONS FREE—post the coupon NOW.

For...  
**FREE DANCING LESSONS**  
—Post Coupon NOW!

Professor J. Bolot, F.R.S.,  
French Dancing Academy,  
Dept. 3, Box 3573RR, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dear Sir,  
Please send me by return post, your Free Lessons on Dancing, together with your FREE book, "Dancing as a Fine Art." This, I understand, places me under no obligation.

Name .....  
Address .....

..... 15/2/36  
(Studies for Personal Tuition,  
62-64-66 Oxford St., Sydney.)

These Pupils Couldn't Dance a Step — Now Accomplished Dancers!

"SURROUNDED BY PARTNERS."  
"I am writing to thank you for the dancing lessons which I received safely. I cannot thank you enough, for I am coming on wonderfully with my dancing. The last dance I went to I never missed one dance, and when the 'Steamy' dance came, I was in the centre of a ring of men asking: 'Are you engaged for this?' 'Can I have this dance, please?' I did not know what to do as I could not dance with the lot of them at once. I simply love dancing now. Thanks to you. One man told me last dance he would dance with me forever."—M.L. (Miss), Wynstone, N.E.W.

"WON A WALTZ CONTEST."  
"I have much pleasure in telling you that I have mastered your wonderful course, and I must say that my dancing is a credit to you, my instructor and Teacher. I must tell you that only a week ago I won a Waltz Contest. Your course have taught me to dance so easily and lightly."—E.E.H. (Mrs.), Cammerider, N.Z.

"EXCELSIOR MY GIRL FRIENDS."  
"The first lesson I went to after receiving your course I surprised everyone, especially my girl friends, with my graceful dancing. Every one complimented me; for I had never danced a step before sending for your course."—J.E.A. (Mr.), Linnore, N.S.W.

"MADE WONDERFUL PROGRESS."  
"I received your course safely, and I think it wonderful. I could not dance before I got it, but a week after I was able to surprise my friends with my knowledge of the Art. I have made wonderful progress, and I thank you very much."—W.L.E. (Mr.), Wilman, Qld.

Professor J. Bolot, F.R.S., Principal of The French Dancing Academy, Est. 25 years, together with charming partner, Professor Bolot, Australasia's leading Dance Instructor and Authority, can make you, too, an expert dancer—hurry the coupon into the mail for FREE DANCING LESSONS.

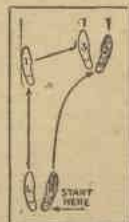


Professor J. Bolot, F.R.S., Principal of The French Dancing Academy, Est. 25 years, together with charming partner, Professor Bolot, Australasia's leading Dance Instructor and Authority, can make you, too, an expert dancer—hurry the coupon into the mail for FREE DANCING LESSONS.

This Offer Expires Shortly  
—Hurry Coupon Along

FOR a limited time only, Professor Bolot is offering these Wonderful Dancing Lessons, absolutely FREE, to all "Women's Weekly" readers, the minute the last set of lessons go, it will be too late. Our sincere advice to you is, get the coupon into the post this minute and receive by return mail your dancing lessons and start on the road to popularity and good times, which only dancing can attain for you—But Hurry!

**PROFESSOR BOLOT, F.R.S.**  
(French Dancing Academy),  
Dept. 3, Box 3573RR, G.P.O., Sydney  
(Studies 62-64-66 Oxford St., Sydney,  
For Personal Tuition)



AS EASY AS ABC

the operation, removing the patient's larynx.

It was successful, and Firmstone's remarkable courage and eagerness to recover proved a tremendous asset in expediting his recovery. In course of time he began to gain strength, and with careful nursing and attention by the hospital staff he built up until he had almost recovered his normal weight.

Firmstone was now dumb, but he did not abandon hope. Instead, he set himself the task of learning a series of signs and the deaf and dumb alphabet as a means of expressing himself.

But although restored almost to normal health Firmstone recognized himself to the fact that he would never speak again, little dreaming what a miracle medical science was about to perform for him.

The Bell Telephone Company of America had been investigating the problem of restoring lost human speech by mechanical means, and perfected a

IT'S DIFFERENT—  
"THE THIN MAN"

It's witty, provocative, and different to any other detective-mystery yarn you have ever read, "The Thin Man," Dashiell Hammett's famous story, which appears as a free novel with this issue.

device which gave such startling promise of success that a new era was made depicting the use of the instrument. This film was shown in Australia, and came under the notice of Dr. Coppleston, who decided to investigate its possibilities.

So impressed was Dr. Coppleston that he decided to import one of the instruments from America and experiment

on his patient. The instrument was purchased at an approximate cost of £200, and right from the outset its success became evident, as the patient was able, by using it, to pronounce a few simple words in a clear tone.

Firmstone then placed himself in the hands of Mr. Lawrence Campbell, the well-known teacher of elocution, who spent many hours in assisting him to use the instrument that he could carry on a normal conversation and pronounce any word without difficulty.

With continuous use of the instrument Firmstone recovered the use of his voice to such an extent that he was able to attempt singing.

### Mechanical Voice-Box

THE artificial larynx, which was imported from America, is a simple device composed of half-a-dozen parts which can be dismantled and re-assembled in a few moments without trouble. In theory it is practically identical with that of the human larynx. During normal speech the air is expelled from the lungs and passes through the trachea to the larynx or voice-box. The larynx contains vocal chords which, when thrown into vibration by the current of air from the lungs, form sound-waves, and the artificial larynx acts in exactly the same way. The vibrating element of the instrument is a non-corrosive metal reed.

An opening has been made in Firmstone's throat, and when adjusting the larynx for speaking he closes this aperture with one end of the instrument, which is fitted with a kind of sponge. This prevents the passage of air through the opening, and he then speaks into the reed end of the instrument, which is fitted with artificial vocal chords.

How far the development of the use of mechanical means in the future will eliminate the dumb person from the community is a matter that is now engaging the attention of the leading surgeons in England and America.

## The Woman a Man Prefers

(Continued from Page 3)

### Men Prefer...

A woman born under Mars when they love violent sports, when they defy danger, when they love glory, and when they know how to conquer her with their boldness and their rashness. You will certainly please these men, who wish for a companion who resembles them, if you are in height above the average, strong without being heavy; if your head, a little short, has a forehead high and open; if your eyes are large and bold, and sparkle, and look them straight in the face when talking; if your eyebrows are fairly low-set and thick, and frown easily; if your nose has wide nostrils which curve slightly; if your cheekbones are a little prominent and your chin also. Your step must be lively and brisk, and you carry your head erect. As you must

love noise, your voice is strong and resounding, your movements are often brusque and quick.

### Men Prefer...

A woman born under Mercury when they are dress designers or doctors, and when they wish to be supported in their work or in their studies. You will please a certain type of man if your face, a little long, agreeable, with a childlike expression, your complexion rather pale, is animated easily; if your chestnut hair is supple, however straight; if your eyes, a little hollowed, brown, have eyebrows long, thin and arched; if your nose is straight and long and has a round end with a cute dimple; if your mouth has thin lips and if it opens frequently, allowing one to see the teeth, little and well-set; if your chin is long and a little pointed. In short, if your voice is rather gentle



# SPANISH Maine

By □□□  
P.C. WREN  
Author of "Beau Geste"

In this final instalment the tale of pathos, action, and tragedy is brought to an intensely dramatic ending . . . .



**C**ONSUELA, who was formerly a dancing girl in Algiers, until rescued from that life by her half-brother, Otis Vanbrugh, is being blackmailed by Spanish Maine, a former lover. He is entirely merciless, and his revelations would wreck the contemplated marriage plans of Consuela and Sir Harry Vane. Otis Vanbrugh has gone to his friend, John Geste, for his advice, and they are seeking ways and means of defeating the blackmailer.

Spanish Maine has contrived to get himself invited to Vane Court by Lady Drusilla, mother of Sir Harry Vane, and from there he watches Consuela and her brother, visitors to Brandon Abbas, the home of John Geste, endeavoring to extricate themselves from the web of his weaving.

Eventually Spanish Maine visits London in connection with the illicit sale of cocaine, leaving the trio at Brandon Abbas awaiting his next move. When and where will Spanish Maine strike? Will Consuela find a way out of this appalling situation? Are there forces working against the blackmailer that she does not know of? Now read on.

**A**T Vane Court, Senor Manuel Maine scored a distinct success. With the Lady Drusilla he made it, and perhaps the more completely by reason of the fact that Sir Harry Vane was not present.

"All right, darling, I will make your apologies," she had said to her departing son.

"Pray don't, my child," he had replied.

"I'll tell him that you've gone over to Brandon Abbas where your Consuela and her brother are staying. He'll quite understand and will excuse you."

"I'm sure he will," was the reply. "And I don't care a tuppenny damn whether he does or not. Don't forget to tell Mantion to be specially careful about locking up the silver at night. And you put all your jewellery in the safe when you go to bed, Mother."

"Yes, darling. Shall I put myself in the safe, too?"

"Wouldn't be half a bad idea," was the reply. "Honestly, though, Mother, what an earth did you want to go and invite the man here for?"

"Well, I've told you, darling. Partly because I didn't, for a moment, suppose he'd come; and partly because I should like to visit Spain."

And so it came to pass that there was no fly in the ointment of Senor Manuel Maine's happiness as he sojourned at Vane Court and wallowed in its luxuries.

This was the life for el Senor Manuel Maine! After all he'd been through as Spanish Maine, legionnaire, convict, deportee, this was the sort of life for him, the man who had suffered so long and so much, had been used so ill by Fate; had been doomed to poverty, misery, cruel suffering, penal servitude and transportation for life.

He could enjoy this sort of thing after that sort of thing.

Yes, thanks to the little devil Zasa Blanchdour, who called herself Consuela Vanbrugh. And, incidentally, it was about time he put the screw on, and got the first instalment out of her or her brother.

And if they did not choose to cough up promptly and satisfactorily, well then, all right. He could wait.

He could lie low until she was married. And then what about it? Perhaps on the whole it might be better not to put the screw on too hard, until then.



Illustrated by  
WEP

Then he'd demand a straight answer from the girl, as to when the wedding was to take place; and if it were not for some time, there'd have to be a bit on account—and a good bit—from the provocative, desirable young devil.

**T**HERE seems to be a moral somewhere, in the undeniable fact that misfortune should have overtaken Spanish Maine as a direct consequence of his attending Divine Service. When in London, it was his habit and his pleasure to attend a certain rather beautiful little church which ministers to the spiritual needs of the population of the Spanish quarter of Soho.

The congregation of this Roman Catholic church is by no means confined, however, to Spanish restaurateurs, criados, barbers, waiters, shop-assistants, shopkeepers, and the workmen who are their lodgers. From all parts of London, including the Embassy itself, come caballeros and their senoras and senoritas to attend High Mass at this famous Church of the Immaculate Conception.

And there, on the following Sunday morning, came Spanish Maine from the fashionable and expensive West End hotel that he patronised by reason of the fact that its proprietors, staff, and much of its clientele were Spanish.

Though of preternaturally acute senses, Spanish Maine, not possessing eyes in the back of his head, was unaware of the fact that his presence in the church was causing considerable and painful excitement in a pew situated at some distance behind his own.

A white-haired, shrewd, leather-faced, upright man, observing his entrance, had suddenly become rigid as a rod, motionless as a rock; as, with starting eyes and open mouth, he caught sight of him, recognised him, and stared incredulously.

Please turn to Page 26

Spanish Maine held her there. "What are you boggling over—the cash or the kisses? What are you? Have I strayed into a nunnery by any chance? Keep still, damn you!..."

fetch it. A nice little nest-egg for a rainy day.

Not that there were ever going to be any more rainy days among those to be enjoyed by Manuel Maine.

Not one.

Nevertheless, it might perhaps be worth while going and gathering in that buried thirty thousand pounds, and banking it. He'd know it was all

pleasure; and there was a most useful piece of business to be done, over the private consignment of cocaine that he had brought ashore at Plymouth.

Very valuable indeed. And funds were running low. This living in first-class hotels and travelling in the cabins-de-luxe of the best liners might be necessary to the maintenance of one's prestige and position far above suspicion; but it was very expensive.

However, that would not matter, once he had started tapping the new and inexhaustible source of supply.

When was that wedding to take place? It wasn't likely that ardent young people in their position would go in for a long engagement.

Anyhow, he must go up to London and get into touch with One Lung, as they called Li Wun Lung, and with Rimiski and Almonte. They'd give him top prices.

Yes, and then the devil would sell it for ten times what they paid him. In spite of their whining about how they had to compete with Bulgar Berkovia who got it, or brought it himself, direct from the factory at home in Bulgaria.

Yes, he'd have a few days in London and enjoy himself thoroughly.

## Consuela Meets Her Enemy

Why, it would make the buried treasure hunt a sideshow, a pleasant little holiday trip.

He'd go out to Alu Mendit, not only in absolute luxury, but without worry or anxiety as to the result.

He'd scarcely care whether the treasure were there or not.

Why, by the time he'd done with the excellent Sir Harry Vane—if he ever were done with him—thirty thousand pounds would be neither here nor there. In point of fact, it would be there—ha! ha!—until he went and

right then, and it might just as well be earning interest. One could never be too rich.

Well, well, happy days! And even happier nights.

And having enjoyed himself, spied out the land, learned a good deal, and come to certain conclusions and decisions, Spanish Maine then took his reluctant departure from the perfectly delightful Vane Court, and its truly charming hostess.

Yes, it was a pity to have to leave Vane Court, but—business! before





# WHITE Model GOWN

When a man becomes "he" to a girl like Marilla, there's pretty sure to be heartbreak ahead!



MARILLA didn't altogether like it, this parading about in model dresses in that intimate little restaurant which had lately sprung into being for the customers of Stanley and Steele. She loved displaying the models downstairs—walking through the cool spacious showrooms where her skirts whispered over the pale carpets; but the restaurant was a different affair.

There was heat and noise, and clatter. Men's eyes, which stared—women's hands which reached out to seize and touch the material of the lovely models Marilla wore so proudly. Voices commented audibly as she passed or called to her to stop a moment and reveal the price of that black frock or that cape of soft foxes. No Marilla didn't like it at all.

When she returned to the show-room there was an added lift to her usual little head—a faint flush on her cheeks.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Harter, the manageress of the model department, observing these dangerous signals.

"That restaurant makes me too embarrassed," Marilla confided, for Mrs. Harter was an understanding sort of person. "Pushing my way past all those people squeezed round the bar—"

"There're not thinking of you

Marilla. You're just the girl inside the dress to them. What you ought to do," said Mrs. Harter, helping Marilla into a sheath of white satin, adjusting the deep pleated ruffle of glittering, lightly spangled tulle round the slim shoulders, "is to walk about as if the place belonged to you. Look as if you're proud of your dress, and the dress is proud of you. Now, off you go, and try and get rid of this white model. It's been long enough on our hands, and we've only taken two or three orders to copy it."

"I never saw people eat so much," complained Marilla, preparing to set forth again, "and the cocktails they drink—"

"THE better for business," said Mrs. Harter, shrewdly. "When a woman's warmed by a cocktail it makes her feel rich and reckless and in the mood to buy a model like that."

It was the first step into that crowded room which Marilla hated. The heads that turned to look at her. For a moment she knew the temptation to glide into a corner and stay there. Instead, she raised her gilt hair head, and trailed her spangled white skirts slowly between the little tables—right round to the far end of the room, and then back again.

By the bar the crowd was greater than ever. Each of those lacquer red-covered stools was occupied and the white-jacketed barman was

shaking cocktails as a cool accompaniment to the talk and the laughter.

"Derek"—a red-haired girl in a smart black hat swung round on her stool to stare at Marilla—"Derek, do look at that dress. Shouldn't I be rather devastating in it?"

The young man called Derek turned his sleek black head and fixed dark eyes on the white vision which was Marilla in the model dress.

"Would it suit you?" he asked. "Oughtn't it to be worn by somebody very fair?" And his eyes slid from Marilla's gilt head back to the girl at his side.

Lois Greenbock bit a reddened underlip. Derek ought to admire her in anything, because she had settled—oh, quite settled!—that she was going to pass the rest of her life with him, and his good nature blinded her to the fact that she did most of the running in what she thought of as their promising little affair.

Fufling out a peremptory hand, Lois stopped Marilla.

"Please stand still a minute," she drawled. "I want to see how that ruffle goes at the back."

Obediently Marilla halted, swung round so that her flat back was towards this rather off-hand girl.

"I see." Lois was examining the cunning way the nulle narrowed over the shoulders. "Don't turn round yet."

The command came too late. Marilla, tired of being examined, had turned round. So Derek and unexpectedly

That crowded room which Marilla hated; the heads that turned to look at her. For a moment she knew the temptation to glide into a corner and stay there.

that she knocked the cocktail glass out of Derek Chester's hand.

At once he took all the blame. "I'm most frightfully sorry!" He had put down the glass—seized the napkin and was dabbing ineffectually at the big yellow stain on the glistening white surface of that model gown. Marilla was staring at it, too, with wide, affrighted eyes when Lois broke in.

"Don't fuss, Derek. Of course it'll come out, and, anyway, you couldn't tell she was going to turn round suddenly like that." Her voice conveyed that if anyone were to blame it was Marilla.

But Derek was looking at Marilla, seeing the trouble in her violet eyes.

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# "I'm Going to Kiss that Girl"

Illustrated by  
BOOTHROYD

Wouldn't any girl be furious if a man she had never seen made a bet that he would kiss her? When Gwen Halliday heard that Paul Rennie had made such a bet about her, she determined that she would make him pay for his impertinence! She did her best... But Cupid doesn't always play fair...

The child offered the flowers shyly. "There are lovely ones; they're on the cliff-edge over there, and I was afraid to go close," the little girl said.

## A Complete Short Story



IT'S quite a mistake to go riding on a lively, mettlesome horse when you're angry. The horse seems to know it. Tartar knew that Gwen Halliday was furious when she vaulted into the saddle and touched him with the whip. Maybe he was trying to help her out. Anyway, he tore down the drive and the bit clamped between his teeth, galloped along the shady, narrow side road that led from the Hallidays' farm to Cavendish Court.

Gwen tried to slow him down. She tugged at the bridle, talked to him, scolded, pleaded—no go. It all came suddenly. Tartar's hoof struck a loose stone, he stumbled, throwing her, fortunately, on to a fern-covered bank. The fall stunned her. Everything went black.

It might have been only a moment, it might have been half an hour, she lay there.

A handkerchief, soaked in icy spring-water and applied to her forehead, revived her.

The Samaritan was a brown, lean-faced fellow in grey tweed coat and riding breeches. His eyes were brown and filled with concern for her. His coat was open, the silver buckle of his belt glittered. She saw the initials—J.C.

"Feel better now? That's great. I caught your horse, running riderless. Hope he didn't do you any damage?"

Gwen felt herself, pinched her arms and shoulders gingerly.

"All right, thanks. Nothing broken. It was my own fault—well, in a way it was. I was furious, and I guess Tartar knew it and tried to be sympathetic. He's not really bad."

"Why all the fussiness?" he asked, smiling down at her. "You don't look—furious."

"Well, I was. How would you feel if someone made a bet that they could kiss you—someone you'd never set eyes on? Well, Mab Grant came over from Lockport this morning and told me that a man had made that bet."

"Very rash, I should say. Are you Gwen Halliday?"

"Yes, You're John Cavendish, aren't you? I saw your initials on your belt-buckle. Everybody's glad that the Court is occupied again. Have you just got here?"

"Yesterday." He looked quizzically at her and abandoned his kneeling posture to sit on the bank beside her. "Who is this reckless Don Juan who tempts Fate by wagering he can kiss girls he's never seen?"

"His name is Paul Rennie. Mab said. He's a star polo-player and—that must be where he gets his nerve."

"Why, I know him very well. You mustn't mind him. He does things like that—sort of reckless idiot. I imagine he will pay the forfeit in this case."

"Right," said Gwen firmly. "And it's some forfeit. If he doesn't succeed in kissing me before Thursday he has to swim the Devil's Gate—if you know what that is."

"I don't. I've heard the name, of course. Pretty risky, is it?"

"Very. Cross-currents and sharp ledges and—well, it serves him right."

"I agree with you thoroughly. Paul will persist in doing things like that—"

the little black felt hat, that should have covered her curly chestnut hair. She hated to move.

"Are you going to like living at the Court, Mr. Cavendish?"

"I—". He moved uneasily. "I am going to love it, Gwen. I won't call you Miss Halliday. We're going to be neighbors, aren't we? And friends?"

"I think so," said Gwen, looking shyly at his strong profile, thinking how nice it would be to go riding with him, to go on long walks through the woods.

"Are you going to work the farm, too?"

"Very much so. That's why I came here. The place has been neglected for ages. And I'm going to stock it and put in crops and—". Oh, this must bore you to death—all the things I'm going to do!

"No, it doesn't. I think it's wonderful. It must be awful to do nothing in life except play polo and go around making wagers that you can kiss girls you've never seen."

"It is. I'm quite sure it is," he agreed. "Paul Rennie is the most restless chap I know. Or was. I imagine this crazy bet of his will cure him."

"You mean he'll be cured when he's through swimming the Devil's Gate—if he has the courage to do it?"

"Oh, you needn't worry about that! Paul will pay the forfeit—if it kills him. Did you know he's staying at Cavendish Court?"

"No, I didn't. Are you two such good friends? Perhaps I shouldn't have spoken like that about him."

"I don't mind. It's all he deserves. But I hope you won't dislike him too much. Not a bad chap at heart, you know—spoilt, that's the trouble."

"I don't like spoilt people," said Gwen, putting the hat on now and letting him help her to her feet. "In fact, I don't think I'll like Mr. Rennie. In fact, I don't intend to give myself the chance to like or dislike him. I'm staying at home till he goes away."

"Oh! I see."

By L. A. Cunningham

making impossible wagers and putting his head into the lion's mouth. I feel sorry for him—in this case."

"Why?"

"Losing such a wager. It would be grand to win."

"Do you really think so?"

Gwen's eyes were blue-black. John Cavendish had quite the nicest brown eyes Gwen had ever seen. They gazed with sudden interest at each other, then both looked away.

"I do," he said softly.

Gwen's foot stirred idly a little pile of brown leaves. It was pleasant and restful and somehow sweet to sit there in the cool, fern-smelling shade with the young owner of Cavendish Court. She should go home, she knew, or continue her ride, but still she held in her hand

He stood, looking down at her—slender, slimly lovely in her riding breeches. The sunlight filtering through the branches made delicate, wavering leaf-shadows on the road.

"Well—thanks for the first-aid," said Gwen softly, glancing up at him and as quickly glancing down. "And for bringing Tartar back and—"

"I wish I had it all to do over again—Gwen—". His hands, lean and brown as his face, were lifted to touch her arms lightly, to draw her hesitantly close, close to him—and then withdrawn.

He laughed queerly and called to his horse.

"I—I hope you'll let me see you again very soon. Will you?"

"If you want to," said Gwen wonderingly. She had known quite well he wanted to kiss her. Then why in the world didn't he? Shy, no doubt. Too much of a gentleman to presume on the fact that he had helped her. She rather wished he'd forget that gentleman business for the moment. She liked him, had liked him from the first moment.

"Will you go riding with me to-morrow morning, then? Please?"

"Love it. I'll be on this road at ten o'clock. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly. And thank you."

He helped her mount Tartar again, and vaulted lightly into his own saddle. Side by side they rode back to Gwen's house.

John did not linger there.

"See you in the morning, Gwen. Good-bye."

He turned his head as he rode homeward, waved to her. Gwen's handkerchief fluttered back at him, and there was something in her eyes, a light, a richer shade of blue than had been there before.

For a moment she forgot Paul Rennie and his preposterous wager—only one of a hundred things equally preposterous. Quite easy to forget him when she had John Cavendish to think about.

"To think he's going to live here for good!" murmured Gwen. "And that I'm going riding with him in the morning!"

She said nothing to Aunt Margaret, who had kept house for her widowed father since Gwen was a tiny mite. Aunt Margaret was a spinster, and rather caustic about the morals of the present generation. Certainly she would not approve of Gwen's informal meeting with John Cavendish, and would probably try to prevent her going with him in the morning.

Gwen went swimming that afternoon. The beach was just below the farm. She could see far out the narrow eastern entry to Lockport harbor—the treacherous entry known as the Devil's Gate. Not in her memory had anybody succeeded in swimming it. The waves broke whitely on the black rocks, sending up showers of foam out there.

Lying on the warm sand under a burning sun, she shivered, thinking of battling with the swift current, the tumbling waves—quite a feat to wager against a kiss. And yet no man had kissed her, though she knew that one—and only this morning—could easily have claimed her lips.

Around the sandy point that separated the Hallidays' beach from that of Cavendish Court a man came swimming, cutting through the water with long, exquisitely easy strokes, making directly for the spot where she was sitting.

Gwen's lips tightened and her eyes grew angry. It wasn't John Cavendish, she knew in an instant, and when he waded out of the shallows she was sure that he was darker than John, his face almost swarthy and undeniably handsome.

She did not look up until his tall

shadow fell darkly across the white sand in front of her. Then, with an icy question in her eyes, she glanced at him. He was smiling down at her, showing very strong, white and even teeth—contrastingly white in the tanned darkness of his face.

"Aren't you Miss Halliday?" he asked gravely enough.

"Yes," answered Gwen, briefly. "Are you practising for your long swim the day after to-morrow?"

"Seems so," he returned. "You'll at least wish me luck, won't you?"

"All the luck in the world, Mr. Rennie—and you'll need it."

"Huh! In the old days men slew dragons for less than this. Pretty furious at poor Paul, aren't you?"

"I don't like people who will do such things, even to escape boredom. There are lots of useful things a man can do—"

"Yes, well—it's a lovely day, isn't it?"

"It was—a little while ago," said Gwen, staring at the sand.

"O-Oh! That was a nasty one. Cheer-up! I'm off again, preparing myself to brave the perils of the Devil's Gate. It's really a small forfeit to pay for having lost so tremendous a wager. Believe me, I speak with all sincerity. I hope you'll forgive—"

Swiftly he waded into the water again and swam towards Lockport. Gwen's severity vanished. It was a shame to treat him so roughly. And he was nice. Rather different from what she had looked for. And he seemed capable of tackling and beating harder propositions even than the one set for Thursday. Gwen soon stopped thinking about Paul Rennie. It was so much nicer to think of to-morrow's meeting with John Cavendish.

Gwen met him next morning at the very spot where he had found her yesterday.

They did not speak for a moment—just sat in their saddles and gazed at each other. Gwen's cheeks colored softly. It was dangerous—and very sweet—to look at each other that way.

"How is the famous wager progressing?" he asked.

They rode down a leafy, shadowy tunnel, cool and green and smelling damply of ferns and wet grass and moss.

"Did he tell you—about yesterday afternoon on the beach?"

"Indeed, yes. You were very hard on him, Gwen. He told me all about it. But let's not talk about him, please—there are so many other things more interesting—".

For instance,

—Yvonne Webb.

Please turn to Page 24



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,  
sketched by Petrov



● **EVENING** coiffure shows the hair brushed upwards, and an ornament.



● **WIDER** and wider belts. This green crepe one is shirred into a big buckle.



● **DARINGLY-LOW** decolletes for evening, finished with flowers, or large clip.



● **GOLD** kid belts on white or black evening frocks. This one is cut out in a pattern.



● **NECKLACES** for day or night. Large colored stones set in gold.



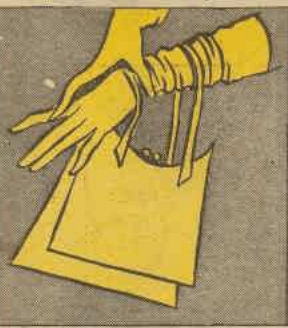
● **FROGS** and braid as trimming. White soutache braid frogs on a navy dress.



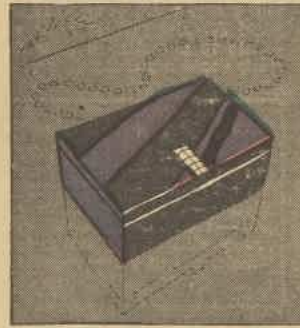
● **ALTERNATE** rows of white and black pearls joined to black ribbon.



● **SULPHUR-YELLOW** bag and gloves, to be worn with a black dress.



● **BELT**, boned to give wider effect in front, and with buckles at either side.



● **LACQUER** vanity case. Inside are compartments for powder, rouge, lipstick, money, a mirror, and a comb.  
● **AT right:** New long jacket-suit in green velveteen with brown cord frogs.



● **ABOVE:** Red velveteen turban and matching gloves, worn with any dark dress.

● **AT left:** Floating chiffon evening dress, with looped panels at either side of the skirt.

## AUTUMN

**EVENING DRESSES.** For the theatre or informal evening a dinner suit, a tailored dress of satin or velvet topped by a little jacket.

The jacket might have a fan-tail at the back, it might be of quilted satin and tight-fitting or loose like a Spanish bolero, and of a different color to the dress.

For more formal occasions your evening gown will be of chiffon with long floating scarves and panels with draped or full skirts, or you will have a draped dress in crepe, satin or velvet—skin-tight sheaths with gathers across the front, drapery concentrated on one hip, drapery tight round the knees, draped and swathed bodies with long shoulder scarves.

White is the leading color for these classical frocks.

Military air about braided suits, frog-trimmed dresses, astrachan - trimmed topcoats, military hats and long officers' capes.

### Points About Fabrics

**FABRICS** for day. Sheer hairy wools, lena, satin-backed crepes, very dull rough-surfaced crepes, brightly-flecked wools, raily-colored tweeds, metal thread crepes, lots of velveteen.

For evening—more dull crepes, velvet

in glorious shades. Brocades and lame, rustling taffetas, sheerest chiffon, fine wools.

Necklaces for evening will be massive chokers of colored stones or rows and rows of turquoise beads. For day, more colored stones, gold links, pearls.

**SUITS.** trim and tight-fitting, single or double-breasted, collared with velvet or astrachan. Jackets that kick out in a sharp flare centre-back.

Military double suits with velvet or corded frogs, and soutache braid trimmings. Skirts fourteen inches off the ground.

Soutache braid trimming dresses, coats and suits.

### Smart Belts

**BELTS** everywhere, all cut wider in front. Gold kid belt with big square buckles on black and dark-red evening dresses. Gold kid applied with black felt on a black dress. Belts rounded in front with metal ornaments.

Your day dress will be of velveteen, heavy crepe or silk jersey, deftly twisted and draped. Black or royal-blue jersey, green, purple or violet crepe, green, tan or wine-red velveteen.

Topcoats. Military, closing with frogs or brandenburghs, high astrachan collars. Coats that button down the centre-front with no wrap-over, a high neckline

that can be worn with a fur. Slim, straight coats with massive fur collars of fox, or short, flat fur. Astrachan is easily the most popular fur.

Dresses whose cut accentuates the outline of the bust. This effect achieved by a wide belt with the bodice full above, pleats over the chest, skirt cut up in a triangle in front above the waistline.

By day, your shoulders will be broad but not exaggerated. Sleeves have fullness just below the shoulder.

Among colors, bronze-green, very smart for day wear, and all the dark, rich greens, all browns, red, henna, ink-blue and royal-blue.

**PURPLES**—iris and parma violet—and dark brown are the smartest colors for evening if they suit you. Black satin and white crepe are the two most popular evening fabrics. Red is good, from deep wine to brightest scarlet.

Lacing is new. Velvet or fabric laces

at the waist, at the neckline, and often right up one side of the dress.

Skirts are shorter, especially for sports clothes. For evening they just clear the ground.

Fringe hangs from the shoulders and from the waist of many new evening gowns. Sometimes the whole cape is of thick fringe.

Pleats by day and night. Collars framing the face, two and three inches high, and close about the throat.

All smart women will be wearing colored gloves. For sports, gloves of leather in gray, bright colors. For more formal day wear, suede gloves, sulphur-yellow with a black dress, strawberry with sage-green, antelope hand-stitched pull-on gloves cut off short at the wrist, moss-green with a brown coat, slate-blue with black or navy.

**THE COIFFURE.** Hair brushed up from the ears and the forehead. Many ornaments for the evening, also ribbons, jewels, flowers and feathers. Pearl or gold mesh hair-nets worn like Juliet caps.

### Your Hosiery

**THREE** types of color for stockings. Coppery hues, which include rust and tan and mahogany, are worn with

all greens. There are also bright blue, ginger brown, and new tone called Orient. A deep olive is good with black and dark green.

Dark red and dark greens and navy-ribbed cotton and woollen stockings match tweed skirts.

To wear with black, navy and nigger-brown there are bronze and greyish-steel shades, very sheer. Gunmetal is smart with black.

**CAPEs** for day and evening. Over military suits they are short, and flung over one shoulder. Over dresses they are waist, finger-tip, hip or hem length, made in sheer wools lined crepe or taffeta.

Evening capes are glamorous. Floor-length affairs in rich velvet or crepe, hip-length and very full, long and stiff and military, lined in contrasting colors.

### About Hats

**HATS.** Turbans in two shades of velvet, draped and twisted, soaring upwards in a bow or two ends.

Pill-boxes and tiny models perched precariously on one side. Hats with high crowns topped by feathers or bows of the material. Off-the-face halos. Military caps trimmed with fur. Hats worn on the back of the head, to one side, or over one eye.

## WISDOM!



# SIX SNAPPY COATS

Tweeds that face Winter with assured grace!



• A WINTRY nip in the air will be an exhilarating prospect for Ena (above), who is so snugly and becomingly wrapped in a coat of English county tweed in that lovely new sea-blue shade knotted with navy. The coat is double-breasted and finished with six large buttons and wide rain lapels.

Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly fashion photographer. Posed by Misses Ena Edwards and Elizabeth Morris Edwards.  
Coats by courtesy Farmer and Company.

• ABOVE, Ena is surveying the scene from a garden seat. Her coat is an English tweed of mannish cut. The shade is a fascinating new, pale bluish-grey, which suits both blondes and brunettes. It is double-breasted, and has a Norfolk belt across the back.

• STANDING by the garden steps is Ena. Her choice of a coat is one that is suitable for town wear, fashioned from deep Burgundy boucle. The wide collar has shirred lapels, and the ensemble is finished with a cravat of bottle-green velvet.

• ELIZABETH found one of the new swing-out swagger coats irresistible. She is posing with one hand on the hip to show you the negligent grace of its supple lines. The coat is a Rodier model in grotto-green oatmeal tweed, with high Peter Pan collar and wide sleeves. A yoke effect is achieved by rows of black darning stitches.

• LEANING on the railing are Elizabeth and Ena. The former's coat is of English pollard weave, and it has a new, double-collar effect. The top collar buttons close to the throat for "dusty" weather, and deep pockets and stitched belt add to its comfy fit. Ena's check model has a fitting cape buttoned under the coat lapels. It is nigger and white.



FOR  
COUGHS

FOR  
COLDS

It heals as it soothes.

## Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

is most comforting in allaying irritation and tickling in the Throat. Its expectorant action expels corruption and phlegm from the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results without the use of Narcotics.

FOR  
CROUP

For the  
CHEST



## An Editorial

FEBRUARY 15, 1936

## HEALTH HAPPINESS



A MOST interesting phase of the life of the Australian woman of any age today is her genuine interest in the cult of health and beauty. And it's a practical interest: everywhere in the Commonwealth you will find women banded together in clubs, the main purpose of which is to engage their members in such simple exercises as will promote and restore physical well-being.

They may not appreciate it, nor need they worry about it, but each and every one of them is reverting to a classic ideal, the ideal of bodily health favored of the Greeks even to the point of making it a religion and a religious duty. For them it was not so much the cultivation of a healthy mind in a healthy body as the creation of a healthy body which would naturally and inevitably beget a healthy mind.

*That ideal has never quite been lost, and it has always been accepted that the man or woman with a clean body is liable to measure up to decent standards of conduct.*

But believing a principle and putting it into practice are not necessarily complementary.

The whole world over, woman seems to have found a new consciousness of herself. It would not be difficult to trace the discovery back to its origins in the war years, when women were thrown, as never before, upon their own resources; when the factors of victory or defeat lay almost as importantly in the kitchen and the nursery as in the front-line trenches.

*Surely some of that then new-found self-dependence has carried over to these later years, with the added discovery of the need of building up the bodily health to support it.*

Women are not just trying to make themselves look younger or more beautiful. It is not a cult of the lipstick, the rouge pad, and the eyelid brush and pencil. It is the cult of an inner beauty of the spirit that will make more for contentment and mental poise than for outward show. Hence the number of middle-aged and even older women who are now doing their "daily dozen" at home, and even abroad.

Their days of physical allure are past and done with, but they seek a truer, rarer goal still—that sense of physical well-being which is the foundation of all happiness. May they find it.

—THE EDITOR.

## POINTS OF VIEW

## "A Little Child..."

SIX girls and 14 boys, selected from the schools in one London municipal area, form a committee to censor their own matinee picture programmes.

So far they have vetoed love-stories which have not also an adventure interest. They're keen on genuine thrillers, and they insist on every programme having at least one slap-stick comedy and a Mickey Mouse.

With our Australian censors would let some little children lead them.

## Just Too Good

TWO young New Zealanders, after much experimenting, have devised a frying range that eliminates all the smell and smoke that used to characterise the old-fashioned fish and chips shops.

Seems to be one of those inventions the big defect of which is that they are too perfect. A fish and chips shop that doesn't smell like a fish and chips shop is simply not a fish and chips shop. Recently an odorless rum was put on the Australian market. An eminent fisherman declared it to be an excellent mouth-wash, but not a real fangle. The odorless onion is a discredited vegetable unless it develops atavistic qualities. Odorless castor oil survives in the nursery medicine chest chiefly because it's a sight (and a smell) more unpleasant than the original.

## Real Test

A PARTY of 26 English school-boys have arrived in West Australia to begin an intensive study tour of the Commonwealth.

Aged from 17 to 19 years, they represent the greatest of the famed English Public Schools. They are to visit sheep and cattle stations, observe industry, spend some time in capital cities, and generally learn as much about Australia and Australian life as they can.

They might well and profitably spend even just one week in looking for a job.

## Every Inch a Policeman

IN laudable endeavor to make its police force the best in the world, New South Wales is seeking its cadets from the best mentally and physically equipped graduates from the State High Schools and the Great Public Schools.

"As illustrating the splendid type of youth offering," says a morning newspaper, "the rejection may be cited of a young fellow among the present applicants who failed to measure up to the physical requirements—one of the essential qualifications included a knowledge of the Hindustani, Japanese, and German languages, and who is now studying the Chinese language."

Presumably, a youth with proven ability to detect murderers and elucidate crime generally would be unacceptable unless he were 5ft. 10in. and built in proportion.

## Lyric of Life

## Haven

THE road has led me to still water  
Quiet where the willows drip,  
Quiet where it flows in shadow,  
Downward, silently and dark.  
All the air is still and voiceless,  
And the willows do not stir;  
Dare I walk here in the silence  
With disturbing feet and voice?

Yet here I find the solace  
Of the worn and harrowed heart,  
In the peace beside still waters,  
Where the willows droop in silence,  
And the loneliness is godly,  
And life, for just a moment,  
Seems very sweet again.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## Hot Air and Cold

WHILE Canberra was in the middle of the recent heat-wave, Mr. Lyons was as cool as if he were at home in the south of his native Tasmania. The Prime Minister's office has just been air-conditioned.

It is now proposed to install a similar plant in the Cabinet room. What would be more to the point would be a system for cooling off Parliament House proper, especially when, for example, Mr. Parkhill is in charge of Government business and one or other of the Lang Group is on his feet.

## Money Talks

DEPOSITS in Australian savings banks during last year increased by more than £7,000,000. The volume of deposits reached its lowest point in May, 1932. Since then there has been a steady increase.

These figures have always been accepted as one of the indexes of prosperity. But it would surprise many statisticians to know how much of the £220,525,000 on deposit on December 31 last represents investment of big trust moneys under various family names up to the statutory £500 deposit limit.

It's not what we save, but what we spend, that tells the tale of our prosperity.



HENRIETTE CARLOS, slack-wire circus performer, who fainted in mid-air at London Olympia but escaped injury and insisted on going through with her "turn" at the evening performance. (See story column 4).

## Watered Facts

SYDNEY drank 124,122,000 gallons of water on Christmas Eve, but only 95,000,000 on Christmas Day.

And it's a good bet most of the 95,000,000 gallons was drunk out of bedroom jugs on Christmas morning because of what had been mixed with the 124,122,000 gallons the eve before. A man must eat sometimes, hence the falling off on Christmas afternoon and thereafter.

## Golf Etiquette

A PATIENT in a Queensland mental hospital is reported to have swallowed a golf ball. It should be pointed out that this is not the conventional method of holing out in one.

There is a lot of hollowing following the usual manner of holing in one, but the balls swallowed are high-balls or their Australian equivalents.

## People Who Risk Their Lives to Amuse World Thrills of the Circus

By MARY ST. CLAIRE Our Special Representative in London.

Everybody loves a circus, and that is why London is flocking to Olympia just now.

Henritte Carlos, slack-wire cyclist, fainted during her turn, but was saved by her brother, Carl, has sent fashionable London to the sawdust ring looking for thrills.

"IT was the most awful moment of my life," Carl told me. "I felt Henritte tremble and go limp. A moment before she had said 'I'm dizzy, I am going to fall,' then as she slipped from the rope I caught her and threw her on to the platform."

The "platform" is three feet square and towers 70 feet above the audience. From this perilous perch Henritte was lowered to the ground by her four brothers. She quickly revived, and wanted to do the turn again. She had no idea that she had been through her performance. Yet she wouldn't have a doctor, and she insisted on taking part in the evening show.

## Plucky Girl

HENRIETTE is just seventeen. She has a soft voice, fair, naturally-curly hair, and wide blue eyes, and her brothers are devoted to her. "I think I must have had flu," she said. "Such a thing has never happened before, and never will again, I hope. I would not have a doctor because mother looks after us better than anyone, and feeds us on the most delicious German dishes which she cooks herself."

"No, we haven't lived in Germany for some years," she said in answer to my question. "Our home is in Florida now, where there is freedom and plenty of sunshine. We do not care for Germany... there are so many restrictions. They sent me back to school when I was only there for a six-weeks holiday. And one is frightened to say what one thinks. I love England. There is no fear of anything here."

The traditional jolly circus atmosphere pervades Olympia. There is a happy-go-lucky friendliness among the artists that is altogether delightful when contrasted with the "I don't speak to 80-and-80" attitude adopted in many of the theatres and film studios.

"We all unite in hating the Grand Parade," Quippe told me. She and her husband, Beege, do a perfectly lovely roller skating act towards the end of the show. "The Grand Parade makes us all so cold and nervous. It's horrible to be stared at without doing anything to deserve it. And it's worse when we have to wait a couple of hours before our act comes on. However, I am very keen on reading and embroidery, so I have quite a happy time in my dressing-room."

## Feel the Cold

"DID you know that the dressing-rooms here are not centrally heated? That's the only thing I have against England... there's hardly any decent central heating here. In the States and Canada, where we have done most of our work until now, I always feel warm and comfortable, while here I just shiver most of the day, though actually the temperature isn't nearly so low."

Most of the girls complained in the same way, though Miss Margery Darav doesn't mind the weather. "I live in a caravan," she told me, "and I simply love it."

She and her husband—Tornado Smith—do a marvellous motor cycle turn. He rides his machine round what looks like the rim of a gigantic pudding-basin while she climbs all over him and his machine, while the speed is something over 80 miles an hour.

"We live in our caravan all the year round," she continued, "and we are tremendously happy. I do all the cooking and the housework—such as it is—and everything is very tidy and so comfortable."

"Oh, this rain!" That was how Con Colleano greeted me. "We've scarcely had a fine day since we started here. I must say I do long for the heat and dust of an Australian summer."

"Yes, I am an Australian, and have travelled with my father's own circus through almost every town and village there. I've done almost every turn in the circus, but I've found out now that I'm best at tight-rope walking, and I stick to that."



BLONDIE

The Wrong Oil





# LOWER'S Farewell to His TYPEWRITER

## Sudden Access of Wealth Sends Him Jogging Along the Lower Ways!

By "Mo" from the Lower Berth. Illustrated by Wep.

We decided Lower should take a holiday.

We wanted one badly.

Twelve months solid of Lower goes a long way—a long way farther than most people are prepared to go.

It's not that he hangs round the office much—far from it. He hangs out as far from it as he can. He might be working in seven other offices for all we know and see of him, except that we hardly think he'd be working.

HE'S one of those chaps who acquire an address—business or domestic—just so's he can keep away from it. A great boon to the Postal Department in the way of uncollected letters and telegrams. There was one period when Lower had so many temporary and pro forma addresses, he could have put his own man into Parliament.

It was just about then he made a small but steady income selling the samples of patent medicines and breakfast foods sent to his domiciliary alibis. He used to collect them by night, if he had any night left in which to collect them; because, it should also be pointed out that Lower uses up his nights pretty liberally. Not that he turns night into day; but a night out with Lower is very illuminating.

One difficulty he had with all these addresses was in so often

ringing himself up at the right number of the wrong grocer to ask him (the grocer) would he mind giving a message to Mr. Lower that he wouldn't be home that night for dinner. A most punctilious fellow, Lower, in that he always hates to keep himself waiting up for himself when he's not at home, which is so often. Most polite too: he was the first chap to think of raising his hat whenever he mentioned his own name.

It was when Lower was reported to have been seen near the office twice within 36 hours—once by the liftman and once by the nightwatchman—that we became worried. It looked as if he might settle down in the place, which would be fatal to the place.

Lower's idea of a good settle down is to ask the first person he meets, man, woman, or

office-boy, to "come out." Having settled down to a steady round of invitations to come out to those already in the office, and meeting with no takers, he starts asking those coming into the office to come out. And there's nothing so baffling to a man coming into a place as to be invited to come out. It throws him off his balance.

But Lower's a master baffler. He's baffled science, and is one of the few men who have ever baffled the Law of Gravity free-style, unhelped, and with one arm tied behind his back, kneeling. He has also baffled the Income Tax Department and managed to put over the biggest baffle of recent years when he wangled his way out of getting a King's Jubilee Medal.

As a matter of fact he is in constant demand as a human baffle board for loud speakers at big political meetings. (Perhaps we should not have used the word "human.")

### Sight and Touch

SO you can understand our position when we got the news from the liftman and the caretaker. At first we thought they might have been just "seeing things," and, of course, liftmen and nightwatchmen do see more in buildings than you'd give them credit for (not that there might be much credit to anyone in the things they do see).

But both men know Lower, not only by sight, but by touch. If the lift's not working you know that the liftman has seen Lower somewhere in the office and has retreated to the "Accounts Payable" counter, where Lower never ventures. In similar circumstances the nightwatchman just lets his night watch run down.

The job now was to trap Lower. You might think we set out bottles of beer in his room. But Lower doesn't drink. Nobody has ever heard him drink yet. It's a sort of soundless suck. Nor does food attract him. Which is understandable when you realise that Lower is a direct descendant of one of the survivors of the Black Hole of Calcutta who in turn was a direct descendant of a survivor of the Great Famine. And he (Lower) hates food, anyhow. He never eats with his meals.

It was really very simple, after all. We sent him a message telling him he needn't see the Accountant that Friday. That, of course, aroused his perfectly unnatural natural curiosity. He called in on the Friday deliberately to see the Accountant to see what he needn't see him about.

The rest was easy. The Accountant pressed three shillings into his hand, a receipt for £887/4/11 probate duty on Lower's grandfather's estate of 1887/5/-, and told him gently he was relieved of all office duties (if and/or any) for the next three weeks.

Never having had three shillings all at once in the one hand before, Lower was visibly affected. He made just one



Lower's Arabian farewell to his typewriter.

last request, and that was that we should let him bid farewell to his typewriter. This was granted, whereupon he hit it full upon the face with his little hatchet, muttering the benediction. "This is a specimen of the work done upon this machine," and passed out into the night (morning, really).

—MO.

## How does she preserve her Youth



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1933	-	£15,600,000
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C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A., Actuary.  
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Use it to-night and wait in comfort—in properly-fitted shoes,—to-morrow.



# NEW BOOKS

## O'Flaherty Takes a Tilt at the "Madhouse of Hollywood"

Reviewed by LESLIE HAYLEN

If the motion-picture magnates are right when they say that Hollywood is the canvas on which are painted the lives and aspirations of the American people, then surely the brush must be wielded by gentlemen who like a lot of color in their lives. That is, if Liam O'Flaherty's revelations are to be taken seriously.

If on the other hand his satire is accepted merely as a sensitive man's reactions to what the natives themselves call the "Madhouse of Hollywood," then his book, "Hollywood Cemetery," becomes good fun.

**T**HE game of stripping the glamor from the tinsel town of the movies has resulted in many books, and it hasn't hurt the film capital to go through a certain amount of de-bunking. As a matter of fact the residents started it themselves.

But one cannot seriously accept the implied statement that almost every producer is an ex-newspaper, and that most of the film stars graduated from the five and ten cent stores.

Neither would it have been possible for so many fine films to have been made if Hollywood did not possess people who hold the scales of literary worth and entertainment value with impartial evenness.

There is the same biting sardonic wit in the book which characterizes most of this author's work, and there is also the same destructive force in the writing and devastating directness of phrase. Turning the cold fury of artistic anger on Hollywood must be rather a facility, however, and the man

attempting the task should take with him his sense of humor. In this regard O'Flaherty has failed. Wit is not sufficient to accomplish a successful onslaught without a little blood-letting on both sides. Despite this there are delightful touches in the book.

For example, we have the producer, "Gentleman Jack" Mortimer, who discovers Biddy Murphy in a little Irish village. Biddy has "got everything," so Mortimer decides to adapt her to the screen. Her name is a problem. He wants to express her differently. She is half angel, yet possesses the spice of devilry. So, after much forenoon slapping and a flood of cocktails and highballs, she is renamed:

"Angela Devlin! Half-angel, half-devil, you see, and still keeps an Irish name. Is it good, boys?"

And Mortimer's "Yes" men agree that it is stupendous and colossal.

### Veiled Beauty

O'FLAHERTY pokes fun at the efforts to make this Irish barmoid into a screen star—a veritable goddess of love.



JOHN KNITTEL, brilliant author of "Dr. Ibrahim," a book on modern Egypt, reviewed on this page.

Her progress through America as the veiled beauty shunning publicity yet being screaming hot front-page news seems like a shrewd thrust at certain quarters.

Despite the very obvious burlesque O'Flaherty has contrived in the creation of the character, Mortimer, to give us an insight into the trials of a producer in the film capital surrounded by his sycophants and his "yes" men, and depending on his enemies for an honest opinion.

He's a sort of movie Babbitt with the worship of stars as his religion, but his fervor can cool overnight after consultation with another deity called box-office.

O'Flaherty's book is vastly entertaining, but one closes it with a feeling of disappointment. Surely there is heart-break in Hollywood, and good, clear ambition also. There must be a marvellous story there compounded of laughter and tears. There must, too, be the humor of life and the strenuousness of endeavor.

A fine writer like O'Flaherty should have found it. Instead he has contented himself with impaling a cross section of Hollywood on his vitriolic pen, and merely deepened the mystery which surrounds the real Hollywood. (Gollancz, 7/6.)



## SHORT REVIEWS



**"DOCTOR IBRAHIM."** John Knittel. In this brilliant novel of modern Egypt, Mr. Knittel sets out to tell the story of a successful Egyptian surgeon.

A son of the people, and a fervid patriot, he deals first with the boy Ibrahim, who wants to be a healer, and how a legacy provides the money for his education.

There is a magnificent description of a cholera outbreak in which, however, no detail is spared the reader. The young doctor distinguishes himself here, and achieves something of a name. He next turns his attention to the healing of his country's ill. He is a fervent Nationalist, and anti-English in outlook. This is more on account of the subservience of his countrymen than any just complaint against the English administration. The dual personality of the doctor as intellectual and sentimentalist is cleverly brought out in the novel. The novel contains romance and book. The novel contains the life of Egypt as laid bare. It shows the ugly side and the pleasant, the rascality and the genius of its inhabitants. This is a fascinating book of a country about which we really know very little. (Heinemann, 7/6.)

**"NEXT TIME WE LIVE."** Ursula Parrott. This is a story of two young people who marry long before their economic position warrants it. Christopher Tyler was a cub reporter on a New York paper, and Cicely Hunt had just attained her eighteenth birthday when they took the important step. They struggled along until a break came in the form of an offer to Christopher of a correspondent's position in Egypt. Cicely meanwhile was expecting a baby, and Christopher, knowing nothing of this, left her to follow her supposed career in New York and journeyed without her all over the world. It is a little difficult to understand the point of the story, but the book is well worth reading. (Cassell, 7/6.)

**"NIGHT PIECES."** Thomas Burke. Murders and mean streets are the backgrounds for these short stories, and as usual, this author makes them vivid and convincing. He paints for us the fears of the evildoer, the terror of the chase, and the eventual victory of the long arm of the law. There is an authentic ring to the stories and the atmosphere is true. If the note is a little sombre at times, the reader may overcome this by turning to another story, each one being a little classic of its own. (Constable, 7/6.)

**"BETWEEN YOU AND ME."** Roby M. Ayres. Letters to the lovelorn, the heartick, and the disappointed are being rather overdone these days as reading-matter in the libraries. But

Ruby M. Ayres strikes a note of sincerity in her book on the subject which others have failed to achieve.

The lectures cover a wide field from first love, selfish husbands, and ship-board flirtations, to the curse of discontent and the problem of the lonely soul. There is good measure here for those who like that sort of mass solution of their heart-problems, and there is sound advice, too. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5/-.)



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N° 10-10

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## The... MARKED Cheque



THE man who called at the little house in Curzon Street was in a rage and anxious to say something that would hurt his late employer.

He had also a personal grievance against Mr. Jens, the butler. "Mr. Storn took me on as a second footman and it looked like being a good job, but I couldn't hit it with the other servants. But was it fair to check me out without a minute's warning because I happened to let drop a word in Arabic?"

"Arabic?" asked Leon Gonzalez in surprise. "Do you speak Arabic?"

Tenley, the dismissed footman grinned. "About a dozen words: I was with the Guards in Constantinople after the war, and I picked up a few phrases I was polishing the silver salver in the hall, and I happened to say 'That's good' in Arabic, and I heard Mr. Storn's voice behind me."

"You clear out," he said, and before I knew what had happened, I was walking away from the house with a month's salary."

Gonzalez nodded. "Very interesting," he said, "but why have you come to us?"

He had asked the same question many times of inconsequential people who had come to the House of the Silver Triangle, with their trifling grievances.

"Because there's a mystery there," said the man vaguely. Perhaps he had cooled down a little by now and was feeling rather uncomfortable. "Why was I fired for my Arabic? What's the meaning of the picture in Storn's private room—the men being hung?"

LEON sat upright.

"Men being hanged? What is that?" "It's a photograph. You can't get it, because it's in the paneling and you have to open one of the panels. But I went in one day and he'd left the panel ajar. Three men hanging from a sort of gibbet and a lot of Turkish looking on. That's a funny thing for a gentleman to have in his house."

Leon was silent for a while. "I don't know that that is an offence. It is certainly odd. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Apparently nothing. The man left a little sheepishly, and Leon carried the news to his partner. He remembered afterwards that he had heard nothing of the grievance against the butler.

"The only thing I learnt about Storn is that he is extraordinarily mean, that he runs his house in Park Lane with a minimum number of servants, that he pays those the smallest wages possible. He is of Armenian origin and made his money out of offshoots which he acquired during the war—which means that he traded with the enemy."

"As to the three hanged men, that is rather gruesome, but it might be worse. I have seen photographs in the houses of the idle rich that would make your hair stand on end, my dear Polcart. At any rate, the morbid interest of a millionaire in a Turkish execution is not extraordinary."

"If I were an Armenian," said Manfred, "that would be my chief hobby; I should have a whole gallery of 'em!"

And there ended the matter of the morbid millionaire who lived meanly and underpaid his servants.

EARLY in April, Leon read in the newspaper that Mr. Storn had gone to Egypt for a short holiday. By every test, Ferdinand Storn was a desirable acquaintance. He was immensely rich; he was personally attractive in a dark, long-nosed way; and to such people as met him intimately—and they were few—he could talk Art and Finance with equal facility. So far as was known, he had no enemies. He lived at Burson House, Park Lane, a small, handsome residence which he had purchased from the owner, Lord Burson, for £50,000. He spent most of his time either there or at Feltry Park, his beautiful country house in Sussex. The Persian and Oriental Oil Trust, of which he was the head, had its offices in a magnificent building in Moorgate Street, and here he was usually to be found between ten o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon.

Another Story of the  
"Three Just Men"  
by

EDGAR  
WALLACE

This Trust, despite its titled board, was a one-man affair, and conducted, amongst other things, the business of bankers. Storn held most of the shares and was popularly supposed to derive an income of something like a quarter of a million a year. He had few personal friends and was a bachelor.

It was just short of a month after Leon had read the news that a big car drew up at the door of the Triangle, and a stout, prosperous-looking man got out and rang the bell. He was a stranger to Leon, who interviewed him, and was apparently loath to state his business, for he hummed and hawed and questioned until Leon, a little impatiently, asked him point-blank who he was and what was his object.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Gonzalez," said the stout man. "I am the General Manager of the Persian and Oriental Oil."

"Storn's company?" asked Leon, his interest awakened.

"Storn's company. I suppose I really ought to go to the police with my suspicions, but a friend of mine has such faith in you and what he calls the Three Just Men that I thought I had better see you first."

"Is it about Mr. Storn?" asked Leon.

THE gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Hubert Gray, the managing director of the Trust, nodded. "You see, Mr. Gonzalez, I am in rather a peculiar position. Mr. Storn is a very difficult man, and I should lose my job if I made him look ridiculous."

"He's abroad, isn't he?" asked Leon. "He's abroad," agreed the other soberly. "He went abroad as a matter of fact, quite unexpectedly; that is to say, it was unexpected by the office. In fact, he had an important Board meeting the day he left, which he should have attended, but on that morning I got a letter from him saying that he had to go to Egypt on a matter which affected his personal honor. He asked me not to communicate with him, or even to announce the fact that he had left London. Unfortunately, one of my clerks very foolishly told a reporter who had called that day that Mr. Storn had left."

"A week after he had gone, he sent us a letter from an hotel in Rome, enclosing a cheque for £83,000, and arranging that this cheque should be honored when a gentleman called, which he did the next day."

"An Englishman?" asked Leon. "Mr. Gray shook his head. 'No, he was a foreigner of some kind; a rather dark-looking man. The money was paid over to him.'

"A few days later we had another letter from Mr. Storn, written from the Hotel de Russie, Rome. This letter told us that a further cheque had been sent to Mr. Kraman, which was to be honored. This was for £107,000 and a few odd shillings. He gave us instructions as to how the money was to be paid, and asked us to telegraph to him at an hotel in Alexandria the moment the cheque was honored. This I did. The very next day there came a second letter written from the Hotel Piazza des Plebiscito in Naples."

"I will let you have copies of all these—telling us that a third cheque was to be paid without fail, but to a different man, a Mr. Renzo, who would call at the office. This was for £112,000, which very nearly exhausted Mr. Storn's cash balance, although, of course, he has large reserves at the bank. I might say that Mr. Storn is a man who is rather eccentric in the matter of large deposit reserves. Very little of his money is locked up in shares."

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Please turn to Page 14



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"LOOK here" — he took a note-case from his pocket and produced a cheque form—this money has been paid, but I have brought you along the cheque to see."

Leon took it in his hand. It was written in characteristic writing, and he examined the signature.

"There is no question of this being a forgery?"

"None whatever," said Grey emphatically. "The letter, too, was in his own handwriting. But what puzzled me about the cheque were the queer marks on the back."

They were indistinguishable to Leon until he took them to the window, and then saw a line of faint pencil marks which ran along the bottom of the cheque.

"I suppose I can't keep this cheque for a day or two?" asked Leon.

"Certainly. The signature, as you see, has been cancelled out, and the money has been paid."

Leon examined the cheque again. It was drawn on the Ottoman Oil Bank, which was apparently a private concern of Storn's.

"What do you imagine has happened?" he asked.

## The Marked CHEQUE

Continued from Page 13

"I don't know, but I am worried." Grey's troubled frown showed the extent of that worry.

"I don't know why I should be, but I have got an uncomfortable feeling at the back of my mind that there is a swindle somewhere."

"Have you wired to Alexandria?"

MR. GREY smiled. "Naturally; and I have had a reply. It struck me that you might have agents in Egypt in which case it might be a simple matter for you to discover whether there is anything wrong. The main point is that I don't wish Mr. Storn to know that I have been making inquiries. I will pay any reasonable expenditure you incur, and I am quite sure Mr. Storn will agree that I have done the right thing."

After the departure of his visitor, Leon interviewed Manfred.

"It may, of course, be a case of blackmail," said George, softly. "But you will have to start at Storn's beginnings."

if you want to get under whatever mystery there is."

"So I think," said Gonzalez; and a few minutes afterwards went out of the house.

He did not return till midnight. He brought back an amazing amount of information about Mr. Storn.

"About twelve years ago he was an operator in the service of the Ottoman Telegraph Company. He speaks eight Oriental languages, and was well known in Constantinople. Does that tell you anything, George?"

Manfred shook his head. "It tells me nothing yet, but I am waiting to be thrilled."

"He was mixed up with the Palace crowd, the understrappers who pulled the strings in the days of Abdul Ahmed, and there is no doubt that he got his Concession through these fellows."

"What Concession?" asked Manfred.

"Oil land, large tracts of it. When the new Government came into power, the Concession was formed, though I suspect our friend paid heavily for the privilege. His five partners, however, were less fortunate. Three of them were accused of treason against the Government, and were hanged."

"The photograph," nodded Manfred. "What happened to the other two?"

"The other two were Italians and they were sent to prison in Asia Minor for the rest of their lives. When Storn came to London, it was as sole proprietor of the Concession, which he floated with a profit of £3,000,000."

THE next morning Leon left the house early, and at ten o'clock was ringing the bell at Burton House.

The heavy-jowled butler who opened the door regarded him with suspicion, but was otherwise deferential.

"Mr. Storn is abroad, and won't be back for some weeks, sir."

"May I see Mr. Storn's secretary?" asked Leon, in his blandest manner.

"Mr. Storn never has a secretary at his house. You will find the young lady at the offices of the Persian Oil Trust."

Leon felt in his pocket and produced a card.

"I am one of the Burtons," he said, "and, as a matter of fact, my father was born here. Some months ago when I was in London I asked Mr. Storn if he would give me permission to look over the house."

The card contained a scribbled line, signed "Ferdinand Storn," giving permission to the bearer to see the house at any hour "when I am out of town."

It had taken Leon the greater part of an hour to forge that permit.

"I am afraid I cannot let you in, sir," said the butler, barring the passage.

"Mr. Storn told me before he went that I was to admit no strangers."

"What is to-day?" asked Leon suddenly.

"Thursday, sir," said the man.

Leon nodded. "Cheese day," he said.

Only for the fraction of a second was the man confused.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," he said gruffly, and almost shut the door in the face of the caller.

Gonzalez made a circuit of the house. It stood with another upon an island site.

When he had finished, he went home, an amused and most excited man, to give instructions to Raymond Poiccart, who, among his other qualifications, had a very wide circle of criminal friends.

THERE was not a big gangster in London that he did not know. He was acquainted with the public house in London where the confidence men and the safe-smashers met. He could at any moment gather the gossip of the prisons, and was probably better acquainted with the secret news of the underworld than any man at Scotland Yard. Him Leon sent on a news-gathering mission, and in a small public house off Lambeth Walk Poiccart learned of the dark philanthropist who had found employment for at least three ex-convicts.

Leon was sitting alone when he returned, examining with a powerful lens the queer marks on the back of the cheque.

Before Poiccart could retail his news, Leon reached for a telephone directory.

"Grey, of course, has left his office, but unless I am mistaken this is his private address," he said, as his fingers stopped on one of the pages.

Please turn to Page 18

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Adelaide Man Gained 8 Pounds in 21 Days

Now that you can walk into any chemist's and get all the wonderful weight-building elements of fine Norwegian Cod Liver Oil—triple-concentrated—in tasteless tablets that are guaranteed to put a pound of flesh a week on to any underweight man or woman or pale, puny child—it does seem silly to keep on being thin, weak, hollow-cheeked and run-down—doesn't it?

A million packages of McCoy's Cod Liver Compound Tablets were sold last year all over the world on the ironclad guarantee that they put on at least 5 pounds in 30 days and you feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—or every penny of their cost immediately refunded.

McCoy couldn't afford to make this guarantee if the amazing results of these (triple-strength) Cod Liver Tablets hadn't been proved by thousands of reports like this one from F. Filmer, a well-known Adelaide business man:—"A nurse recommended me to take McCoy's Tablets and after three weeks I put on 8 pounds and eat and sleep better." While Miss E.C. Coomes, Sydney, N.S.W., says:—"I gained 4 pounds (in one week) and completely regained good spirits." And here's another:—"I quickly began to regain appetite and health. I'm now on fourth week and I'm sure a stone (14 lbs.) heavier." F.H., Tasmania.

Mothers of pale, skinny, or rickety children bless this idea of giving rich Cod Liver Oil benefits in small, sugar-coated tablets! Look for signature "Paul McCoy" on every genuine box. Get some to-day.\*\*\*

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## STEELO IS EASIEST FOR ALUMINIUM!

Light rubbing with Steelo gets everything off—cleans and polishes in one operation. Buy a 6d. packet—5 pads and special soap... enough for 5 weeks.



### Getting Up Nights

If you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Headaches, Loss of Vision, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Kidney or Bladder trouble, get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Rim-tex). Must end troubles in 5 days or money back. At chemists.

4421

## CHANGE DAILY? I should say so



"My wife says it's no trouble at all to let me have a clean set of underwear every morning . . . and I can tell you it means a lot to me, especially in the hot weather. I start out in the morning at the top of my form and when the day's over I'm still feeling fresh and comfortable."

YOU wouldn't like to see him go without his daily bath. Well, it's just as important for him to have a clean set of underwear every morning. Don't let him risk a second day's wear—it may cause unpleasantness from perspiration, and that is so easily avoided.

### THE 4-MINUTE LUX METHOD FOR MEN'S UNDERWEAR, TOO

Just 4 minutes and one tablespoon of Lux—you can surely spare that every day to keep him happy and self-confident. Whisk up Lux ends with lukewarm water, squeeze singlet and underpants through and rinse twice. You can pop the socks in afterwards. Make a fresh bowl of Lux ends and do your own undies and stockings at the same time. Then when washing-day comes round, you'll have ever so much less to do.



Give him clean underwear every day of his life

LUX MEN'S UNDERWEAR EVERY DAY TOO . . . removes perspiration . . . saves fabrics



# Sad Pageantry of a Monarch's Passing



**AIR MAIL PICTURES** of the Royal funeral received during the week-end. Top left: The late King George's favorite pony, Jack, being led in sad procession when the Royal remains were taken from Sandringham. It was a poignant sight this; the favorite pony of the simple country gentleman who was also King George V of England. Top right: "Toll slowly, great bell." The bells of St. Paul's Cathedral tolled at one-minute intervals during the funeral of the late King. At left: Muffled guns give mourning note. A salute of 101 guns was fired from the Tower of London to signalise the death of the King. Above: There is the very essence of deep and reverent mourning in this picture of the body of the late King George lying in state at Westminster Hall. Other Royal funeral pictures on page 23.



## "GOOD-MORNING."

Mrs. Harter had swept up to the elegant-looking young man and was speaking in her blandest, most encouraging tones. "What can I do for you, sir?"

The young man's eyes strayed to Marilla.

"You can," he said slowly, "tell me a trick. It was white satin with little bobly silver or glass things on it. I'm not very good at describing women's dresses." His smile was disarming.

"I think I know the dress you mean, but I'm sorry to tell you that it has been slightly damaged and is at present at the cleaners."

"I know," said Derek Chester, his eyes still on Marilla. "I did it myself—the damage, I mean."

"M-m-m!" said Mrs. Harter. "It certainly was rather unfortunate. It got this young lady, Miss Grey, into serious trouble with our buyer because, you see, sir, even if the mark can be removed, it takes away from the value of the dress."

"What—er—was the value?" He was accomplishing the feat of pretending to look at Mrs. Harter, and really watching Marilla.

"Forty guineas," said the mana-

## WHITE Model GOWN

Continued from Page 6

gerer; adding suavely: "It was a Manel model, you see."

This formidable price did not seem to stagger the young man at all. Reaching into a side pocket, he extracted a cheque-book and a gold fountain-pen.

"I'll buy it," he said briefly.

"But we can't charge you the full amount now," Mrs. Harter protested. "I will take five guineas off because of the accident."

But the cheque which the young man wrote was for forty guineas.

"Will that make things all right?" he inquired, handing the cheque to Mrs. Harter. "For this young lady, I mean?" The slightest nod indicated Marilla, standing a few paces away, two bright spots of color in her cheeks, a solitary ray of light creeping through the discreet curtains and resting on her gold hair.

"Certainly it will, sir. Since you have generously bought the dress at the top price, the matter has ended." Bowing to Marilla, she told her what had happened, and hurried away to telephone to the cleaners and direct

them to send the model to Derek Chester, Esquire, at 10, St. Jermyn's Place.

"Thank you," said Marilla, with a kind of proud humility. "I told Mrs. Harter it was your fault, but it wasn't. It was mine. There was no need for you to do this."

"I want to do it," he said. "I know someone that dress will suit exactly."

"That's fine," said Marilla coldly.

Into her mind darted a vision of that casual-mannered, red-haired girl who thought she would look so devastating in it. Some girls had all the luck the gods had to give, and a kind and chivalrous admirer into the bargain. For he had thought of Marilla, too, in this matter—had saved her from the fate of selling those cheap, mass-production sort of dresses downtown.

"I'm grateful," she whispered, as Mrs. Harter came back with the receipted bill. "I'm very grateful."

MARILLA, restored to favor, walked once more in the long, quiet, grey show-room and, in the crowded restaurant, in flame-colored crepe, in jaunty sports suits of duck's egg-blue and faint green, or in afternoon dresses of trim navy clinging to her hipless figure, she wound her way through the little tables, down to the end of the room, and then back past the bar.

These journeys no longer wearied Marilla. Always she was looking for a sleek black head, a pair of dark eyes. Looking for Derek Chester.

It takes very little in a drab working life to stir romance. Not that Marilla called it by that name, or would have admitted for a moment that the mere sight of him would have eased some oppression in her heart and mind. He belonged to another world entirely.

Yet one could look at people in another world, as the scientist looks at Mars through a telescope. And one could wonder and dream a little.

But she never saw him.

It was the girl, Lois, she saw, one sunny afternoon about a week later. Lois, red-haired and sophisticated, perched on one of those high stools, chattering gaily to an equally exotic-looking girl friend.

Lois' words drifted towards Marilla. "I shall wear my new white satin," she was saying. "It's the loveliest dress—"

Marilla stiffened on a caught breath. Her new white satin! So the gift had been made and accepted, and this red-haired girl would show herself off in forty pounds' worth of French inspiration, given to her by Derek Chester.

They must be engaged, thought Marilla, with an absurd pang at her heart. Because, of course, she had always known it, and, anyway, what did it matter to her?

"I'm nobody," she thought; "just the girl inside the dress."

So absorbed was she in her thoughts, in telling herself fiercely that Derek Chester's being engaged or not engaged to a red-haired girl was a matter of complete indifference to her, that she walked right past a well-dressed, elderly woman sipping coffee at a little table near the door.

"Marilla, don't you know me?"

At this Marilla swung round, a slow, surprised smile dawning.

"Why, Cousin Clara! How lovely to see you!"

Kind, voluble Clara Mostyn, dispenser of dolls and lolly heads in Marilla's childhood, giver of vanity bags and treats later on. Cousin Clara, who wasn't really a cousin at all, but her mother's school friend, had married a prosperous corn merchant in the north.

"I was coming along to your department to find you out," Mrs. Mostyn told Marilla in a jovial holiday voice.

"But now I can do something better than that. What do you say to a theatre with me this evening? I've got a spare seat, as my James can't come. Had to attend a business dinner at the last moment. But we'll have a nice little meal together at the Melchester, where I'm staying, and go off to the theatre afterwards."

Marilla hesitated. Dinner at the Melchester. That meant a smart evening dress. The sort of dress she quite definitely did not possess and couldn't borrow. Oh, well, she'd have to make do with the old black one. She could buy a spray of artificial gardenias, if she ran down just before closing-time.

"Good-evening, Miss Grey." Then, from a hidden recess in the doorway he suddenly extracted a flat, cardboard dress box. "A gentleman left this with me for you. There's a note inside, so he said." And he trust the box into the astonished Marilla's hands.

And later the box, with its load of

white loveliness, lay on the table in Marilla's bed-sitting-room. A peep between the tissue paper had shown her what it was, but she would not cut the tapes which held the dress smooth and flat—would not even look at it again until she had read that note which lay on the top.

Marilla's head was thrown back like a stag's. Her pride was quivering at the thought of possible patronage. She could see herself doing that parcel up again, sending it right back to that flat in Jermyn Place.

Then she read the note.

"Will you do me a really good turn and help me to forget that I was such a clumsy fool the other day? If so, you'll accept this dress, and wear it sometimes."

"Yours sincerely,  
"Derek Chester."

A clever little note.

Marilla's answer was to untie those tapes, lift out that mass of spangly whiteness, and, throwing off her own dress, to slip the Manel model over her gilt head.

"I'm so glad you put on such a pretty dress, dear." Cousin Clara surveyed the young goddess sitting opposite her with distinct approval. "I've asked James to bring Walter Smithson back with him from his business dinner. He's a rising young lawyer, and a nice fellow. I thought you'd like to dance a bit here when we get back from the play."

"That," said Marilla, without undue elation, "will be lovely."

She could see Smithson already in her mind's eye. Probably a pedantic young lawyer.

But she smiled at Cousin Clara and thanked her very prettily. After all, it was better to see life through a thick plate-glass window than not to see it at all. And there was still the chance that he would walk in.

When a man becomes "he" to a girl of Marilla's type, there is pretty sure to be heartbreak ahead. But Marilla defied heartbreak.

"And, anyway," she thought triumphantly, "he didn't give her that white dress, after all. He gave it to me."

Please turn to Page 18

# WHO'S NERVY ILL AND RUNDOWN NOW?

## GET FIT AGAIN WITHOUT DRUGS

● If you are nervy, rundown, ailing, nine times out of ten the food you eat is not doing you proper good. It simply passes through your system incompletely digested and poorly assimilated. The real cause is the absence from the food of vital mineral salts, which lead to mineral starved nerves and all the depressing effects of nervous disorders. Get more of these minerals—which include iron, lime, potash, sodium, phosphates and glycerophosphates into the system—and nerves and that rundown feeling will vanish.

● Bidonak tastes fine and contains all the necessary minerals in pre-digested liquid form. It is guaranteed to make you well or out you nothing. Mrs. D.T. of Ashfield, says: "That every dose seems a blessing." Jim Broadhead took Bidonak to build up for his record-breaking fight from England to Australia. These are just two of thousands of people who have come to bless Bidonak's power to make sick nerves well.

Get a bottle today and start taking it. You'll feel better, look better, and you'll really be better.

Get a bottle of BIDONAK to-day.

# BIDONAK

The Tonic of the Century for "Nerves, Brain, and that Depressed Feeling"

3/- at all Chemists and Stores

Product of the Douglas Drug Co. Distributed by the Douglas Drug Co., Sydney (S. C. Paul, Manager); Douglas Drug Co., Ashfield; Bence, Campbell, Ltd., Melbourne; Wood, Son & Co., Perth and Broken Hill; Fairbairn & Co., Launceston.



## Recovery from Severe Nervous Breakdown

McMahon's Pl., Sydney, July 21st, 1935.

Dear Sir,  
I am writing you to convey to you my account of my remarkable recovery, which I feel certain is due to Bidonak, your excellent nerve and brain tonic.

Some many months ago I had a severe nervous breakdown, due to a motor accident. A friend of mine recommended Bidonak to me, having received much benefit from it herself. I am now fit and well, feeling grateful for having found so much benefit at such little cost. Bidonak is all that you claim it to be and from personal experience I have no hesitation in recommending this wonderful tonic as a truly genuine and lasting pick-me-up.

Yours truly,  
Signed (Mrs.) P.R.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you do not benefit by taking Bidonak we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty Bidonak bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., 52 Carrington St., Sydney.



For a happy  
"CAT-AND-DOG LIFE"  
USE

**"KF" KILLS FLEAS**  
and Vermin on  
**CATS, DOGS and BIRDS**

**Kills Ants & Silverfish**

As well as killing Fleas in Carpets and Rugs, KF will be found wonderfully effective in Killing Ants and Silverfish. Simply sprinkle it around the places they infest, in kitchens, bedrooms, cupboards, etc.

**1 1/3 tin**  
1lb. tin, 4/-; 1lb. tin, 6/-  
AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

Manufacturers: HOUGHTON & BYRNE, Specialists in Pest Destruction—Offices in all States.

free

Send your name and address to White's Jelly Crystals, Box 21048, G.P.O. Melbourne for White's Free Recipe Book in which you can paste the recipes published regularly in this Journal.

**JELLIED PLUM PUDDING**

1 packet White's Madeira Jelly Crystals, 1 cup mixed chopped nuts, 1 cup Rice Bubbles, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup cooked and sliced prunes, 1 cup crystallised fruits (cherries, etc.) chopped, 1 pint hot water. Dissolve Jelly Crystals in Hot Water, add pinch of Salt, 1 teaspoonful White's Essence Cloves, 1 teaspoonful White's Essence Cloves. When thickening fold in fruits, etc., and chill until firm. Serve with White's Custard or Whipped Cream.

**The Secret is the REAL FRUIT**

All the goodness of delicious fruit, ripened by the sun, goes into White's Jelly Crystals. Serve it often—there are dozens of different ways in which the nourishing, full flavoured food can give variety to summer meals. Each packet makes 3 cups of jelly—ask for White's and be sure you get it.

Your choice of 20 flavours.  
Apricot, Black Currant, Calves' Foot, Champagne, Cherry, Damson, Greengage, Lemon, Lime-fruit, Madeira, Nectarine, Orange, Peach, Pineapple, Port Wine, Raspberry, Red Currant, Strawberry, Tangerine, Vanilla.

**WHITE'S Pure Fruit JELLY CRYSTALS**



# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by . . . .  
L. W. LOWER



"I think it's disgusting when film comedians get more than Cabinet Ministers."  
"Oh, I don't know. On the whole they're funnier."



"'Tis a fine lad ye have there, O'Reilly. A magnificent head and noble features. Could ye lend me a couple of bob?"  
"I could not. 'Tis me wife's child by her first husband."



MOTHER: What's the matter, Willie?  
WILLIE: There was one cake short and they made me have it.



CUSTOMER: I want some peppah.  
STOREKEEPER: What kind, madam, black, white, or cayenne?  
CUSTOMER: I want some writing peppah.



VICTIM: Couldn't you have gone round me?  
FAIR MOTORIST: Sorry! Waa'n't sure whether I had enough petrol.

## Dancing Made Easy - This New Way!

Learn AT HOME  
In One Evening!

WITHOUT music or partner, without drudgery, difficulty, or the expense and inconvenience of attending classes. YOU can become a finished dancer almost overnight. You need not be a "wall-flower" or "outsider" any longer. For I positively GUARANTEE to teach you.

### EASY AS A.B.C.

Even if you've never danced a step in your life before, you will have no difficulty in learning by this method. All the latest dances, including Slow Foxtrot, Quick-step, Waltz, Tango, Numba, etc., and also 20-time steps can be learned in an amazingly short time, and soon you will be one of the best dancers in your district. Success is ASSURED for the "Domina" System NEVER FAILS.

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To further popularise my amazing Home-study System, I have decided to offer a complimentary copy of this big, instructive book, "Dancing Made Easy," absolutely FREE, to all readers of this paper. Here is your chance to "get out of the rut," and be a good dancer, so send the Coupon NOW, before this FREE offer is withdrawn.

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Be Popular!

COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL! Be Popular, sought-after, and Admired by the Opposite Sex! Dancing is the Short Cut to Good Times and Social Success; and non-dancers, or bad dancers, miss half the fun in life. Don't delay. Send for this amazing Book NOW while it's FREE. This FREE offer holds good for ONE MONTH ONLY, so ACT AT ONCE!

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Please forward me your big Instructive Book, "Dancing Made Easy," absolutely FREE, by return mail. I enclose 2d stamp towards postage, etc.

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MR. MRS. \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MR. T.: How did the protest meeting go off?  
Mrs. T.: We had a row, and I was really outpoken.  
Mr. T.: No, my dear! By whom?

DRAPER: These are strong shirts, Madam. They simply laugh at the laundry.

Customer: I know that kind. I had some which came back with their sides split.

"YES," said the bumptious young man. "I'm a thought-reader. I can tell exactly what a person is thinking."  
"In that case," said the elderly man, "I beg your pardon."

"ARE you going to the party?"  
"No; I'll be out of town that week-end."  
"I wasn't invited, either."

FATHER: Now, children, tell me who has been most obedient during the month and done everything Mother asked him to do?  
Jackie: You, Daddy!

"WHAT do the ruins of Ancient Egypt really prove?" asks a writer. Probably, among other things, that Ancient Egyptian wives insisted on having a shot at backing their chariots into the garage.

## "A Constant Sufferer from Constipation"

Junipah Mineral Spring Salts have proved themselves most effective for assisting the action of the bladder and kidneys, eliminating constipation, and ridding the system of excess uric acid.

The potency of Junipah in all complaints affecting the proper functioning of the system is found in their remarkable healing ingredients. The Oil of the genuine Italian Juniper Berry is one of the main constituents of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts. This well-known diuretic has been recognised for hundreds of years as an effective remedy for kidney and bladder troubles.

HAVE FRESH, HEALTHY SKIN! Blisters and pimples on the skin are an indication of stomach and bladder disorder. Junipah taken daily in a glass of warm water will keep the skin fresh and clear.

Writes Mrs. Margaret Kearney, 241 Holden Street, North Fitzroy, Victoria.

"I feel I must tell you of the wonderful benefits I have obtained from using Junipah Salts. I have been a constant sufferer from constipation for many years, and have also suffered from the many ailments which follow, such as liver and kidney trouble, loss of energy, etc. Since taking the salts the liver and kidney trouble and feeling of lassitude have completely left me. I will always feel indebted to the makers of Junipah Salts. You may use this letter as you wish. I would like other sufferers such as myself to obtain the same relief."

(Signed) MARGARET KEARNEY.

This is an extract from one of the many unedited testimonials on our files. Write for a copy of one in your neighbourhood (enclose stamp).

Be Sure You Get

## JUNIPAH

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Note the difference in JUNIPAH

You can make this simple test yourself. Place a small quantity of Junipah in a glass of cold water—unlike other salts it will not dissolve.

### FREE INSURANCE

Write for details of the Junipah Free Insurance Scheme for sufferers who invest in a 3 months' course of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts. Enclose stamped addressed envelope in your letter to Box 1136 J2, G.P.O., Sydney.

Junipah is packed in red and yellow containers, which hold nearly 30 per cent. more than other salts packed in bottles. JUNIPAH contains the genuine Oil of Juniper. Barium—no-where of substitutes, which contain the Oil of Juniper Wood. GET JUNIPAH Double Size, 2/6. Trial Size, 1/6. (At any Chemist or Store.)





"A WONDERFUL show," said Mrs. Mostyn, as Marilla helped her on with her kiltiey wrap and flung on her own little white rabbit cape. A porter called up the hired Dalmier, and they took their luxurious departure, gliding back to the Melchertor.

Cousin James was short and stout and grizzled, but his eyes were shrewd and kind, and he greeted Marilla as if she were a long lost niece.

"Now, don't scold me for not bringing young Smithson," he boomed cheerily, "because, although he couldn't come, I've brought someone else, Clara. Let me introduce Mr. Derek Chester. Mr. Chester, this is Miss Grey, our adopted cousin." And he beamed on the two young people, quite unconscious that they were staring at each other rather oddly.

While they moved into the restaurant, he told Clara how lucky it had been that he had come up against young Chester at his dinner, and reminded her that his father, Sir George, was a business friend of his.

"Go and dance, you two," Cousin Clara cried, waving her hand towards the dancing floor. "James and I will order the supper."

## WHITE Model GOWN

Continued from Page 16

"Thank you," said Derek Chester, as they began to dance.

"What for?" demanded Marilla.

"For wearing it. I was so afraid you wouldn't keep it."

"It's cleaned beautifully," said Marilla prosaically, just because she wanted to say something sparkling and gay.

"Good."

"I wonder why you didn't give it to your fiancée?" Marilla was determined to bring Lois back into the conversation. "The red-haired girl who was with you that day, I mean," she persisted, as he said nothing.

Then, suddenly, the band stopped playing, the lights began to sink down into a tremulous dimness. A roll of drums announced the imminence of the cabaret show.

THE cabaret began. Across the table, Marilla could just see Derek's sleek head in the dimness—could just see the flare of a match as he bent over a piece of paper in his

hand. He seemed to be writing something.

And suddenly she felt a curious flatness. A sense of desolation.

What was the good of feeling thrilled to death about another girl's man? What was the use of prolonging an evening which was only making her miserable? Because now she knew beyond question, that love had walked into her life, only to walk out again.

When the lights sprang up, Mrs. Mostyn rose.

"Come along, James. We'll leave the young people to dance." And she smothered a wide yawn.

Marilla got up, too.

"I'm rather tired," she said. "I think I won't stay and dance any more."

"In that case," said Derek Chester suddenly, "I'll give you the address you asked me for now." And he handed her the little piece of paper on which he had been writing.

Marilla glanced down and read five words, which altered the world.

"Darling, I have no fiancée."

"Come along, Marilla. If you're not staying, we'll put you in a taxi."

"I'm not so tired as I thought I was. I'd like to have another dance!" Marilla's voice was oddly excited.

"You shouldn't," said Marilla to Derek as they danced, "have called me darling." Her voice was reproving, but her eyes were violet stars.

"Darling, I had to," he protested, holding her so close that the spangly tulle was crushed and the dress spilt again. "I never cared two straws for Lois. What made you think I did? From the moment you walked into that restaurant of Stanley & Steele's, I was crazy about you. Did you—did you notice me at all, or was I only a part of the landscape?"

They had to go all round the room before Marilla answered.

"I believe you know," she said then, proud in her surrender.

And after that they were silent, for words are not necessary when the heavens have opened, and a whole galaxy of stars is falling round you!

(Copyright.)

## The MARKED CHEQUE

Continued from Page 14

A SERVANT answered his call. Yes, Mr. Grey was at home. Presently the managing director's voice came through.

"Mr. Grey, who would handle the cheques which you have received from Storn; I mean who is the official?"

"The accountant," was the reply.

"Who gave the accountant his job—"

—you?"

A pause.

"No—Mr. Storn. He used to be in the Eastern Telegraph Company—Mr. Storn met him abroad."

"And where is the accountant to be found?" asked Leon eagerly.

"He's on his holidays. He left before the last cheque came. But I can get him."

Leon's laugh was one of sheer delight.

"You needn't worry—I knew he wasn't at the office," he said, and hung up on the astonished manager.

"Now, my dear Policart, what did you find?"

He listened intently till his friend had finished, and then:

"Let us go to Park Lane—and bring a gun with you," he said. "We will call at Scotland Yard en route."

It was ten o'clock when the butler opened the door. Before he could frame a question, a big detective gripped him and pulled him into the street.

THE four plain-clothes officers who accompanied Leon stroked into the hall. A surly-faced footman was arrested before he could shout a warning. At the very top of the house, in a small windowless apartment that had once been used as a box-room, they found an emaciated man whom even his managing director, hastily summoned to the scene, failed to identify as the millionaire. The two Italians who kept guard on him and watched him through a hole broken through the wall from an adjoining room gave no trouble.

One of them, he who had carefully planted Burton House full of ex-convict servants, was very explicit.

"This man betrayed us, and we should have hanged like Halim Effendi and Al Shiri and Maropulos the Greek, only we bribed witnesses," he said. "We were partners in the offence, and to rob us he manufactured evidence that we were conspiring against the Government. My friend and I broke prison and came back to London. I was determined he should pay us the money he owed us, and I knew that we could never get it from a Court of Law."

"It was a very simple matter, and I really am ashamed of myself that I did not understand those marks at the back of the cheque at first glance," explained Leon over the supper-table that night. "Our Italian friend was one of the crowd that got the Concession; he had lived for years in London, and possibly it will be proved that he had criminal associates. At any rate, he had no difficulty in collecting a household of servants, playing as he did upon his knowledge of Storn's character. All these men offered to serve Storn for sums at which the average servant would have turned up his nose. It has taken the better part of a year to fill our friend's establishment with these ex-convicts. You remember that the footman who came to us a few months ago said that he had been employed, not by the butler but by Storn himself. They would have taken the first opportunity of getting rid of him, only inadvertently he used an Arabic expression, and Storn, who was suspicious of spies and probably expected the men whom he had betrayed to return, sent him packing."

"On the day Storn was supposed to leave for Egypt, he was seized by the two Italians, locked up in a room and compelled to write such letters and sign such cheques as they dictated. But he remembered, rather late in the day, that the accountant was an old telegraphist, and so he put on the back of the cheque, in pencil marks, a Morse message in the old symbols which were employed when the needle machine was most commonly used."

HE produced the cheque and laid it on the table, running his finger along the pencil marks: S O P R S N R P K L N

"In other words, 'Prisoner in Park Lane.' The accountant was on his holiday, so did not read the message."

Manfred took up the cheque, turned it and examined it.

"What handsome fee will this millionaire send you?" he asked ironically.

The answer did not come till a few days after the Old Bailey trial. It took the form of a cheque for five guineas.

"Game to the last!" murmured Leon admiringly.

(Copyright.)

## Any day ... Every day WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

helps you look your best . . .  
feel your best, too!



No matter what the calendar says, you should be able to cope easily with the household tasks—



—come up fresh and smiling after a hunt around the shops.



—and enjoy to the full every moment of the social season.



TRY WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS  
THIS REFRESHING WAY

Pour a nip of Wolfe's Schnapps in a long glass, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a nip of lime juice and fill to taste with iced water. It is also popular with lemon squash, ginger beer, or bitters.

It's the purest of all  
gin spirits, and the most  
health-giving of drinks

When health is good, life is good and there need be no dreaded days on the calendar for the woman who follows this simple rule: 'One Wolfe's Schnapps a day for the health's sake.'

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



READERS, NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

UNWANTED ENDEARMENT

WHY is it that so many shop assistants will persist in using endearing names to customers? To me it shows lack of training, and to be called "Dear" and "Love" by complete strangers, and very often juniors at that, is most annoying.

I have spoken to many of my friends about this habit, and so far all are of the same opinion as myself.

What do other readers think? £1 for this letter to Mrs. J. Roberts, 1 Queen Ave., Marrickville, N.S.W.

GIRLS AND COOKING

IT is surprising how few mothers teach their daughters to cook. Not one girl of my acquaintance has been taught. They have learned by cookery books—and mistakes.

The average schoolgirl instead of being allowed to assist with the actual cooking is generally relegated to such uninteresting jobs about the kitchen as peeling vegetables and washing-up. When she enters business one cannot reasonably expect a girl to spend her only spare time in the kitchen. And so she marries, and learns by cookery books—and mistakes.

When a girl grows up unable to turn out a good meal I regard it as a reflection on her mother rather than on the girl herself.

Anne Elisabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.

DRESSING-UP KIDDIES

AT a children's party to which I took my kiddies, where the ages ranged from twelve to two years, more than half the little girls were more like dressed-up dolls imitating the ways of their elders.

It is a pity to see the way some parents foolishly dress their children for a party. Certainly, every child likes to have a pretty party-frock, a little special and quite different from their day-frocks. But why spoil children's greatest charm, simplicity, by dressing them in such a manner that they feel far superior and mentally contrast themselves with the more simply-clothed children, thus making their outlook on life tend towards the showy and the vulgar.

Wake up, parents! You are to blame for this, often through a little inward conceit that your kiddies are better-dressed than your neighbors'. Don't rob the children of their natural charm. An overdressed child is not pleasant. Childhood is lovely without that.

Mrs. E. W. Scott, 7 Grantham St., West Brunswick N12, Vic.

SENSE OF HUMOR

RECENTLY I read that "a sense of humor is one of woman's greatest attributes."

On studying this question I came to the following conclusions:

(a) A woman with a sense of humor possesses no refuge from the merciless truth about herself, therefore she is seldom vain.

(b) She cannot think herself misunderstood.

(c) She cannot revel in self-pity.

(d) She cannot comfortably damn anyone who differs from her.

Therefore, when one pauses to consider the subject, I do not think that the woman with a sense of humor is to be envied.

Miss J. Mercer, Chatham Rd., West Ryde, N.S.W.

CASE FOR GOOD SPEECH

THOUGH by no means a brilliant scholar I do endeavor to speak correctly. My friends say it is affectation. In my opinion people who have learnt to speak correctly should use the best grammar of which they are capable.

Where is the man who, having mastered a trade, will do a slipshod piece of work? Or the girl who, having learnt to make up her face, will misplace her lipstick? Or the house-proud woman who will not clean her windows because she may be "showing off"? Yet many of these people will say it is pedantic to speak correctly in ordinary conversation.

Barbara Allen, Willaston, S.A.

Hearty Handshake Denotes A Friendly Impulse

I HEARTILY agree with D. Kidd, 25/1/36, about handshakes. Often you can tell a person's feelings towards you and sometimes even judge her character by her handshake and farewell.

Those who have enjoyed their stay with you will shake your hand firmly and tell you with a cheery word how much they have enjoyed themselves, and, of course, you have no trouble in believing them. Then there are others who just tender their fingertips and tell you what a lovely time they have had, but they lack the cheerful sincerity of the former.

Miss Lucy Butler, 34 Mayfield Street, Ascot, Brisbane.

Why Man's Is Heartier

RE D. Kidd's "Hearty handshake best." I agree that the average man's handshake is stronger and firmer than the average woman's. But one plea for her.

For generations the custom was, and still is, where etiquette is strictly followed, for a woman to give her hand to a man, who takes it in his, gives it a firm pressure, and releases it. Thus tradition is largely responsible for the so-called "limp" handshake.

M. Fulton, 14 Hale Road, Mosman, N.S.W.

Indicates Friendliness

RE D. Kidd's letter on "Hearty handshakes" (25/1/36). I have met some people who hold out limp hands to be shaken, too.

On meeting a person of this kind, one is inclined to think that she is either lazy or sick.

A hearty handshake indicates one's inclination to be friendly. A firm grip and a firm shake make firm friends.

R. Browning, Cooroy, N.C. Line, Qld.

Dispense With Handgrips

IT is only reasonable to expect a stronger handshake from a man than a woman, as he is the bigger and stronger in most cases. Those people who have suffered a hard grip and have



Some people prefer handshakes not too hearty.

emerged from the contest with crushed fingers are justified in timidly offering the tips of their fingers.

I consider that handshaking is a custom that could be abandoned. A slight bow is sufficient acknowledgment of a meeting.

Miss J. Rattray, Conway, Ligana St., 8th, Cooroy, N.S.W.

Mighty Grips

I AGREE that a firm handshake is nice, provided it is given in moderation; but it can be overdone.

I know of a man who tenders his acquaintances such a terrific "shake" that some of them would rather avoid him than come in contact with his mighty grip. I also know of another incident where an elderly lady offered a man the handle of her umbrella, so disgusted was she with the hand-grip which she said "really hurt." So, after all, the limp hand extended may be better in many cases.

Mrs. F. Bone, Kfota, via Nhll, Vic.

Both Sexes Err

THERE is certainly a vast difference in the way people shake hands, and one is tempted—rightly or otherwise—to judge the character of a person by the way in which he shakes hands; but whether it is due to lack of "character" or not, a limp handshake is a sickly and objectionable way of greeting, while a firm and friendly grip is not only stimulating, but gives a sense of warmth and good comradeship.

So strongly have I felt this, that when I had a kindergarten, I encouraged the children in the art of shaking hands. I find that members of both sexes are equally liable to err in this way.

Miss M. de J. Robin, 29 East Parade, Kensington, S.A.

Australia Should Have Some National Costume

I AGREE that a national costume would be a splendid innovation in Australian life. There is too little about the average Australian to distinguish him from the peoples of other nations, and a distinctive costume is the very thing needed to do it.

We are essentially outdoor people, so I would suggest that costumes suited to the climate be selected. For men, I recommend a soft shirt, short trousers and sandals without socks, while for the women a white dress with a scarf and belt in red, white, and blue would be ideal.

National dress excepted, this country possesses everything that other nations have, so let everyone of us, who is a loyal Australian, take all possible steps to bring about this one change still required.

Elizabeth Miller, 103A Clovelly Road, Clovelly, N.S.W.

Out of the Question

MRS. REEVES' suggestion about "originating a national costume" is quite out of the question. All the well-known national dresses were spontaneous products of local weather conditions and fabric-making, in the days when there were few means of communication to standardise dress. Nowadays, it is only a matter of hours before we learn of the fashions from London and Paris. National costumes are, in fact, dying out elsewhere, as a result of the impingement of modern life, while none have been originated for centuries.

If it were possible to design and produce an Australian national dress by artificial effort, who would wear it, while their friends had on the "latest"?

Muriel Desvall, Newwood Court, Moore Street, Bondi, N.S.W.

Detailed Dress Design

THE suggestion for adopting an Australian national dress has intrigued me, and the following costume for women is offered for consideration:

A loose tunic of turquoise blue, extending over the hips and fitted with a loose belt of fawn color, held by loops of the same shade; loose magray sleeves, and a fawn sports collar to match; a fairly full split skirt, also of fawn; hose of wedgewood-blue, relieved by broken pattern in tan, with clix of turquoise. Light tan laced (or single bar) shoes, with Cuban or sports heels; hat, light fur felt of fawn, pointed lengthwise, 3-inch cut brim with slight upward curl. Trimming, blue puggaree, with pearly trigonia shell threaded on by means of two vertical slots—attached to front or left side of hat. Spray of wattle added for national occasions.

The blue and fawn colors appear to me most typical of Australian natural hue.

P. J. Bell, 51 Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.

WHEN PLANNING A GARDEN

WHY is it that when planning a garden almost everyone plans it with the best aspect of it to the passer-by? I have recently had a garden laid out, and had the best aspect of it planned towards the house, so as to get the full enjoyment of it.

Surely those in the home deserve it most, and, after all, those who do admire it in passing soon forget about it.

Miss D. Quick, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

Wonderful Advertisement

IN reply to Mrs. Beatrice Reeves' comment on our lack of a suitable Australian national costume, I can only humbly mutter "Three cheers." I have so very often pondered over this question myself. I have travelled a good deal, and have observed during my ramblings abroad many lovely and beautifully-embroidered national costumes. A national costume, too, would be a grand advertisement for this great country of ours.

I can honestly say I have never seen anything quite so charming as the costumes of Rumania, Switzerland, Austria, and many others, most of which, I am told, are designed and embroidered by the clever peasants themselves.

Miss A. Murrell, c/o 81 Jersey Road, Woolahra, Sydney.

Concerning Mrs. Grundy And Her Influence!

I DO not agree with Miss K. Jefferies when she suggests we should take no heed of Mrs. Grundy.

Certainly we have minds and wills of our own, but in lots of cases Mrs. Grundy provides the twinge of conscience which makes us wonder whether what we are about to say and do will bring discomfort or unhappiness to our friends and loved ones.

If we thought only of our physical comfort and well-being, would we not become the breeding-ground for greed, suspicion, and sourliness?

Marjorie Jones, Livingstone, Lower Portland, via Windsor, N.S.W.

Long Live Mrs. Grundy!

MRS. GRUNDY is merely a barometer, indicative of how times change. She changes with the times. For instance, the Mrs. Grundy of to-day is no longer concerned with the scandal of naked bathing as her grandmother was. What



Modern Mrs. Grundy on the warpath.

worries her now is the covering (or lack of it) of the figures of the mixed bathing enthusiasts.

Anyhow, what will happen when everything, including the size of bathing costumes, has reached the natural limit when further progress (or retrogression) is impossible? Mrs. Grundy will die, and with her the spice of doing that which "isn't done." Long live Mother Grundy!

Henry C. Leathart, 10 Young St., Croydon, N.S.W.

CURE FOR SHYNESS

IF the thoughts of a shy person were analysed as he entered a crowded room, the result would probably be as follows: "I wonder what they are thinking of saying about me? Perhaps they're laughing at my clothes or discussing the way I walk." Consequently, as his thoughts centre on his feet or his clothes these things immediately appear to him more awkward than ever.

May I offer a simple rule for the benefit of anyone who suffers in this manner? No matter whom you have to meet, force yourself to stand for a moment after entering the room, look around slowly, studying everyone in turn. Ask yourself, "What do I think of them?" I feel sure that by taking your thoughts from yourself in this manner you'll find shyness disappearing, leaving you completely at ease in any company.

What say you, readers?

Miss M. Thompson, 110 Balmain St., Richmond E1, Melbourne.

WOMAN'S COURAGE

WHO dares to say that men have more courage than women? We have evidence all around us of woman's courage.

It takes courage to wear some of fashion's latest creations. If a woman sees a model that appeals to her she buys it and wears it, and cares not "a snap of the fingers" for public opinion. Can you imagine a man going off to golf in a gaily-striped suit, or forsaking his black dinner-suit for evening, however much he hates it?

Men may smile indulgently at a woman's dress, but let them remember she has courage. Few men brave public opinion and wear what they choose!

Miss V. O'Brien, 75 Barnett St., North Hobart, Tas.

PROTEST TO AUTHORS

WHY is it that some authors delight in branching off into the native language of the country where the story is set? Is it a desire to air their knowledge or to give a realistic touch to the story? To my mind this interrupts the even flow of the book, as the average person is not conversant with foreign languages.

E. G. Madden, 466 St. George's Rd., Thornbury N17, Vic.



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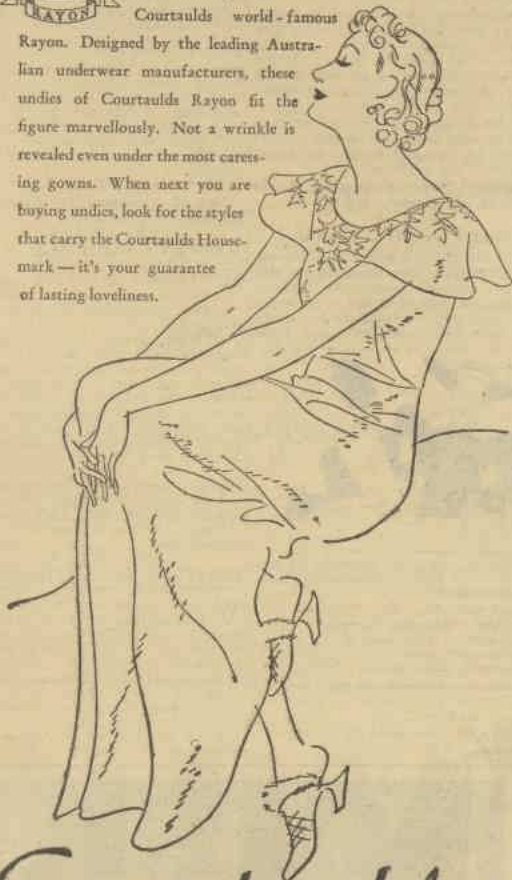
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MISS F. FERGUSON, of Concord Club (N.S.W.), who scored 39 bullseyes in one day at the King's Prize shoot at Williamstown, 21 of them consecutive. Her father, with whom she is seated, also competed at the meeting.

## WEARS LORGNETTE and Hates Modern Make-Up Violet Vanbrugh on Visit to Australia

In striking contrast with many screen and stage actresses who have arrived recently in Australia from overseas is Miss Violet Vanbrugh, member of the famous Vanbrugh family, whose name will always be connected with the British stage.

Frocked in black relieved with pearls, and wearing her lorgnette, she is an infinitely charming example of the more conservative type of legitimate stage artist.

**S**HE herself uses powder and lipstick, but when it comes to mascara and bright nail varnish Miss Vanbrugh becomes most heated.

"I have never met a man, young or old, who liked lorgnetted finger-nails," she told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly "and a woman's aim is really to please them (even though we will not admit it), why go to such extremes as bright-colored nails? They remind me of nothing so much as animals' talons!"

"I admire lovely hands, but when they are disfigured, as so many are to-day, they are neither lovely nor useful. And

MISS VANBRUGH, who is in private life Mrs. V. A. Vanbrugh-Bouchier, is a sister of Irene Vanbrugh who was so well-known to Australian audiences with her husband the late Dion Boucicault. Mrs. Vanbrugh-Bouchier is making a holiday trip to Sydney to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. Dickson, and to see her little grandson for the first time. She expects to stay in Australia for about three months, after which she will return to London and the stage.

She has done a little film work—just enough to acquire the technique which she thinks is so different from that of the legitimate stage. When interviewed she was wearing a wide hat of black straw, the brim of which was covered with light, black feathers.

"Family Affairs" was the most recent play in which she appeared in London.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH

all the eye shadows and other extremes in make-up that are used by some women are quite unnecessary and very ugly.

"Unfortunately, it is usually young girls with naturally fresh complexions who go in for these make-ups that are nothing short of masks. They do not seem to realise that they have something now which they will never be able to regain."

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Mr. McHugh's formula has won him fame throughout Australia and New Zealand, and even in U.S.A., for successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ Under Nail, Various Vets, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm (Tinea), Barber's Rash, Dandruff, Ringworm, Acne, Furunculosis, and similar distressing complaints. His treatment ranks among the remarkable advances made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write enclosing stamped envelope for full details of treatment to Mr. J. J. McHugh, Ph.C., Consulting Chemist, 125/7 Liverpool Street (First Floor), opposite Burns, Sydney.

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# BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

## Why the Silver Fox Furs are Still in the Shop

By BETTY GEE

I spent Saturday afternoon among the very gorgeous dahlias and the huge smoking chimneys which provide the contrasts at Rosehill. And I went there with the mental picture of a pair of silver fox furs which I had seen in the morning.

They are still in the shop window.

THAT cold spell last week set me thinking about the winter necessities and, with all due modesty, I decided that I have just the neck to show off silver foxes to their best advantage. Consequently I hit on the idea of allowing the bookmakers to provide them. So to Rosehill full of hope.

The afternoon's tragedy has an explanation. Down at Jervis Bay over the holiday week-end I saw droves of the racing fraternity, among them Andy Knox. And I saw Andy go into the icy-cold pool at 7 o'clock one morning when the rest of the usual before-breakfast bathers funkled it. Hence, I decided then that Andy was the hardy sort of lad I wanted on my horses.

This caused me to put £1 on Euphorbus at 15 to 1 with that attractive Fred Vockler who, with his wavy hair and massive chest, had thrilled the ladies at Jervis Bay. But Euphorbus turned out to be a real lady—she would not be hurried.

### A Bad Omen

HOWEVER, I wasn't deserting Andy for one failure, and he duly brought Mark Antony home for me in the next. I couldn't hear anything in the next and Knox didn't have a mount, so finally hit on Wyoming, which is the name of my dentist's chambers. I might have known such an omen would only provide a pain—Wyoming led down the straight like Phar Lap, and then began to go up and down in the one place, and Campanus walked past him.

Dickie explained to me that if I wanted to follow Knox the best plan would be to back those mounts of his in the market, so I let Sunview go and backed Belgravia on the indirect tip

of Mrs. Hobby—indirect because my maid's boy friend knows a chap who courts Mrs. Hobby's maid. It was a good tip, anyway, and Belgravia finished almost in a line with three others, but the judge only placed it third just as I was reckoning up the winnings.

The butcher had told me Regular Bachelor was "a moral," and that the Queensland horse might even win the Newmarket. However, I saw a chap putting "real money" on Andy's mount, Thelmer, and decided to plunge £5 to £2 with Joe Matthews, who looked very sweet in his grey outfit. I also took a double, Regular Bachelor and Loud Applause, £25 to £1. Regular Bachelor duly won like a gentleman, with Thelmer just plodding along in the straight.

### End of a Bad Day

I didn't tell Dicky about my double, and when he explained that if Jimmy Pike was ever going to win another race it would be on Jocular, I dutifully wagered £1 on Mr. Cuth's horse, ignoring Knox, who was on the unfancied El Senorita. To cut a long story short, Loud Applause looked a certain winner 20 yards from home when along came that little beast Knox on El Senorita and robbed me of £25 by half a head. I could have howled with rage.

So when Mrs. Mick Geerin gave me the "good oil" about her horse, Pasha, in the last I decided to let my head go and took £16 to £2, even though Dicky had given me Antelope as a certainty. Several horses played up at the barrier and I heard one bookie say he hoped they would "kick the favorite to death." This was Antelope, so I presume he didn't want it to win. Milantoon was "hurdled off," and the same bookie said that if the Newcastle horse won he'd get a brown dog and walk to Perth. What a quaint man!

Pasha looked like winning in the straight when something flashed past



ANDY KNOX, the jockey who upset Betty's well-laid scheme to have Sydney bookmakers buy her a new set of silver fox furs.

on the outside. They told me it was Mananui and then I found it was none other than Knox aboard once again! How I wish I'd never been to Jervis Bay.

Well, I'm still hopeful about the silver foxes. I'm going to keep an eye on Rob Roy, who ran third on Saturday. He says Daddy to the same sire as Phar Lap did, and in longer races he'll be worth watching.

And as for Melbourne, they tell me old Closing Time still has plenty of horse-power left and that he'll lickle up the Newmarket field. The baker, who has relations in Adelaide, declares that Amalia will "stay for a week," and should win the Australian Cup. Still I have a sneaking regard for Miss "Lorna Doone's" Sylvalandale, despite his big weight. Also word comes very privately that Johnny Donohoe considers his flying filly, Araehne, a certainty for the Oakleigh again. So don't say I didn't tell you.



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## WEDDING PRESENTS

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to read at night ANY modern popular song in a few weeks. No knowledge of music is necessary. No scales. No exercises. You learn from the first lesson. Your money is refunded if you are not satisfied. Postal or Personal tuition. Twelve Langford students broadcasting.

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Nasty cuts often become dangerous if left untreated. Tiger Salve soothes all irritation and purifies the angry flesh. For bites, burns, stings and eczema, Tiger Salve brings quick and happy relief. Grateful mother writes: "It is a wonderful remedy for all the hurts of children and grown-ups, too." Send 3d. stamps to Tiger Salve Pty., 185 George St., Sydney, and receive trial tin.

**TIGER SALVE**  
At chemists & stores

**REDUCED**  
**Two Stone**  
**to GET JOB**  
**Slimming and Biology**  
**Go Hand in Hand**

(By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.)

ROSE FREISTATER applied to a New York Education Committee for a position as teacher of biology. She was twenty-six, bright, alert, five foot two inches in height, and weighed 13 stone—over two stone heavier than the regulations allowed. On this her application was turned down.

Rose was annoyed. She argued with the committee. "I am heavily built and strong," she said. "Surely my weight has nothing to do with teaching biology."

To which the committee replied, "We want our teachers to be models to their pupils in every way, and such a weight as yours is not a thing to be emulated; furthermore, fat people are more subject to ill-health than slim ones, and too many fat teachers might be a drain on our sick pensions fund."

So Rose began to slim, and eventually, under strict diet, regular exercise and Turkish baths, she dropped to the correct weight, and was finally given the position she wanted.

Dr. Gerald Schuman, who has worked this miracle, says that she will have to keep to a strict diet all her life if she is to keep her weight down to the school-prescribed limit.

The diet is a mixed one consisting largely of fruit and green salad. Meat is only allowed once a day, and there must be no early morning tea, eleven o'clock coffee or afternoon tea, and late supper is quite ruled out.

# DRINK MILK

wherever you go

The Ideal Food Drink to sustain energy after a Swim or Surf. There's a meal in a bottle, and a Bottle of Milk is a Bottle of Health.

Drink More—Use More MILK



Inserted by the Milk Board.



## CHEQUE ACCOUNTS

Almost every person of standing in the community has a cheque account, because to pay by cheque is safer... easier... more modern — and your cheque-book provides a record of income and expenditure. A cheque account may be opened at any branch of the Rural Bank.

Fixed Deposits are also accepted.



## RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

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# STAR of "CAVALCADE" to Talk to AUSTRALIANS

## Radio Interview with Lovely Diana Wynyard



DIANA WYNYARD, beautiful English actress, whose voice will be heard from station 2GB in a new talk series, "Your Friends the Stars."

The fine work of Diana Wynyard in Coward's "Cavalcade," epic film of Empire, has endeared her to thousands of Australian women.

Now, thanks to the enterprise of station 2GB, the star's voice will be heard in a specially arranged interview for her Australian admirers.

THE interviewer will be Mr. Kenneth L. Hall, son of the Hon. D. R. Hall, of Sydney, and his talk will be the first of a series with the famous.

Mr. Hall is not only conversant with Australian tastes in entertainment, but he also knows the many famous actors

and actresses who have visited Australia. In his series of interviews, "Your Friends the Stars," he will bring listeners personal and intimate chats with many prominent figures of the English stage and screen.

Many of these are known personally to Australians, for he has interviewed Dorothy Brunton, Marie Burke, Coral Browne (who is making good progress in her stage work in London), Vera Pearce, Clarice Hardwicke, and the one and only George Gee.

## Fashion Talks

BUT what is of even greater interest to Australian women is Mr. Hall's special series of interviews with the creators of fashion.

It is one thing to hear fashions described, but even fashions take on a new thrill when the men describing them are the creators themselves, speaking from their own salons. Such men as Aga Thaarup, Victor Stiebel, Teddy Tingling, "Jeff," Peter Russell, and Paguin will describe the trend of fashion for the season specially for Australian listeners.

## His Leading Ladies

ERIC MASTERS is another outstanding radio star to join the select group of players in their dramatic productions from 2GB.

In the course of his broadcasting career Eric Masters has played 500 roles, including lead to every musical-comedy leading-lady who has ever broadcast in Australia. "And they are all delightful," says Mr. Masters.

Gladys Moncrieff is the finest actress

# I can tell by my hands SIREN suds are the gentlest

SIREN washing-days mean less mending days. And Siren Soap — made from pure, fine oils — is just as kind to your hands as it is to your clothes. Far less work is needed to get your washing snowy white, because the extra-richness of Siren suds loosens dirt at the first touch.



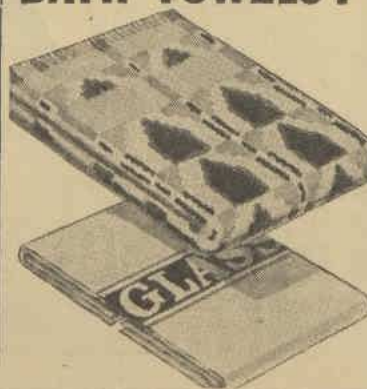
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## Parrot Saves

## Bulgarian King's Life

By Air Mail from our London Office.

A FEATURE of the Royal Palace at Sofia, Bulgaria, is the marvellous collection of parrots of all kinds, which are the special care of King Boris and the Queen.

The Royal couple have reason to love their parrots, as recently one of the birds was responsible for the discovery of a plot to assassinate King Boris.

Attention was called to the agitated state of the parrot, which was constantly heard screaming out the words "Kill the King." The parrot in question had been kept in a cage in a room reserved for household officials only. Investigations followed, and these revealed that forty people, headed by the King, had been marked out for assassination.

he has ever worked with. She never lets up until she is thoroughly satisfied with her work.

"Ada Reeve is a natural that sometimes you are not sure whether she is speaking to you or saying her lines," he says. "Dorothy Brunton and Marie Bremner are loved by everyone who ever works with them. Nancy Stewart is the most versatile woman of them all. Nothing seems beyond her powers. And Joie Melville is, and will always remain, little 'Sally,' as charming off-stage as on."

## Success Comes Early

JUST 21 and well launched on a successful radio career! Such a fortunate young lady is Betty Suttor, who has joined the 2GB players, whose first all-star dramatic production, "The Three Musketeers," is now on the air nightly at 8.30.

Looking back at the crowded years since she left school in Paris, this young Australian is not quite sure how it all happened. First there were appearances with J. C. Williamson companies, a children's radio session in Sydney, another in Melbourne, then back to Sydney to conduct still another children's session, then writing, and finally acting with James Raglan in her own sketches.



# Reverent Crowds; Quiet Queues; London Mourns



**LONDON LISTENS AS EDWARD VIII IS PROCLAIMED KING.** The King-at-Arms reading the proclamation declaring Edward VIII the new King of England. This impressive ceremony has for centuries been observed on the accession of a King. The picture shows the crowd at the steps of the Royal Exchange awaiting the words, "The King is dead, long live the King."



**GENERAL VIEW OF THE CROWD,** looking towards Westminster Hall, where a sad populace paid the last tribute to a departed King. Inset: The draped colors carried at the head of the Lifeguards on the march from Buckingham Palace to St. James' Palace.



**THE CROWDS** near Lambeth Bridge, where solid battalions of sorrowing people stretched for miles and miles along the thoroughfares of London, slowly making their way to Westminster Hall, where the body of their beloved King lay in state.



## Blackheads! Enlarged Pores!



Watch Them Fall Away

Get a Clear New Skin in 3 days

### This New Easy Way!

No person need have such ugly blemishes now. This new skin-making discovery in Crème Tokalon Vanishing (non-greasy) penetrates, dissolves deep pore dirt and blackheads so that they fall away. It soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores; whitens and beautifies the darkest, roughest skin and gives an indescribable youth-like skin and complexion obtained no other way, in only three days' time! Any good pharmacist will tell you so.

**FREE:** By arrangement with the manufacturer, any reader of this paper may now obtain a free Beauty Voucher containing the new Tokalon Creams (Glycerin for the evening, Vanishing for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Moisture of Cream" Powder. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 5079 S.S. Dept. 46-A, Sydney, N.S.W.

## Crème Tokalon

**BEAUTY AT MIDDLE AGE**  
The refined quality of middle age is enhanced by beautiful hair. Unusually threads of grey should be treated with Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain. So easy, so private, so indestructible, and always so beautifying, womenfolk marvel at its perfection. No expensive equipment required; no moments of doubt. Ask your Chemist for Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain. Brown or black shades. 4/- per bottle. Made by Pelton, Grimwade & Duerdin, Ltd., Melbourne. \*\*\*

# "I'M GOING to Kiss that GIRL"

Continued from Page 7

"NOT much in that topic. Anyway, living so handy and in a small community, you'll soon learn all there is to know about me. And then I won't be interesting any more."

"I know you will, Gwen." He gazed earnestly at her, keeping his mouth tightly abreast of hers. "I'm afraid it is you who will get bored first."

There was no answer to that. They trotted along in silence, silence that was somehow good and able in some way to say the words that neither of them could utter.

Presently they came out of the shadowy woods into bright sunlight. Here the road followed the shore and wound close to the edge of the cliffs. There was a quaking stone well and a gurdy that you wound up to pull a bucket of water to the surface and a cup to drink from.

They dismounted and drank, and let the horses have their fill from the stone trough. A little girl came along carrying flowers, and Gwen spoke to her, knowing her. She was Alice Clowes, and her father fished out of Lockport. The child offered the flowers shyly. Gwen took one—a harebell.

"There are lovely ones, but they're on the cliff edge over there, and I was afraid to go close," the little girl said. "You know Ted Baine fell over there. I wouldn't like to fall over. You have to scramble down to the ledge."

"Let me get you some," said John. "You show me where to go, little damsel!"

"Oh, will you?" Gwen wanted to protest. But he was already started for the cliff edge. Easily he slid down the steep face, holding by roots and stones. The sea beat and broke two hundred feet below. He didn't seem to mind, but Gwen's heart made little thumping sounds, and the child watched him in wonderment as calmly he gathered the blooms and started back.

Gwen was with him every inch of the way. She seemed to know it was coming even before it happened. A slender

der stump snapped with a crack, there was a rain of soil and pebbles and rocks that dropped sickeningly down, and dust enshrouding him.

But he had caught with one hand a creper of wry strength, and his wrist was twined in it. Slowly, with scarcely a change of face, with neither fear nor pain in his eyes, he fought his way up, and sat in the deep grass at her feet, his flowers dusty, but intact, his wrist limp.

"You—I thought you were gone," whispered Gwen. "You're reckless, too. Just for a few flowers!"

"My word! You call me reckless, and here's Paul Rennie swimming the Atlantic or something!"

"Oh, bother him! But you hurt your wrist."

"Wrenched it a bit. It's nothing." But Gwen noticed, on the homeward ride, that the wrist bothered him and that when, forgetting about it, he used it, the pain of it made his lips twist.

"It's been pleasant, Gwen," he said when they reached her gate. "I hope there will be other mornings like this—many of them."

There was something queer and strained in the way he said it that made her look with swift puzzlement at him. He was looking at the ground. "You don't—dislike me?" he asked softly.

"Quite the contrary."

"And you know that—that I'll be quite the same always—no matter—"

"Do tell me what you mean, John!" She stood close to him, looking up at him.

"Au revoir," he said. He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

## AUNT MARGARET

sat on the verandah.

"Who was that young man, Gwen-dolyn?" she asked.

"John Cavendish."

"Hm! You were riding with him to-day?"

"Yes," smiled Gwen. "And yesterday?"

"Uh-huh! Yesterday, too. And it was wonderful then. I thought he was going to kiss me. He will the next time."

Aunt Margaret stiffened.

"If he does he is no Cavendish and no gentleman. Child, are you utterly insane? John Cavendish is engaged to that Brenner girl in Harrogate. They're to be married next month."

Gwen was very silent, very still. It seemed hard to grasp that. It came so suddenly, so unexpectedly. Slowly, things came to her. His refraining from it when he might have kissed her, his strange talk about being "quite the same always—"

"Thanks, Aunt Margaret," she said dully. "I didn't know."

She walked listlessly into the house and did not go out again that day. She was young, love was a glorious mystery to her—a mystery that, just in the last two days, in those hours with him, she had begun to explore. And suddenly it was all a mystery again and she realised that there could be bitterness in it.

A dreary day, the next one: leaden sky, leaden sea, a stiff breeze blowing. She had forgotten all about Paul Rennie and the consequence of his silly wager. After all, why let the poor young man risk his life perhaps out in that heavy, foaming darkness of waters? He couldn't do it to-day, she decided. No one was quite so rash as to try to beat the Devil's Gate in the teeth of wind and sea like that.

Still, when noon, the time set for the paying of the forfeit, came, Gwen went to the shore and watched. There was still more than a half hour, yet—

Far out, bobbing past the headland, she saw him swimming, and her heart jumped and something like admiration for a man so utterly reckless, so proud of his own fine strength, crept into her.

"GOOD man!" she called. "Good luck to you! But it isn't worth while—it isn't!"

"He thinks it is, Miss Halliday, I do, too."

Gwen started, turned on the speaker,

## "Reformer"

God, the only thing I ask  
Is the grace to do this task,  
Patient will to penetrate  
All the bitterness and hate,  
Breaking down the worthless  
things  
Blind of sight and void of wings;  
Sorting out and making whole  
All the splendor in his soul.  
Giving him the eyes to find  
Faithfulness in womankind.

her eyes wide with wonderment, with anger. It was—Paul Rennie—

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "Who—who is doing that swim? Is it—?"

"Paul Rennie. He's done crazier things than that."

"Paul Rennie? Is he—he is he the man I've been riding with and—?"

"He is. My name is John Cavendish. Let me explain; Paul was tricked into that silly wager—silly in one sense—I mean they took him up wrongly. He's too much of a thoroughbred to make bets like that. But he wouldn't back out. Then he found you on the road the other day, thrown from your horse. I'd lent him my belt-buckle. You saw the initials and thought he was—John Cavendish—"

"But—but why didn't he tell me? Why did he let me—?"

"He thought naturally that you'd send him away—just as you sent me away the other day. He didn't want you to dislike him. I think that's why he's swimming the Devil's Gate—thinks you'll forgive him. You see, I've sold the Court to him and he's going to live there. It would be nice—"

"But don't you know," said Gwen pitiously, "that he hurt his wrist yesterday? I don't see how he can swim—"

"Wrist? He didn't say a thing about his wrist. I know he has a weak one—hurt it playing polo some time ago." "He hurt it again. We must stop him, get him out of that—"

"I'll say we must! Come on—I've a motor boat on the beach over there, and he's not in the worst of it yet."

Please turn to Page 26

# "HE MUST GIVE UP THAT DAILY DOSE"

**I SAW DOCTOR AGAIN YESTERDAY—HE SAYS YOU MUST STOP TAKING LAXATIVES! THEY INCREASE CONSTIPATION**

**"BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE SOMETHING! I CAN'T WORK WHEN I FEEL SO TERRIBLE"**

**YOU'LL NEVER BE WELL WHILE YOU WEAKEN YOUR SYSTEM WITH THAT "DAILY DOSE." DOCTOR SAYS TO EAT ALL-BRAN—ITS BULK RELIEVES CONSTIPATION IN NATURE'S WAY!**

**NEXT MORNING**

**"WELL, THIS KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN TASTES BETTER THAN MEDICINE"**

**"OF COURSE! IT'S A NATURAL FOOD, THAT SUPPLIES THE NECESSARY BULK YOU'LL BE BETTER IN TWO WEEKS!"**

**TWO WEEKS LATER**

**"YOU'RE LOOKING WONDERFUL NOW, DEAR"**

**"AND I FEEL FINE! I'M WORKING LIKE A NEW MAN! I'VE TOLD EVERYONE IN THE OFFICE ABOUT ALL-BRAN."**

**The "Laxative Habit" weakens you, makes constipation worse! This delicious food relieves constipation naturally in two weeks.**

Your "daily dose" is increasing constipation, not curing it. Every harsh, forced stimulation leaves you feeling weak and sick, takes more strength from tired intestinal muscles. Tender, delicate membranes were never meant to be abused in that way. The inevitable result is loss of vitality, impaired looks, the feeling that "life's not worth living." Doctors blame artificial laxatives for 75% of intestinal troubles in later life!

Nature intended you to be healthy, normal, and regular, by providing foods rich in "bulk." But modern foods, overcooked and refined, lose that vital element. Provide "bulk" in your diet, and natural functioning will return. The gentle stimulus of "bulk" will give you, first, easy relief from constipation... and then natural functioning will exercise your bowels and intestines back to normal strength. "Bulk" builds up where laxatives destroy.

Kellogg's All-Bran is "bulk" in its finest form... delicious, appetising, and effective. It is a food, not a medicine. Eat two tablespoonful of All-Bran daily for a week, covered with milk or cream, to relieve constipation. After that, three servings weekly will keep you regular. Buy All-Bran to-day from your grocer. Serve it with fresh or stewed fruit. Your whole family will enjoy this crisp, delicious cereal, and benefit by its rich, health-giving "bulk."



# What Women Are Doing

## Learns First Hand

MRS. IRVING JACOBS, who has just returned from a stay of six months with her parents in Massachusetts, has many interesting things to say of the latest educational methods in America.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Jacobs was a schoolteacher, and is naturally interested in the changes that have taken place in her country since she was last there.

She said "that when the young American attends school classes he learns his lessons at first hand." For instance, if he wishes to know of the life and habits of firemen he goes direct to the fire-station for his knowledge. The same method of learning is applied to the police department and libraries, and similar things.

## Miss Betty Barwell to Teach Physical Culture

IN answer to an air mail message, Miss Betty Barwell who left Adelaide nine years ago for London, has arrived in Australia to teach sports and physical culture at St. Catherine's, Melbourne.

Miss Barwell trained at the famous physical culture training college, Bedford, in London, and gained the college diploma, which is recognised everywhere as one of a very high standard. From Westering College, Ryde, on the Isle of Wight, Miss Barwell has come to take this position as resident sports mistress.

Her father, Sir Henry Barwell, was Agent-General for South Australia in London.

## She Speaks Five Languages Fluently

MADAME J. DE TARCZYNSKA wife of Tarczynski, the celebrated violinist who is head of the newly-formed A.B.O. Orchestra in Adelaide, is most interested in languages. She was born in Warsaw, in Poland, and was taught by German and French governesses, and so, as well as speaking her own native tongue, she speaks French, German, Russian, and English fluently.

Madame Tarczynski has travelled extensively, and during an exciting and terrifying journey home to Poland from Australia just after the war, she acted as interpreter many times. She has been appointed to teach French and German in a leading Melbourne school, and will return there after a visit to her husband in Adelaide.

## Represented State School Teachers at Conference

MISS HENRIETTA GILBERT, senior vice-president of the Victorian Teachers' Union, attended the special conference of the Australian Institute of Political Science held in Canberra recently, when papers on "Education" and "Democracy" were presented by prominent educationists from all States.

In the first week of the new year Miss Gilbert was Victorian representative at the annual conference of the Federated State School Teachers' Association of Australia, held in Hobart. She made such a good impression that the association invited her to be one of their two women delegates at the Canberra conference.

## Actress Who is Successful Author

MISS ROSEMARY REES, well-known actress turned author who is on a visit to Australia and her home, New Zealand, is waiting for news of her recently published book, "Miss Tiverton's Shipwreck."



Miss Rosemary Rees

It is Miss Rees' eleventh novel. She has been for some years in London, where she has written most of her books. Before the war, when Miss Rees was doing stage work in London, several of her one-act plays were produced, as these were more popular than. Miss Rees is thrilled about the jacket of her latest book particularly as it is the first work of this kind done by 21-year-old Mr. Felix Kelly also of New Zealand. Several of Miss Rees' books have been used as serials in American papers and she herself has done some film work there.

## Word of Praise

MRS. FRANK GERBER, an American visitor, had quite a lot of nice things to say about Australia. She considered, among other things, that the beautification of our chief cities was a matter for congratulation, particularly when their comparatively short life was taken into consideration. She thought our streets were well maintained.

Mrs. Gerber is not just a casual observer in these matters. She is president of the Civic Improvement Committee in Fremont, and is always engaged in the task of adding beauty to the city, or eliminating some of its blotches.

## Housing Centre Publicity Secretary

WELL known in Australia as the indefatigable secretary of the Country Women's Association in Victoria, Mrs. Murray Waller is now publicity secretary to the Housing Centre in London. She also trains University women in "How to Address Meetings," a subject for which much experience and her own eloquence make her highly qualified.

On her return to England Mrs. Waller was West Midlands area organiser for some time of the Young Britons—the youth movement of the National Union of Conservative and Unionists Associations.

## Pleasant Sort of Occupation

MANY of the Brisbane girls are envying Margaret McRobert her new position. She has been appointed to the staff of Macdonald Hamilton's Sydney office, where from time to time she will travel on the various cruises with the idea of getting things going generally—and seeing that passengers have as good a time as possible.

Margaret has a passion for travelling, and is revelling in the thought of her new work. About three years ago she accompanied her mother abroad on a pleasure trip, but did not return with Mrs. McRobert. Instead, she gained experience as a receptionist in the London office of the P. and O. Company. For her holidays she made several cruises, so she knows something of what she should do. Her parents live in Brisbane, and they are glad that every now and again Margaret will give them a call.



Mrs. Margaret McRobert.

## Was Educated at Schools All Over the World

EDUCATED at convents in America and China, at a school in Chicago, by a governess in England, and at a finishing school in Austria, Miss Nee Sa Long, whose name belies her very petite appearance, has had a most varied career.

She was born in Austria, near Vienna, and has spent most of her life travelling with her parents, singing and dancing. In Java and Singapore she sang in Tagalog (Filipino language), and herself wrote the words of her songs. Then she translated them into Malay and then into English, when she visited Australia.

She is the daughter of Mr. Long who is known to audiences all over the world as Long Tack Sam, the Chinese magician, who at one time had a world-famous collection of diamonds. After touring Australia, she now intends to visit Hobart, and then hopes to return to Australia, where she was born.

## Young Pianist Going Abroad for Further Study

MELBOURNE is losing one of its brilliant young pianists, Miss Maurice MacGillivray, for a while. She will leave in April for England to further her studies. A complimentary farewell concert will be tendered to her by the University Conservatorium on March 11, and music lovers are promised a musical treat.

Mauricette is excited about her trip, which will probably be of indefinite length. She has visions of studying under Schnabel, and intends to hear all the best music and musicians of the day.

Mauricette, who is known as the poet of the piano, will be accompanied by her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Maurice MacGillivray, and her sister Joan, who will go on with her violin studies. Joan won the violin championship under 25 years, arranged by the Victorian Music Teachers' Association last year, when she was only 15 years old.

## Court Dressmaker on Round Trip from London

MAKING the round voyage from London on the Otranto is Miss Irene Worthington, a Court dressmaker for the last seven years, who has her establishment in Ebury Street, near Grosvenor Gardens.

Miss Worthington makes many frocks for Court debutantes for which 12 to 15 yards of chiffon or tulle and seven to eight yards of other materials are used. She predicts mourning wear for most London women for the next nine months, and even after the period of mourning subdued colors will be worn. To view the new fashions Miss Worthington makes a trip to Paris every spring and autumn. As well as conducting a school of dressmaking, Miss Worthington designs and makes many frocks for amateur theatricals organised in aid of charity.



## Sister Persis Has Had Wide Experience

THE new headmistress of St. Peter's Collegiate Girls' School, Adelaide, Sister Persis, should prove a definite acquisition to the school if only because of her wide experience of secondary schools throughout Australia and also in England.

Sister Persis graduated at Sydney University, and received her training in England at Kilburn, the Community House of the Church of England Secondary Schools there. She has visited there since, and gained many ideas from these English sister-schools.

Coming to South Australia from the Collegiate Girls' School in Hobart, Sister Persis has been principal at large schools in both Melbourne and Sydney. She has perhaps specialised in English and History, and her ability as an organiser is but one of her qualifications.

## Woman Establishes Conservatorium of Music

DR. RUBY DAVY, our only woman Doctor of Music, is opening a conservatorium of music at 266 Toorak Rd., South Yarra, Melbourne. She has been on the staff of the Elder Conservatorium of Music.

Dr. Davy held the record for one of the most successful private teachers in S.A. 300 diplomas being gained among her students. Dr. Davy is a composer and a competent lecturer on music.



Dr. Ruby Davy.

## American Teacher Visits Australia

MRS. DOUGLASS, an American teacher who has been travelling round the world for the last twelve months, is visiting Australia. Before visiting any country she reads extensively about that place, and much Australian literature was devoured by her before she arrived.

Mrs. Douglass has retired, and will probably spend three months in Sydney before returning to America. She taught at the Batavia High School in New York State. After leaving there last February she crossed to England and attended a summer course at Oxford. From England she went to South Africa, later to India, and then to the East.

Mrs. Douglass thinks the teaching of geography in schools leaves much to be desired, and a greater feature should be made of economic geography.

## Ethiopian Relief Committee Formed in Victoria

MISS HELEN BAILLIE is very busy these days, for she is secretary to the Ethiopian Relief Committee just formed after a deputation to Miss Philadelphia Robertson (secretary of the Australian Red Cross), to assist the Red Cross unit working in Abyssinia.

To raise funds for this purpose, and to interest the public, the Ethiopian Relief Committee, in conjunction with the Red Cross, convened a public meeting in Melbourne Town Hall last week.

Through reading "Teaching the Aborigines" by M. M. Dennett, Miss Baillie became so interested that she felt the urge to work in their cause. She has formed a Fellowship Group, and has gone through the interior to Darwin, returning via Queensland and Alice Springs, visiting the Hermannsburg Mission to find out if women could act as protectors of the aborigines. She considered it would be practicable with the right woman in that position.

## Lone Guide Commandant Goes Abroad

MISS ELAINE MORAN, former Commissioner for Lone Guides, and camp commandant at the camp held recently at Mornington, Victoria, is off for a trip abroad. After spending a short while in New Zealand she will catch the Ionic and go by way of the Panama Canal to England.

Miss Elaine Moran will be accompanied by Miss G. Broadhurst, another Lone Guide official, and together they plan to tour England and Scotland by car, and may go to the south of France for a while. They will acquire quite a lot of information about overseas Guide activities, for they will visit various camps, as well as headquarters. Foxlease, the training school in the New Forest.

Miss Moran is looking forward to tripping through Scandinavia, thence to Denmark to participate in the international camp to be held there about July. She hopes before returning to Melbourne at the end of the year to visit Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia.



Miss Elaine Moran.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP





## Hair that Men Admire-

Awaken Your Hair to New Beauty by Removing "Oily-Film" that Hides Real Life and Lustre.



A THIN "oily-film" or coating is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches dust and dirt—hides the sparkling life and lustre—makes the hair DULL. Only thorough shampooing will satisfactorily remove this film. Washing with "alkaline" soaps or shampoo powders cannot do this—because they do not clean the hair properly. That is why society women everywhere—who value beautiful hair—use only Colinated Coconut Oil. This positively neutral, pure, greaseless "Beauty Shampoo" cleanses so thoroughly of all dirt, dandruff and "oily-film"—cannot dry the hair or make it brittle, as "alkaline" soaps tend to do—and cannot darken blonde hair—no matter how often used.

After a delightful Colinated Coconut Oil shampoo, the hair dries quickly—comes out thick, silky, glossy, wavy—sparkling with highlights—and as easy to dress again as though it hadn't been washed at all.

Insert in "Colinated" at your chemist—a small bottle lasts months.

### COLINATED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

NEW HAIR BEAUTY FOR 14 A WEEK

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"CARRAMBA!" he whispered. "It is he! . . . Oh, kind and merciful Mother of God, it is he!" A fellow-Spaniard beside him nudged him sharply.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he whispered in Spanish.

"It is he!" replied the other. "Note him well. Mark him. Stare at him; and if you lose sight of him before I have him where I want him, I'll plith you. You were you twice my brother, I would strike you dead."

"Who is it? Who is it?" asked the brother.

"It is he, I tell you. It is he," was the reply.

And turning to the younger man on his left he repeated his instructions.

"Watch him! Mark him! So that you would know him among a thousand, a million. And let him not out of your sight until I give the word, or go you from my sight for ever."

"Who is he?" asked the young man.

"It is he!" was the unilluminating reply.

And so it came to pass that when, erect, jaunty, smiling, Spanish Maine walked from the church, he was followed, at different distances, by three men, one of whom, on the opposite side of the road, kept almost abreast of

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 5

him, another close behind him, and a third where he could see all three, save when they turned a corner.

And when he had entered his fashionable hotel, the three held conference.

"Look you, Ramon, and you, Carlos. One of you must be with me always. You, Ramon, first; and you, Carlos, relieve Ramon when you can. I cannot speak English well enough. I don't know how to take the ticket properly at the railway-station. I shall lose him if I watch and follow him alone. I will kill him here in the street, next time he comes out of this fine hotel, but that I don't wish to do. Life is sweet, and will be doubly sweet when I have killed that dog."

The others nodded with complete agreement and understanding.

"If I cannot kill him without being caught and garrotted myself—then I must die. But there is no need to bungle it like that. I am a man of skill and finesse."

The younger man took the speaker's hand and squeezed it warmly, while the older man patted him reassuringly upon the shoulder.

AND thus it came about that when, a few days later, the Señor Manuel Maine, dressed in the height of fashion, smiling, spruce and debonair, seated himself in a first-class compartment of the Western Express at Waterloo, three inconspicuous, quietly-dressed Spaniards stood outside a third-class compartment at the opposite end of the train.

"Adios, my good Ramon; and all the thanks of my grateful heart. Young Carlos and I will return to you when my work is done. And with you I will hide for a while. There will be no danger."

Ramon made an airy gesture with his cigarette.

"Danger?" he scoffed. "Gladly would I accompany you now."

And when, at Exeter, Spanish Maine alighted and changed trains, he was quite unaware of two quietly-dressed, inconspicuous men who, from their third-class carriage, watched him cross the platform, ere leaving their own compartment and making quickly for another in the waiting train.

That night the two, well-provisioned, camped in a thicket in the wood that rose above that pleasant spot in the Brandon Abbas grounds, known as the Bower, lacking nothing but a glowing camp-fire thoroughly to enjoy such an evening as so often they had spent before in other lands.

"A murderer," mused the older man, "what is he? We know nothing of a murderer save that he has killed his man—a thing that any honest, honorable, self-respecting caballero may have to do. One kills one's enemy. But to slay and rob a man who has not only done you no harm but has saved your life—what does such a man deserve?"

"Death here, and damnation hereafter," was the reply.

"He does. He does. And, whatever God may do to him in the hereafter, I will kill him here. Here and now."

## I'm Going to Kiss That Girl

Continued from Page 24

THEY ran. Gwen stumbling along beside Cavendish's lanky form. They climbed into the arrowy, gleaming craft, shot away from the pier in a shower of spray, in a roar of the mighty engine.

The swimmer, with the heave of the waves, was seen one moment and lost the next. And in those age-long instants when he was lost from view, Gwen's heart seemed to stop still and not move until gain he bobbed up on the crest of a wave. The speed-boat seemed to crawl, the distance between him and her lessened so slowly. Would they never get there?

Cavendish shut off the engine. They coasted up to where Paul Reinde was swimming. He turned upon his back, stared up at them, scorned the buoy that Cavendish threw him.

"He won't come out," said Gwen's companion. "Not unless—unless—"

Gwen lifted slender fingers to her lips, blew a kiss to him. With a wide grin he swam to the buoy and Cavendish pulled him aboard. He was ghastly, in spite of his cheerfulness. A leather strap bound his wrist tightly.

"John put you wise, eh?" He sat with Gwen in the cushioned stern-seat; Cavendish's broad back was turned to them.

Gwen nodded.

"You're going to forgive me—for one thing and another, Gwen?"

"Didn't I let you win your wager? It's not noon yet. Or would that be called winning—sending you a kiss?"

"Why, no—hardly." He bent down to her; she laid her head back against the cushion.

"Still another confession," he said, his lips almost touching hers. "I—I won this wager—long ago—the other

He is undeserving of mercy, pity, or forgiveness. He is unforgivable. I will tell you.

"When I was over there—for life, as they intended—and my one hope, one chance, lay in the money that Ramon and you (God bless you both, and grant you long life and happiness here, and eternal bliss hereafter), the money that you and Ramon sent me so cleverly, so generously—I met this man."

AND because he was, as I thought, a real caballero, a Hidalgo of Castille, a gentleman, a nobleman, I helped him, befriended him, served him.

"I, Miguel Braganza el Torero, first matador of Spain—hero of the arena, idol of the populace of Seville, Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia, Malaga, and every bull-ring of repute in Spain—made myself his servant."

"He would have died but for me. Ten times over, he would have died."

"He would have been killed by the picaros, the lads of our gang, or have died of dysentery, malaria, disease, starvation."

"I saved him. I put hope in his heart and food in his stomach. He is a brave man, mind. I grant him that. Oh, he's brave enough. But he would have died."

"Courage would not have saved him against the gang, nor against the fevers of the swamp."

"I saved his life."

"I softened his bed and smoothed his path, and when I decided that I had enough money to warrant an attempt at escape—though I doubled my risk, I took him with me."

"It was my money, the money you had sent me, and which I shall return ten-fold, that did what braving was necessary and possible, procured food, and enabled us to get away successfully."

"And when we were clear of Maroni, safe into the jungle of French Guiana, it was I who kept him alive."

"Time after time I carried him for miles, though my strength was no greater than his, my food the same as his, save when I had given him the bigger share."

"By my help alone, we got afloat when we could walk no farther. At the risk of my life, I got a canoe, venturing into a camp of sleeping Indians who would have filled me with arrows and spears till I should have looked like a pin-cushion, had they awakened; and twice swimming the river, alive with alligators and filled with piranha fish, that will turn a live man into a clean-plucked skeleton in five minutes."

"Down the Surinam River I paddled him, keeping him alive with the fish, iguana, fruit, berries, fungus and such things that I procured."

"And one day, as we were nearing Paramaribo and safety, I was bending over our fire, grilling fish that I had caught, when suddenly the world went black, and I knew no more."

Please turn to Page 30

"Such marvellous value, my dear Tek with a free tumbler for 2/-"

**FREE TUMBLER with Tek 2/-**

**Tek**  
THE MODERN TOOTHBRUSH

At 2/- Tek is good value at any time. It is the best toothbrush that money can buy. Better shape and better bristles. Only Tek will clean inside your teeth properly, for only Tek will fit perfectly that danger zone where tartar forms.

Just now, Tek is exceptional value for 2/-. For at no extra cost you get with every Tek a beautiful Tumbler in matching colour.

Buy a new Tek toothbrush now, for every member of the family, with a matching Tek Tumbler included. Tek is sold at all chemists and stores. Bristles hard or medium (or extra hard), six colours, Tumblers to match.

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## Four "VAREX" Applications . . . Heal Bad Leg

W.D.H. states that so much which had given him pain for five years, was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, home treatment for various ulcers at any stage of development. No rest required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Realey, Pharmacy, Central Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney. 424N Collins Street, Melbourne. W.S.A.





# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Captain Caulfield, R.N., making tenth trip to Australia in ten years, and always chooses Moldavia for travels?

Mrs. A. E. Hughes and four helpers are being decked in stars and stripes of U.S.A. at St. Vincent's Leap Year Fair? Their stall to provide paper and string for purchases made at other stall.

## Ye Olde Howlett Inn

PALM BEACH fairly quiet while gathering strength for party at Ye Olde Howlett Inn next Saturday . . . Among new arrivals on beach are Dr. and Mrs. John Blakemore . . . John looms large in snappy white bathing suit . . . Mr. and Mrs. Crammond, latter with gipsy type of beauty, also disporting in surf . . . Dr. and Mrs. R. Mackay recently entertained at a smart dinner party, including among guests Captain and Mrs. Bill Patterson, Mrs. Laurie Seaman, and Alrema Samuels.

## Gold Dust

GOLD dust thickly scattered in wavy locks of Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, who wore silver frock with overcheck in white to premiere of "Anything Goes" . . . Social Sydney so thrilled at having new comic opera that audience wore clothes that rivalled stage parades . . . Long kid gloves worn by many, including Mrs. T. H. Kelly and Mrs. Edmund Playfair . . . Gloves of ice-blue suede also worn . . . Mrs. Roly Walker chose new shade of purple with tiny bows of gold lame finishing corsage for elegant gown.

Professor and Mrs. Windeyer hold a reception at Queen's Club this Tuesday prior to departure for England on long leave.

## Belles of Future

SOCIAL lights of early "fifties" finding The Mill, Moss Vale, happy hunting ground . . . Mrs. Alan Potter took Susan and Barbara Rose there for holidays . . . Mrs. Gwyneth Paul, with two children, is enjoying country air, and young Mary Anderson Stuart has spent last five weeks frolicking at same rendezvous . . . Lady Anderson Stuart paid her recent visit . . . Diana, daughter of Lady Horlick, has also given approval to lovely old Throsby home.

## Rhodesian Visitors

AFTER stay at Collaroy, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Brooke-Francis, of Northern Rhodesia, make for Green Trees, Bowral, from where they will tour district . . . Visitors one time lived in Fiji and met old friends from those days at party given in their honor by Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Fenner . . . Mrs. Brooke-Francis added name to unique linen cloth embroidered with names of Fiji residents . . . Lady Goldfinch, and Helen, Mrs. A. E. Eva, Dr. and Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Rouse, Mr. and Mrs. Stieber among guests.

Betty and Joan Murr all gurgles over proposed trip to London and Continent. Will leave by Orion in March.

## Jane Eyre

JANE EYRE name of darling wire-haired terrier pup brought from London by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lyddall . . . Though born in England, Mr. Lyddall spent many years in Australia and returns for good after eleven years in America and Canada . . . Very thrilled at first vision of bridge . . . Before leaving U.S.A. couple motored nearly six thousand miles from San Francisco via New Orleans to Montreal.

## Job at Geneva

LOTS of relatives in Australia are interested in success of Nola Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Phillips, of Pretoria . . . Grandfather pioneer of West of New South Wales . . . Owner of Wallan Billan station, Narromine, in early days . . . Nola just twenty-one and selected among two hundred applicants for private secretary's job to representative of South Africa at Geneva . . . Mrs. Phillips accompanying daughter to Switzerland, where couple will live in flat overlooking famous lake.

## Popular Baritone

CLEM WILLIAMS arrived home from N.Z. during week-end after highly successful concert appearances in both Islands . . . Clem extremely fortunate in having wife (professionally known as Enid Connelly) who is accompanist par excellence . . . Couple have been engaged for National broadcasts and leave for Brisbane during week . . . Clem's students are giving him combined farewell and welcome home party, and Enid is busy arranging kitchen tea for Sylvia Hutton . . . All taking place before train whistles.

## Resembles Husband's Sister

ALICIA INGLIS all excitement over arrival of brother Alex and bride by Orontes this Thursday . . . Dr. Alex Inglis spent last year doing post-graduate work in London and Continent . . . Also made trip to South Africa to have "look see" . . . Sydney traveller is keen sport and never missed opportunity of seeing Australian internationals at play at tennis, cricket or football . . . Bride is Sydney girl, Phyllis Bayley, who, strangely enough, bears striking resemblance to husband's sister . . . Family not yet made her acquaintance.



AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Mrs. R. E. Jackson, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Jackson, who will leave shortly for Melbourne, where her home will be.

—Dorothy Welding photo.



## Cloven Hoofs

AMONG most attractive of Marjorie Florence's Continental purchases is Austrian cardigan of deep cream wool with buttons of tiny chamouis goats' hoofs . . .

Green-and-red wool makes colorful finish to high neck and pockets . . . Marjorie spending few days in town before returning to home at Cootamundra . . . Has had many interesting experiences on Continent during travels and found Germany, with registered marks, cheapest country to live in.

## Carrots for Complexion

"RAW carrots are fine for complexion," says Diana Reeve . . . Tasty vegetable cut in thin strips is latest adjunct to London savory and sherry parties . . . Much in evidence at party given by Grace Stafford in own studios to welcome Diana to Sydney.

## Many Accomplishments

SHEILA BELL MACDOUGALL, only daughter of Mr. D. G. Macdougall, so well known in connection with Citizens of Sydney Organising Committee, and Mrs. Macdougall, just announced engagement to Wallis Wearne, of Drummoynne . . . Bride-to-be keen on fencing, tennis, skating, dancing, and surfing, as well as being good pianist and amateur actress.

Joan Waddell wore gay roman scarf with black, red, and yellow predominating as trimming to set off white evening frock worn at Romano's on Saturday.



## Crowded N.Z. Ship

SO crowded was Maunganui on return from New Zealand on Saturday that passengers hard to find . . . Bunks made up in all corners of ship, including nursery . . . Nina Murdoch, famous Australian author, expected, but diligent search from stem to stern failed to discover her . . . Russian dancers in costume, little Chinese boys in bright blue, added to colorful scene . . . Lady Blake and son, Sir Mark Dalrymple, on board with Australian holiday in view.

## Handsome Hero

MOST dashing and handsome is Captain James Willoughby, latest addition to Sydney's growing film colony . . . He is cousin to present Lord Middleton and cousin of first Marquis of Lintithgow, who, as Lord Hopetoun, was Governor of Victoria in 'eighties and later G.C. of Commonwealth . . . Keen on all film work and has held important position on technical side of British movies . . . Has also acted and should make alluring hero.

Friends will rally round to greet Mrs. S. J. Fox on return to Sydney. Before marriage Mrs. Fox was Olga Teese. Husband accompanies her on first visit to Australia.

## New Military Appointment

DAWN JACKSON and brother Oliver David accompanied military father, Lieut.-Colonel Jackson, Director of Personnel of Commonwealth Military Forces, to Melbourne . . . Hosts of friends, including Brigadier and Mrs. Hardie, Colonel Lorenzo, Captain Bennett, Lieut.-Colonel Lennox, all at station to wave farewell . . . Mrs. Jackson has mother on sick list, so staying longer in Sydney.

## Sailed Before Mast

KATHELEEN EVANS, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans, and Cliff Mote to be married in Albury this month . . . Young couple extremely well known and popular in district . . . Cliff recently returned from trip to England before mast on Finnish sailing ship for experience . . . Is officer in local artillery battery and has many other hobbies ready for daily doings . . . Wedding will be social occasion of summer for district.

## Dressmaker's Achievement

WITH only four and half working days to get complete wardrobe ready for voyage to England, Mrs. Earle Page had busiest time . . . Dressmaker said "stop work" to hands busy with other affairs and began survey of Mrs. Page's frocks . . . Renovations and new frocks hurriedly brought to completion in time for packing . . . Dr. and Mrs. Earle Page sailed by Narkunda with London first port of call . . . Farewell parties, arrangement of household, both in city and country, occupied last few days.

## Have You Noticed—

Brevity of bathing suit being worn by Mrs. Warwick Fairfax at Palm Beach? Also that Margaret Fyner, slimmer than ever, makes for P.B. every Sunday?

Jane Anne



## This Honey Cake Recipe is for YOU!



• Would you like a nice big cookery book containing nearly 200 choice recipes from the best cooks everywhere? You may easily get one. All you have to do is to write to "Mother," G.P.O. Box 3764SS, Sydney, enclosing 4d in stamps, and MUMS big 64-page Recipe Book will be posted to you by return.

### HONEY CAKE

Ingredients:	Method:
1 cup Sugar	Beat butter and sugar together, add beaten eggs and honey, then flour and Baking Powder. Bake 35 to 40 minutes in a moderate oven, being very careful not to burn.
1 cup Honey	
1 cup Butter	
2 cups Flour	
1 teaspoon MUMS Baking Powder	
2 Eggs	

## MUMS BAKING POWDER

### More hints for your holidays—

## HOLIDAY HUNGER

Easter draws near. All your friends will begin to go places. You will see their luggage packed, their faces glowing with anticipation of a happy holiday. And perhaps, you will have to stay at home all because you lacked a little foresight and began to plan arrangements too late. The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau is here to help you. Why not call or write now and let us assist you in planning that long-promised vacation. Here are a few suggestions.

### SOMETHING SPECIAL

A special know-your-own-land motor cruise leaves Sydney March 7. All aboard at 1.30 p.m., Saturday, and that glorious drive through the Bulli Pass to Kiama for the night. Next day on to Robertson for lunch, the wonderful Cambewarra Pass, Kangaroo Valley and Fitzroy Falls, and a good sleep in a comfortable hotel at Nowra. Next day new scenes, new people. Braidwood and Canberra, through undulating and, at times, mountainous country. Tuesday to see the sights of Canberra with everything made easy and accessible for you. Lunch, and you're on the way to Goulburn, where you stay the night. Bathurst next day, and go to the Caves—through beautiful country, with the night at the Caves House. Next day more delightful touring, with Mt. Victoria and Katoomba as objectives, and the last night spent at the latter resort. Home next day, via Penrith and Parramatta, and you can at last say that you know land, the wonders of your own land. First-class hotels throughout. The whole trip costs £10/10/-.

### Tasmania! The Reef! Lord Howe!

Get away from the heat in lovely, little Tasmania. See grim Port Arthur

If you've an appetite for fascinating travel let us help you

of convict memories, climb Mt. Wellington, let the tops of the tall gums brush your hair as your car rumbles along the highway, cool off, come back refreshed. Thirteen days for £15/10/-, or £12/10/- if you're not fussy. We work it out to suit your pocket.

To the Barrier Reef and ten and a half days on an enchanted island among the fish of indescribable color. And all for £20/15/- Sydney to Sydney and no extras, the whole holiday taking nearly three weeks.

There's a quick, bright trip to Lord Howe for Easter just covering the holiday period—£8/10/- or £10 (and all one class), just according to how your pocket feels. Longer trips, of course, by arrangement.

### For Country Visitors

For country folk who have no special friends in Sydney to advise them, we will map out a fascinating holiday covering accommodation throughout all trips, etc. All you have to do is write us and tell us just when you're coming, how much you wish to spend on your entire holiday, and we will get you the very best possible for your money. Country visitors requiring advice should call at our office.

There's a great trip to Melbourne with a week at lovely Lorne, a day or two in Melbourne, and back via Albury and Canberra. Boat to Melbourne, train and car to Lorne, car to Sydney £15/9/-, pays everything.

### 14 Days of Wonder

If you have booked your passage overseas, let us suggest some special Continental trips. Why not be met at Marseilles or Toulon, see Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, travel over the French Alps by car, through Briançon and Chamonix and the glorious 8200 feet Col du Galibier to Geneva, Montreux, Paris and London. The price, including first-class hotels, is—from Marseilles or Toulon to London (14 days in all) £38/15/- which includes exchange.

### Orange!

And don't forget Orange, healthy and happy up there by the Canoblanche Slopes. We arrange 8 days in Orange with car there, via Denham Caves and Bathurst, and back to Sydney from as low as £3/5/-.

Plenty of local holidays, with many excellent guest houses in the country, by the sea, and sometimes with a little of both.

Write to The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau for further particulars, or call at the office, Radio House, 236-300 Pitt Street, Sydney (phone: MA4490). This Bureau will book you anywhere, and is always ready to give you free and friendly advice.

## When the Shoe Pinches There's Ill-health

### Clockwork Foot Seeks Perfect Shoe

By Air Mail from Our London Office

Prince Charming's search for the Cinderella foot is but a circumstance compared to the job of present-day scientists, who are searching not for the perfect foot, but the perfect shoe.

A shoe to fit the imperfect feet of a race which has grown accustomed to corns, bunions, and fallen arches.

WHEN the shoe pinches there is pain and ill-health.

With bad feet you can't dance, you can't play. Not only that, but pain located in other parts of your body may be the result of badly-fitting shoes or uncareful feet.

The problem is being tackled by the Boot and Shoe Research Association in London. Here, at a minute annual cost, scientists are continually experimenting to secure greater foot comfort and health.

One day their work will put all women on a level footing—as regards shoe satisfaction.

Their work is carried out on behalf of British shoe manufacturers. It began thirteen years ago, and still has the same director in charge, Mr. H. Bradley, D.I.C., A.R.C.S.

Mr. Bradley never has any difficulty in getting comfortable footwear.

Not only has he a model of each foot made in plaster, but also a brain-child in the form of an invention which records everything about the size and shape of your feet, and almost chooses your shoes for you.

His invention, a little over a year old, is in commercial use, and many shoe shops are adopting it.

It takes the place of instruments which can range the length and width of your foot, but which cannot give the salesman any idea of the shape or nature of that foot.

The new invention does this and more.

It consists of a footrest with measure and dials, on which are automatically recorded details of the angle and type of your foot. Reference is then made to a special chart which, when the details have been traced upon it, tells the salesman what model you want for perfect foot comfort.

## "ANYTHING GOES"

### ... New J.C.W. Show

Harry Langdon, star of the new J. C. Williamson production, "Anything Goes," has the saddest, most whimsical round face, and looks with amazement at the audience after any unusually vociferous burst of applause.

FROM the moment of the new comedian's first appearance, dressed as a clergyman bent on escaping the notice of several persistent brother clergymen, his popularity was never in doubt.

The music is haunting and should prove popular. It consists mostly of rumbas and very "blue" numbers, and Sydney had a taste of American "torch" singing from Lillian Pertika, the blonde star from U.S.A., who was specially imported for the piece.

Her deep voice was heard to best advantage in "You're the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You" and "Blow, Gabriel, Blow."

Among the many lovely frocks worn by Miss Pertika was a shimmering creation of chalk-white georgette, which showed off her svelte make-up to perfection. Sparkling diamonds caught the one-

sided shoulder drapery at the heart-shaped neckline, and the flowing lines fell to the floor.

The dialogue and saucy situations must have shaved past the censor by a very close margin, and one ballet where the girls wore the briefest of silver trunks and tiny brassieres was reminiscent of the Folies Bergeres.

Lovely shades of blue were worn by Iris Hart, who played successfully the role of Hope Harcourt. Robert Coote, as her very English fiancé, gave a finished performance of the role of Sir Evelyn Oakleigh, who was astonished at the vagaries of American slang.

Charles Norman makes a welcome return to Sydney, and Field Fisher and Rita Pauncefort also have good roles. Sis and Buddy Roberts twirl and swirl with their accustomed agility. Frederick Blackman is the producer and Nina Starace is responsible for the many colorful ballets.—V.M.

## FEET THAT SUFFER IN HOT WEATHER ARE IN NEED OF

## Zam-Buk

DOESN'T this hot weather tell on your feet and start them aching, burning and swelling? Doesn't it make a toll of your housework, shopping, and getting about generally?

To put your feet in real good trim and keep them so, adopt this simple treatment—it doesn't take many minutes each night, but it's wonderful! First, bathe your feet in warm water, and after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. Do this before retiring and you will be surprised at the welcome relief it brings. As the refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are absorbed

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, and ankles, joints, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 7/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"Extra—on my feet, a tremendous lot of relief. I suffered with inflammation and a thick callous which refused to yield to any treatment. Then Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief, removed the callous and for the first time for many years I have comfortable feet." Mrs. N. Kinnison.

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# LUCKY WINNERS

The lucky winners may collect their prizes worth £1,500 any time after 1 o'clock on Friday, the 28th February, when your own name can appear below the above headlines if you have a ticket.

The First Prize is a Diamond Necklace guaranteed to be worth £1,000.

The Second Prize is a beautiful Ladies' Trousseau to the value of £300, specially selected from McMathies Ltd. It includes wonderful frocks made to order, many entire outfits and everything to delight the feminine heart.

The Third Prize is a handsome Canteen of Cutlery costing £40, and fifty-two other prizes, none being worth less than 10/-.

These are all prizes in the "DEAF AND BLIND KIDDIES' ART UNION," which will be drawn at 3 p.m. sharp under Police Supervision at the Sydney Town Hall on the 28th February.

Don't envy other lucky people, be lucky yourself! Get a pair of scissors, clip out this paragraph and forward it with a Postal Note for 1/- and a stamped envelope containing your own name and address to the Hon. Secretary, Deaf and Blind Kiddies' Art Union, Box 4120 W.W. G.P.O., SYDNEY.

By return mail you will be sent a lucky ticket, the butt of which will be made out in your name and placed straight into the drawing barrel (you will NOT be sent a book of tickets to sell).

To-day may be your lucky day—send for a ticket straight away!

POSITIVELY NO POSTPONEMENT! Prize winners will be notified by wire at 4 p.m. on 28th February.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

Will all helpers who have a book of tickets kindly return butts, cash and unsold tickets to the above address at once?

## Romance of Victorian Governor's Daughter



THE HON. SARA VANNECK, daughter of the Governor of Victoria and Lady Huntingfield, and Mr. David Peel, whose wedding is expected to take place in April. There will be the second Vice-Regal wedding from After the wedding Mr. Peel will take his bride to London to live.

Photos by Jack Cole and Dickinson-Montgath.

## "BEAUTY" Our Special Book Offer!

The flood of applications for our latest book offer—"Beauty"—gives very definite proof of the desire of the Australian woman to make herself more and more attractive.

The Australian Women's Weekly has struck a most popular note in obtaining the Australian rights for this comprehensive text book on beauty in all its phases, for the response has been remarkable.

READERS who desire to inspect the book may do so at the sales counter on the ground floor of the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt St., Sydney.

The need for haste is proved by the fact that applications already received will almost exhaust the first shipments, which are due shortly.

Never before has such a comprehensive work on all aspects of beauty culture been offered to the Australian public at what is definitely a gift price, and readers who miss this opportunity are unlikely to get it again under such easy terms and conditions.

In the 431 pages of "Beauty" will be found all the information that is obtainable on the care of the figure, the face and its make-up, and how to preserve and keep beautiful the eyes, teeth, hair, hands and feet.

The very latest information on such subjects as exercise, massage, sunbaking, choice of perfumes, color and type in dress, the art of buying clothes, personality and charm, the bringing up of children, and the art of growing old gracefully is set out in plain and simple language for the education and edification of readers.

## How to Qualify

ALL that is necessary to secure the book is to fill in the reservation form on page 45 and bring or send it to The Australian Women's Weekly, Department W1, Box 3847, G.P.O., Sydney, and a copy of "Beauty" will be reserved for you. Do not send any money with the reservation form.

In this issue on the inside page of the back cover will be found a token for the book, "Beauty." Subsequent issues of the paper will contain similar tokens.

To qualify for a copy of the book it is necessary to collect only four of these tokens, but they must be collected from four successive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

When four tokens have been collected they should be pasted on to the voucher form appearing on page 45. When this voucher form is complete with the four tokens and brought to the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney, a copy of "Beauty" will be available to the reader at the price of 5/-.

If it is desired that the book be posted to any address in N.S.W., a further sum of 1/- should be included to cover the cost of packing, carriage, insurance, etc.



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# SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 26

"When I came to my senses, I was alone; my head was bashed in; my chest burnt, where I had fallen on to the embers and heated stones of our fire; and when I moved to sit up, I coughed blood, for I had been stabbed in the back.

"Ere I collapsed again, I looked about for the body of my poor comrade. When I came round again, and could get to my hands and knees that I might help him if possible, I found the footprints of my 'poor comrade' leading to where our canoe had been hauled up on to the sand.

"Yes, there were the footprints of us both, coming from the canoe to the fire; and there were his footprints alone, leading back to the boat, a deep footprint showing where he had used his weight and strength to push the canoe off, and had jumped into it.

"No other footprints! No sign of Indians! He had slain, robbed, and deserted me—his friend and benefactor! I refused to believe it.

"And when I found that my money had gone, I nearly died of grief. For grief came before anger, rage, the passion for vengeance.

"This man for whom I had offered my life had clubbed me from behind, doubtless with a paddle, and stabbed me as I lay across the fire, pulled me off it that he might get at my money, found it next to my skin, taken it, and left me for dead—fully believing me to be dead.

"However, I am tough; and, after lying like a dying dog for two or three days, moving only to crawl to the water and drink like a dog, I began to feel less like death. A few days later, I could stagger into the jungle for the bananas which grew in profusion close by; and I could fish, for, by the mercy and grace of God, the fishing-line had been left down while I was cooking our supper, the night he tried to murder me.

"That was not the end of the mercy of God, for I was saved. Miraculously saved. You know how.

"I came to England, as you know. And then, to think that I should go to church to make my soul—and there meet my enemy, the man to the pursuit of whom I had dedicated my life.

"The Hand of God, I say, Carlos! And the Hand of Fate—pointed straight at his heart."

"No. At his neck," corrected the younger man with a chuckle. "At the back of his neck, where the skull rests upon the top of the backbone."

Miguel smiled.

"Yes. He shall have it there because he was once my friend. He shall have the honor of being killed as though he were a noble bull instead of a pariah dog, a rat, a snake. A death too good for him.

"Yes, the hand of God. Not only that I should have been guided there to meet him, but that he should have come so soon to this quiet countryside where things can be done peacefully and safely—he and I alone together.

"No one to see. No witness of the deed. For, though willingly I would go to the scaffold for Manoel Maine, how much more willingly, how much more happily, with what delight and joy and satisfaction in my heart, will I go back to Spain, knowing that I have had my vengeance, paid my debt.

"Either at his inn, or on the road, or at this house, I will get him.

"He and I, alone."

"Hure. I think. One night, as he goes from the big house back to his inn. In the inn it is difficult—and difficult to escape. And right from the inn door he walks in sight of the lodge. And from the lodge at the gate where he enters, who knows what eyes are watching?

"I must get him in the shadow as he leaves the house. In the drive, where it is pitch dark under the big trees. Somewhere. Somehow.

"But I will have patience. I will not bungle it. I will get him. And they shall not get me, these so clever English detectives and police."

"No, I will not be foolish. He has been here by daylight, and I doubt not he will come here by night, the thief, the ladron. He will come by night—and then I will get him.

"He and I alone in the darkness—

If only for a second—and I will do his business, and I will escape . . ."

Down at the inn, Spanish Maine prepared his plans for blackmail.

It was a splendid case. He'd never heard of a better.

"Yes," chuckled Spanish Maine aloud. "I look forward to the day when I have a private and heart-to-heart talk with my Fourth Woman."

But meanwhile the girl would need not exactly careful handling—he wasn't going to be careful with the little devil—but reasonable handling. The screw must not be put on too violently. She must not be terrified. He mustn't let her get anywhere near the mental situation, the frame of mind in which she should begin to scream and tear her hair and say:

"Oh! Go and tell him. I'll see you in Hades before I'll give you another farthing. Go and tell him! I'll tell him myself before you get there, and I hope he'll put a bullet through your heart."

No, there must be no rough stuff of that sort.

But at the same time she must clearly understand that he'd got her; that it was no good to wriggle or squeal; that she'd got to pay; and that she might as well look pleasant and be pleasant, kind, complaisant, Yes, pleasant and complaisant.

And anyway, what was the good of the girl trying to pull this highfalutin' stuff? She knew that he knew what she'd been—and what she was.

And that jilting of him should be the very first thing that she made good before any question arose of what she and her brother should pay by way of what they'd call blackmail. She should pay him the kisses and so forth that she owed him.

She should keep her love-bargain. According to their agreement—for which he had paid handsomely—she'd had no right to leave him until his

caravan was ready, and he himself left Bousen.

He had paid for her company, and he was the sort that gets what it pays for.

Yes, before anything else she should pay what she had stolen. Repay what she had cheated him of, both in money and in—kisses.

Laughing softly to himself Spanish Maine took up the telephone that stood in the corner of his sitting-room.

"Brandon Abbas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who's speaking?"

"The butler at Brandon Abbas, sir."

"Oh, will you say that Mr. Manoel Maine would like to speak to Miss Vanbrugh?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Mr. Maine would like to speak to Miss Vanbrugh."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but Mr. Vanbrugh is out in the covers with Mr. Geste."

"Miss Vanbrugh, I said. Miss Consuela Vanbrugh."

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir. Miss Vanbrugh is out driving with Mrs. Geste, sir. Gone to Exeter, I believe, sir."

"Oh—ah—quite certain?"

"Yes, sir, quite certain. Miss Vanbrugh and Mrs. Geste will be returning to lunch, sir."

"Oh well, when Miss Vanbrugh comes in, will you tell her that Mr. Maine rang up, and that he will be glad if she'll ring him up at the Bluff King Hall, where he is staying?"

"Got it right?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Maine rang up Miss Vanbrugh and will she give him a ring at the King Hall."

"Thank you."

"Thank you, sir. Good morning, sir."

But through some oversight or misunderstanding, or possibly by reason of too painfully clear sight and understanding, Miss Vanbrugh failed to ring up Mr. Maine that morning or afternoon.

"He's here, John," said Otis Vanbrugh to John Geste, as they sat over coffee and cigars in John's den, after lunch, that afternoon.

"He's here, putting up at the Bluff



MR. FRITZ HART, noted Australian conductor, waves "Aloha" ("Hello") to Honolulu on arrival to conduct the symphony orchestra there. Honolulu has a permanent symphony orchestra and Mr. Hart has conducted it for several years.

King Hall, and had the nerve to ring up Consuela and to leave a message with Burdon to ask her to give him a ring when she came in. She hasn't done it, of course. What would be the best line, do you think? Ignore him?"

John Geste considered a while.

"No, I don't think so, Otis," he said. "I'm all for getting down to brass tacks. I think that, in a case like this, the sooner cards are on the table and both sides understand each other the better. What about calling his bluff?"

"Well, I shouldn't altogether care to do that, John. In the first place, Spanish Maine is the wrong sort of man. In the second place, we mustn't do anything without Consuela's consent. And I am perfectly certain she'd sooner die than run the risk of Sir Harry Vane knowing—everything.

Please turn to Page 46

## BEAUTIFUL

# Lady Ashley

says

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# THE MOVIE WORLD

February 15, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 31

## CALLING Australia!

### Hollywood News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES, Our Special  
Representative.

BY SPECIAL CABLE

#### Ann Meril—Ideal Beauty

ANN MERIL has been selected from hundreds of dancers in Hollywood as the ideal beauty. The winner, after a nation-wide contest, is revealed as being 2 inches taller than last year's selection.

Her measurements are: Height, 5ft. 5in.; waist, 26in.; ankle, 8in.; weight, 115 pounds.

Ann has midnight-blue hair, showing the popular preference for brunettes rather than blondes.

Incidentally, Lily Pons' mahogany locks have started a new red-hair craze in the beauty parlors.

#### COLMAN INJURED BY KNIFE-THROWER

THE news that Ronald Colman has been injured while working on "Under Two Flags" has shocked Hollywood. Steve Clemente, Indian knife-thrower, missed his mark during the shooting of a scene, and a heavy knife struck Colman on the chest. Clemente, who gets 250 dollars for each throw, was regarded as being practically infallible. This has been his first miss in 20 years.

Colman was not seriously hurt, and is now recovering.

#### MARY PICKFORD'S LATEST

MARY PICKFORD and Jesse Lasky have just finalised the formation of The Pickford-Lasky Productions Corporation, capitalised at two million dollars.

#### SCREEN STAR MINGLES WITH SOCIETY

GINGER ROGERS, Fred Astaire's screen partner, is at present in New York holidaying. She is now the complete ultra-smart star, with neatly coiffured blonde hair, Parisian gown, and grand manner. To see her hobnobbing with Mrs. Roosevelt at the President's Ball, it is hard to identify her with the freckle-faced hoyden of a few years ago.

Lady Cavendish, formerly Adele Astaire, who was so successfully teamed with her brother, Fred, as a dancer, is now visiting



ASTRID ALLWYN—Promising Young Fox Player

Hollywood. She has been offered alluring contracts by producers, but, according to reports, has refused to consider them.

#### ANNA VISITS LAND OF ANCESTORS

ANNA MAY WONG has just sailed for China. This will be her first visit to the home of her ancestors. While away, she will write her impressions of China for American newspapers.

#### CONSTANCE BENNETT FOR ENGLAND

Constance Bennett sails to-day for London, where she will make two pictures for Gaumont-British: "The Hawk" and "Everything Is Thunder."

The trip follows hard on her release from a New York hospital to which she was confined for some time by a serious illness.

Connie is only one of the many who are deserting Hollywood for the English studios. She should do well in her new environment.

#### CHAPLIN FILM HAS BIG PREMIERE

INTENSE public curiosity in Chaplin's new film, "Modern Times," resulted in a sold-out house when the premiere performance was given at the Tivoli Theatre, New York, last Wednesday. Orchestra seats sold out at 54 dollars (about 25/-). Chaplin still remains a pantomimist, taking no speaking part.

Advance bookings are very heavy, despite the big prices asked. People are still willing to pay to see the man who still has the reputation of being the world's greatest comedian.



# SURVIVAL Of FITTEST.. FILMDOM'S LAW

## Stars Fight Hard to Win Success

By JEANNETTE MACMAHON

**H**OW'D YOU LIKE to be a Hollywood star? How'd you like to have the world at your feet, worshipping your every move in the sincerest adulation that is accorded most of our top-liners of the film firmament these days? Nice work... if you can get it!

**AND THERE ARE PLENTY** in that gilded city of failure and achievement who have had that very chance, yet who have fallen by the wayside, either unable fully to make the grade, or else through sheer lack of ability.

**B**EING a brightly-shining star in this Mecca of the Movies isn't a matter of simply being good-looking, you know! Hollywood can dish it out, and to reach the top you've got to be able to take it, or else! It's no place for softies. You can count the real stars of the screen on your fingers and toes.

That proves how very few people have the steel in their wills to match the iron of Hollywood, how very few men and women are willing to sacrifice happiness and personal liberty for the thrill of success and fame.

It's about the stars who have avoided the pitfalls which are associated so closely with the rise to fame, who have studied and taken the hard knocks with the lucky breaks, who have reached the top by dint of sheer, relentless ambition and driving force, who can TAKE IT... about whom I'm going to chat this week.

Clark Gable is one of the outstanding examples of that now popular axiom,

"If you can dish it out, I can take it!" His psychology is simple! "You can't stand still in this game," Clark will tell you. "You've either got to go forward or backwards." He made up his strong will to go forward as far as possible... and now he's at the top. But there was a time, several years ago, when Clark wore out the benches in the studio casting offices, when he was glad to receive a cheque for a day's work. Clark's entire life has been one of struggle, so he has no illusions about success.

The Clark Gable of to-day is a glit-edged, fine-leather edition of a paper-backed Clark of some years ago. He has moulded himself into shape with a fine, rapier-sharp determination. He has developed ease of manner, ease of speech and, best of all, ease of personality. He is plodding sturdily along the studio path, trying to hold that popularity which came to him almost overnight. He honestly tries to give his best to every part he plays, whether he likes it or not. He knows very well that in many pictures he was the foil for the feminine star. As he says, "I



**TWO ABSOLUTE OPPOSITES:** Blonde Mary Carlisle and brunette Rochelle Hudson. They have one thing in common, however—the iron will to win.

was just there, that's all." And not a woman in the audience forgot that he was amongst those present on the screen.

When Clark first stepped into the Hollywood picture, Bob Montgomery was the shining light of the M.-G.-M. studio. To-day, Clark and evergreen Wally Beery share top honors, with easy-come, easy-go Robert slipping far down the list, despite his perfect charm and ease of manner. He hasn't got the fighting blood that runs in the veins of virile Gable.

Every year the various studios give contracts to promising boys and girls, hoping that they may discover among them a new starring personality. These contracts contain six-month options, that provide a probation period in which the youngsters must prove their worth. It is impossible to put a finger on any of the qualities which go to make success, but any veteran studio carpenter can recognise them when he sees them. That luscious blonde, who is talking so gaily and coquettishly between the scenes, is thinking of the safe regularity of her weekly salary and of the fun which Hollywood offers. That other blonde, who is studying so feverishly, even though she has only one line to speak, who is watching the more experienced actors' every move, will probably go places, if she has the opportunity.

### Resists Temptations

**WHICH** brings to mind little Mary Carlisle, who found a job as a chorus girl—but didn't stay there. It was her only way of getting inside a film studio. She couldn't dance, and she wanted to be an actress. So between her dance rehearsals she hounded the casting director and everyone else until she landed one of those option-filled contracts. Eight girls signed along the dotted line at the same time. The other seven are gone, and only Mary remains. She'll probably never be a big star... but she'll have a long and fairly successful career. That giggle and the big blue eyes are only camouflage. She knows what she wants, and by golly she's going to get it!

Life is no bed of roses for Mary. She loves to eat, but doesn't dare. She closes her eyes when those tempting dishes of French pastry are handed round... she takes every kind of lesson that will develop her histrionic ability. She even volunteers her services for those Little Theatre plays which, though she doesn't get paid, help to develop her technique. And that's how stars are made!

### Tenacity Rewarded

**A**BSOLUTE antithesis in coloring, but identical in relentless ambition, is brunette Rochelle Hudson. Arrived in Hollywood in the spring of 1930, R.K.O. Studios were interested in her fresh beauty and soft southern drawl. She was awarded small parts in the pictures, "Are These Our Children?" and "Laugh and Get Rich." And, after that... oblivion! Temporarily, at any rate! She had met the fate, that is the terror of so many of our younger players, and was typed as an ingenue, with an odds-on chance of never being able to pull herself out of the rut.

But Rochelle, besides being a dark-haired charmer, could take it! She transferred to Fox, and, after waiting for some time, was given a small part with the late Will Rogers in "Dr. Bull." Universal scouts picked her out for the part which you probably remember in "Imitation of Life." And then... no more ingenue. She had proved by ability alone, that she didn't always look girly and could stand up to the best of them. Which resulted in her being awarded the role previously intended for Janet Gaynor in "Way Down East," opposite Henry Fonda, and in being cast as lead in most of Fox's big 1936 attractions.

Such are the breaks that accrue from perseverance and the tenacity to hold on to an ideal when immediate prospects seem grim and foreboding of naught else but "ingenue" parts.

Norma Shearer was told to go home and forget all about the movies when she first arrived in Hollywood by no less a person than D. W. Griffith.

Continued on Page 40





# THEY STUNT ... to Get Jobs In HOLLYWOOD

Left: Warner Baxter pulled a fast one to get the role he wanted. It doesn't seem to have spoiled his chances with alluring Conchita Montenegro.

Right: Another who broke in by a trick — Fredric March.

Below: She owes a lot to her former husband — Barbara Stanwyck, now well established.

## Tricks that Opened a Way to Stardom

OUR SPECIAL FILM SERVICE

Despite all that has been said to the contrary, many screen-struck people still think that, given looks and talent, a trier can get a part in Hollywood. Well, these two qualities certainly go some way towards getting aspirants a trial, but they are not always enough.

Even experienced actors, men and women known in the studios, sometimes find it hard to get a break. This story tells of some of the unconventional measures that have been taken to land a job. For the most part, the people concerned certainly deserved success.

**OLD-TIMERS** in Hollywood still chuckle heartily over the enterprise of one Sonya Karlov—a brunette with daring ideas who made Cecil DeMille ridiculous, and created a monument of inspired and freak job-getting that has set a fine example ever since.

This girl, under her real name of Jean Wilson, was a dancer who had failed in films, and being smarter than most, she settled in a small town 30 miles from Hollywood, there to think and plot.

In this small hide-out she met a Russian. She liked his accent, aped it in the quiet of her room, and two days later packed her belongings and returned to the cinematic scene as the deep-voiced and glamorous Sonya Karlov—the celebrated Russian actress.

### Karlov Exposed

WITHIN a few hours she had an agent and a publicist, and with their help skyrocketed to the attention of DeMille, who was casting "The Godless Girl." He put the great Karlov under contract and gave a Press party to introduce her.

But another aspirant for the role was Lina Basquette, who appeared to be losing out. Miss Basquette somehow or other got herself invited and she saw Karlov, and Karlov looked like a Jean Wilson, who used to dance in the chorus.

Miss Basquette mentioned this to Karlov and, in return, got the "freeze," a very well-known expression of contempt, and Miss Basquette boiled and tattled to DeMille.

And DeMille, who can't afford to be laughed at, gave Karlov the bounce and Miss Basquette the job. This enterprising stunt lost Jean Wilson a chance at life by the slimmest of threads, but it is an epic story of endeavor and of the extent to which ambitious screen aspirants will go.

There are numerous other instances proving how desperate are the chances taken in the search for and continuance of movie jobs.

There is the story that Warner Baxter

likes to tell of a fast one he pulled on Director Edwin Carewe when that gentleman was preparing "Ramona." Baxter had been out of work for some time and needed to get going, and when he failed to make much of an impression on Carewe he resorted to a trick.

He hastened to a costumer's and at-



tired himself like Alessandro, plus make-up, and with his agent called on the director and talked so fast and furiously that he was signed.

Most desperate measure ever taken to get into pictures is credited to the account of Julia Graham. Julia took poison to attract attention, and when she recovered three weeks later she had a contract. But there was a morbid streak in her blood, for she took another dose of poison 15 months later and closed her mortal career.

An interesting story is told of Barbara Stanwyck's entry into pictures. This isn't vouched for, but to date the co-star of "A Message to Garcia" has made no attempt to repudiate it. Frank Fay, then her husband, was under contract to Columbia at a time when Miss Stanwyck was on the sidelines doing nothing and getting more bored each day.

### Barbara's Start

FINALLY Fay appealed to his studio chief. "Give her a job," he pleaded, "she's sick of waiting for some producer to call her. Give her something to do, pay her anything, and take it out of my cheque."

Barbara earned her first contract on the strength of that plea, and the producer bore the expense, which wasn't so heavy at that time.

Seemingly the cruelest of the job-seekers was Clifford Jones, who patented a sitting-waiting-praying technique to get places. He did very well. His stunt was to sit in the Cafe de Paris and wait until a producer noticed him.

Jones, now a successful young character player, looked like a cross between Bolivar and Napoleon when he sat, and really was quite impressive. He earned five good jobs in a row through repetitions of this stunt.

### March, Satirist

FREDRIC MARCH used to have the studio gates shut in his face with startling regularity until he conceived a plan that worked. When he learned that the play "The Royal Family" was to open in Los Angeles, he worked with furious haste to get the leading role—a satiristic portrayal of John Barrymore.

The actor figured that every prominent movie executive would attend that show to see Barrymore caricatured, and he was right. The movie executives came and before the show ended March was in with a good contract.

Those who now exult in Marlene Dietrich's exotic beauty forget that she was an extra girl with the Berlin studios. One day an assistant director gave her a monacle to wear, hoping that this would make her outstanding—at least the glass would reflect the klieg lights and attract attention.

The monacle did attract attention, then the girl wearing it, and soon she was picked for a "bit" role. The assistant director who took this interest in Dietrich later became her husband.

This forgivable trickery goes on every day to humanise the Hollywood scene and make it the interesting spectacle that it is.





# LONDON ON the AIR

## English Production News

• Historical Craze • Now the Derby • Famous C.P.R. • No Originality • Thrill Seekers • Necromancy

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London.

BY BEAM WIRELESS

ENGLISH studios have the historical craze badly. Shepherd's Bush is now at work on "Lady Jane Grey," and for the part of Mary Tudor — Bloody Mary, she is more widely known as — the well-known stage star, Gwen Pfranco-Davies, has been engaged.

This actress will be an acquisition to British films, being one of the least stagey of our West End favorites. Other famous players in the cast are Nova Pilbeam, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

THE DERBY — the racing world's greatest classic — is to provide the background for a full-length film. Gaumont-British have just announced this news, together with the information that David Hitchcock will be the director.

MAYFAIR is still getting a thrill out of the studios. The two latest "extras" recruited from the smart set are the Honorable Alethea Soundes and Mrs. Temperley Bruche, who can be seen any day about the P.D.C. sets at Hammersmith, where "The Scar Burglars" is being produced. These temporary absentees from their usual haunts are, like many others, "just doing it for a thrill, my dear." It doesn't thrill the out-of-work girls who depend on these jobs for a living.

A FILM based on the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been adapted by Gaumont-British from the novel by the famous author, Alan Sullivan. Already negotiations for the casting of Edmund Lowe and

Maureen O'Sullivan for the star roles have been commenced, and Mr. Geoffrey Barkas and the author, Mr. Sullivan, are on a tour of Canada in search of suitable locations.

Mr. Sullivan, when stationed at the lone outpost of Rykavik, gathering material for his story on the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, put up Will Rogers and Wiley Post for the night, and was the last man to see the ill-fated flyers alive.

A NEW production company, the Bijou Film Co., has just got going. For a start this organisation will concentrate on "shorts," the first of which will feature the amazing Lau Foun family, Chinese jugglers and acrobats.

The title of the offering is to be "Chinese Cabaret." It should be worth seeing.

THE circus and music-halls have been called on for the background of "The Three Maxims," in which Anna Neagle will star. Herbert Wilcox has just announced production of this work and considers Anna as the only star for the part since she has only to dig a bit into her not-so-far-off past to draw on her experience as a gym mistress — before she thought of stage or screen — to help her in the role.

A STORY based on the life of Cagliostro, famous magician and necromancer, has been prepared by Kurt Siodmak, writer of "The Tunnel," the recently-completed British picture, and will be produced shortly.

## They Rise Above Background

STARS of "The Petrified Forest": Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. Our Hollywood reviewer reports that Howard does splendid work in this picture.

# HOLLYWOOD Views Experiment in Film BACKGROUNDS

## Stars Rushed By Crowd

By Air Mail from BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Correspondent in Hollywood.

Everyone in Hollywood has been awaiting with interest the screening of "The Petrified Forest," with Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. Apart from all question of the acting, the experiments made by the producer in artificial backgrounds have been the subject of a great deal of comment.

Well, some, at least, of us here in the colony have been able to gratify our curiosity. Although the picture has not yet had its public premiere, a preview was held last night at Warner's huge Beverly Hills theatre. It was a real function, complete with stars, autograph-hunters, photographers, flash-lights, and, last but by no means least, beautiful frocks.

THE invitation was for 8.30, but by 8.15 the theatre was packed and reserved seat tickets did no good, so, with dozens of others, your correspondent sat on the steps in the balcony for an hour and a half while a drama of the Arizona desert was unfolded on the screen.

Coming in at the last minute, Leslie Howard, with his wife and daughter, was met in the lobby by a barrage of cameras and photographers, who hastily posed him in a dozen different positions. Bill Gargan arrived with his pretty wife, Dick Powell was there with his current heart interest, Joan Blondell, who was dressed in a smart, black tailored suit, and looked prettier than I've ever seen her. So many of the stars and executives of the Warner studio were there it's no wonder the poor writers were relegated to the stairways.

"The Petrified Forest" was the great experiment. The set on which the picture was shot was just a huge painted cyclorama of desert and mountains and

the little filling station, in and around which all the action takes place. Howard, as the artistic wayfarer who is marooned at the filling station run by Bette and her father when a gang of bandits arrive, is at his very best, doing the comedy scenes with superb finesse. The same can be said for every member of the cast — Bette, who has never looked lovelier; Dick Foran, who at last has learned to act naturally; Humphrey Bogart as the bandit chief who shares top honors with Howard for a superb performance — and so on down the line.

## Excited Crowds

THE picture's one weak point is its big experiment — the background — which looks painted and artificial. But with such acting and dialogue, who cares?

After the show it took us about fifteen minutes to fight through the excited crowds, who in some mysterious manner peculiar to Hollywood fans, had scented the numerous stars, and were determined to see them.

Dick was having a terrible time trying to protect Joan and keep both of them

## In Marie's Room

MAY ROBSON has bought Marie Dressler's portable dressing-room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's. She is going to have it painted outside — but intends to leave the interior exactly as it is, pictures, furnishings, and everything. Says she hopes Marie's spirit will help her to be a better actress and make more people happy.

together. Anna May Wong stood signing dozens of autograph books. The blonde head of Anita Louise could be seen bobbing in the crowd. Jean Parker fought her way out and rushed across the street. The fans literally yelled as beautiful Kay Francis, dressed in a black suit with silver-fox furs, came out with Melvyn Davis, who wrote the screen play. Wearing very little make-up, Kay looked superb, as usual.

I've never seen a more impressive array of beautiful automobiles — toys of stars and studio directors. All makes, American and imported, were there, complete with uniformed chauffeurs; the only thing was that their proud owners couldn't reach them. At least, not without a struggle that was more reminiscent of the football field than an exodus from a screening.

## Immaculate Stars

YET, strange as it may seem, although the crowd did not disperse until the very last celebrity had disappeared, all these beautifully-dressed women and immaculate men succeeded in reaching their cars without having the clothes torn off their backs; in most cases — and this is a greater miracle — without even disturbing carefully-arranged coiffures or the set of a tie. I don't know how they managed it.

But it was a great night, a splendid night for everybody. First, there was the picture. Then, for the stars among the audience was the pleasure of being admired. Even the people packed outside the theatre got their kick out of the evening. They saw their favorites, and some of the lucky ones even secured autographs.

What more could be asked?

**ROBERT TAYLOR**  
AND  
**IRENE DUNNE**  
in  
**MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION**

**BOBBY—**  
"I think I could grow to love you. Of course I'd have to see you often... just to make sure!"

Shortly after he spoke those carefree words came tragedy... the tragedy that changed him from a wastrel to a man, and led him on to a glorious destiny!

WATCH FOR IT SOON!



# COLMAN BREAKS the BANK at MONTE CARLO



**EVERYBODY KNOWS THE SONG**— Ronald Colman brings "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" to the screen. Complete in evening attire, this versatile actor could command even more obsequiousness than he receives in this picture. Without the hat, he is more masculinely attractive still, so much so that Joan Bennett can readily be excused for falling for him. Collecting the money is a pleasant task, particularly since it leads to service from a whole squad of bell-hops.



# HERE'S Hot News from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY,  
Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives.

**C**AROLE LOMBARD walked out on Universal because they refused to meet her price. "Love Before Breakfast" and "Spinster's Dinner" were already in the works, so it looked quite serious for the producers. But the little financial difficulty has been smoothed out to Carole's satisfaction, and she is now back on the job.

## DOTS... and DASHES

• JEAN PARKER, clad in a snappy riding outfit, and looking like a million after her British vacation, rushing out of "Publicity" with an armful of stills for auto-graphing • Fred Astaire and the wife making ready for the visit of Adele and Lord Cavendish • Wally Beery in a very cheery mood lunching in a corner of the Fox cafe between scenes of "Message to Garcia" • Mrs. Temple nearly frantic over all the presents Shirley is receiving • Al Jolson being elected unofficial mayor of Encino by its movie star residents

**D**ONT CONDEMN the Hollywood folks too much on their fickleness of heart, my friends. Statistics show that during 1935 there were actually more marriages than divorces in the movie colony. Seventy-eight to fifty-eight, to be precise. Only some of the divorces don't count, as they were final decrees on 1934 split-ups. Yes, it looks as though Hollywood morals are stepping up a little.

"KONIGSMARK" is a picture which Capitol Films are fathering. It cannot be said to be a triumph for British production. Capitol bought it lock, stock, and celluloid from France, where two versions, French and English, were made. Eileen Landi makes a hit in this.

and two Englishmen, Allan Jeayes and Romilly Lange, are in the cast. "Figaro" says: "The picture has outstanding quality," and "Le Petit Journal" hails it as a veritable triumph.

This "Wife versus Secretary" business is getting Jean Harlow and Clark Gable down. Certain scenes demand that they do a little winter sporting. After taking skating lessons they tried out together. Ouch! At first it seemed they had learned different methods. Soon it became clear they had both acquired the same system—the sitting-down one. When they recovered Jean went skiing. Somehow the kids mixed themselves up and sent Miss Harlow to bed. "I'll stick to sunny California," was her only statement, while mamma applied the arnica.

**H**OLLYWOOD producers have been buying up all the operatic rights possible, but they did not clinch the deal on "Pagliacci." One group had an option on it. When English executive Schach made inquiries he was told that this option expired at 12.30 on the following day. He arrived with a 25 per cent deposit in his pocket on the tick of 12.30. The option had not been taken up, and at 12.35 it was his. About 20 minutes later a cable arrived from the American company, but it was too late. Now several Hollywood studios, which incorporated songs from the opera, have had to reshoot the scenes.

**P**OOH Shirley Temple had to part with her beloved kangaroos because, no matter how high a fence her father built, they would always jump over it. Now they are in the zoo, but Shirley goes to see them frequently.

C. Scott Wayne, distributor for the 20th Century-Fox in Sydney, presented the two little kangaroos—and Shirley got the thrill of her young life at the sight of them—but Mr. Wayne did not realise how hard it would be for the young actress to hold on to them.

**I**n their determination to put Britain on the film map, British producers are continuing to import talent from both the Continent and America, and London is fast threatening Hollywood as the Mecca of aspiring stars, technicians, scenario-writers, and cameramen.

The latest importation is Mont Westmore, one of Hollywood's foremost make-up and beauty experts, though to call him an importation is not strictly true, for he is an Englishman, born in Bedford. He learned his technique in Hollywood, however, along with his three brothers, who are all famous "face-changers." Mont made up Charles Laughton for "Mating on the Bounty." He will "do" Laughton for London Films' "Cyrano de Bergerac." Laughton has spent two months growing long hair and a luxuriant moustache for the part of Cyrano, but he cannot grow the famous Cyrano nose, and Mont Westmore will attend to that.

It is no secret in the film studios that many a ravishing beauty of the screen owes more to Mont's art than nature's beneficence.

**T**HE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science gave the first of their dinners in honor of visiting foreign celebrities to H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells brief

speech at the dinner has gone down in Hollywood history as a classic. Charlie Chaplin, at whose house he had been staying, introduced the eminent author as a promising young man. Wells acknowledged the distinction gratefully, and then said:

"Charlie Chaplin, my fellow-cockney, has asked me to give my impressions of Hollywood. I hasten to do so. Hollywood leaves me speechless." And then he sat down.

**C**LARK GABLE has been honored by the United States Department of Commerce for his good influence in South America. The department wrote Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that he was one of the best unofficial ambassadors ever to visit the republics to the south of the United States.

The young man is reported to be in very high spirits these days. One interpretation of his lightheartedness is his new-found liberty. Then again he is most pleased with the success of "Mutiny On The Bounty." Whatever it is, he keeps smiling and whistling all the day.

Gable has the fortunate gift of relaxing at a moment's notice. He can play through a harrowing, tragic scene and immediately after retire to his portable dressing-room, stretch out, and go to sleep. And he

## Gable Can Always Sleep

will sleep soundly through all the noises of the studio, including Jean Harlow's phonograph.

**B**ITISH films, I think it is simply proved, have now got over their growing pains. One of the worst of these undoubtedly was their tendency to go "society" and high-hat. The customers did not like this. Now they are being shown some real pictures, and, although many persons, well up in the English social scale are connected with pictures, they are proving themselves adept at gauging the public taste. A new pro-

duction company is under way. It is to be called Tudor Films, and will begin producing about the end of this month. They are just completing big new studios, and the Marquis of Ely, who has taken a very practical interest in the development of the film industry for some time past, is to be chairman.

The title of the picture they have chosen for their debut is a deep film secret, and they will not announce it until a decision has been made as to which one of three lovely ladies will play the feminine lead.

**M**IRIAM HOPKINS, who so well portrays the cynical, hard woman, indicates that she is, after all, a tender-hearted female of maternal instinct. As you probably know, she has an adopted son, Michael, who is the centre of her existence. Michael has expressed a desire for a little brother, and Miriam straightway gets busy to find him one. So she will soon have two sons to care for, and she will care for them wisely and well.

**C**APITOL FILMS feel very strongly that England is not the only place with weather. They had to shoot some exteriors for Rafael Sabatini's fast-moving French Revolution story, "The Nuptials of Corbal," which they are making under the title "The Marriage of Corbal." Not trusting the English climate, they went to the Continent—to sunny Aix-les-Bains—for a fortnight. It rained for thirteen days, and on the fourteenth it poured. They then tried that paradise for sun-worshippers, Madeira. They spent three weeks there, and it seemed with rain for 20 days.

Out at M.-G.-M. it's impossible to dynamite one's way on to the "Romeo and Juliet" set, which is guarded inside and out by hairy police. The chief cause of all this is Mr. John Barrymore, who, 'tis said around Hollywood, is doing some of the best work of his career as Mercutio. Certainly Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard aren't the types to bar "ret" visitors.



A BUDDING STAR—Lovely Betty Burgess, who is regarded as one of the "comers" among Paramount's youngsters. It will be interesting to see where she will be in a couple of years' time.

## Uniting Two Great Stars in Glamorous Romance!



NOW  
SHOWING  
PRINCE  
EDWARD

☆ Romance you should  
take your loved ones to  
see!

**"PETER IBBETSON"**

Directed by Henry  
Hathaway

From the novel by George  
du Maurier

The drama of a love  
that lives forever... a  
romance that makes the  
heart throb and the pulse  
beat faster

**GARY COOPER**

Greater than in "The  
Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

**ANN HARDING**

More charming... more  
beautiful than ever

**"PETER IBBETSON"**

JOHN HALLIDAY  
IDA LUPINO  
DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE  
VIRGINIA WEIDLER  
DICKIE MOORE

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN



# DREAM FROCKS from FILM . . .

Models Worn in "I Dream Too Much"

1. A CLASSIC GOWN of jeweller's-blue velvet which figures among the lovely creations in the fashion parade of "I Dream Too Much," in which Lily Pons, famous soprano, makes her screen debut. The gown is draped to give the effect of the trousered costumes worn by Eastern women.

2. SILVER-LINED bugle beads are stitched on olive-green chiffon in a spider-web design on this frock worn by Alice Daley. A draped overdress is beaded at the hem to match the underskirt, and the circular cape is also banded with beads.

3. THIS picturesque gown, made of rose-pink and silver lame, demonstrates the charm of the Regency period. A band of brown sable edges the off-the-shoulder décolletage, and the same fur is also used for banding the little lame muff.

4. SHIMMERING sequins are used in a cross-har effect on this black lace frock. The sleeves are part of the bodice, ruffled to stand erect. Godets are used freely in the skirt to give the desired fullness.

5. HEAVY chartreuse satin is used for the creation worn by blonde Jane Hamilton. The bodice is draped and the skirt closely fitting at the hips. The panel forming the centre-front is gathered and draped, this effect being repeated at the back.



1



2

3



5

4



## ANDREE PERM. WAVE

The Andree Permanent Wave transforms your hair into a shining mass of soft, lustrous curls, and undulating waves. Under the care of our Experts you can be sure that your wave will be the most charming and most beautiful you have ever had. Every wave done on a world-famous machine, and carries a Guarantee of SATISFACTION OR REFUND. Ring F3141—for Appointment.

SHINGLE HEAD . . . . . 12'6 FULL HEAD RINGLET ENDS 15'.

**Buckingham's**  
OXFORD ST., SYDNEY



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

## ★★★ ESCAPEE

William Powell, Luise Rainer.  
(M.-G.-M.)

HERE is comedy as it should be played. Scene: Pre-war Vienna, the gayest city in Europe. Chief dramatic personae: An artist whose pictures are the talk of the town, an eminent surgeon, an equally eminent conductor (the two latter brothers), and three pretty women, two of them the wife of the surgeon and the fiancée of the musician respectively, and the third the obscure companion of a countess. When it is said that the three ladies in question either are, at the beginning of the film, or become, later, involved with the artist, a general idea of the picture can be arrived at.

William Powell, as Fritz, the artist, is at his best. He has an airiness, a nonchalance that suits admirably not only this type of role, but the period and background of the story.

Direction, photography, and dialogue are all good. The costumes are not the only thing to indicate the time of the action; the film has a definite flavor of the pre-war years.

Coming to Luise Rainer (if you want to display your familiarity with German pronunciation it RYER). This is the first picture this actress has made in America. It will not be the last, by a very long shot. A more charming, vivacious figure could not be found in Hollywood to-day. I found myself at the end of the show wanting to see more of her delightful acting. This is a picture you'll enjoy very, very thoroughly.—Liberty; showing.

## ★★★ PETER IBBETSON

Gary Cooper, Ann Harding. (Paramount.)

PARAMOUNT have done a courageous thing in bringing Du Maurier's love-fantasy to the screen, and it is no small tribute to Henry Hathaway, the director, to be able to record that the picture he has made is a finer piece of work than the book from which it is taken.

Although 99.9 per cent. of pictures produced treat love flippantly or in a very commonplace and stereotyped fashion, in "Peter Ibbetson" the love theme is handled in the classic manner—as a "grand passion," an emotion which sweeps away consciousness of all else in life, and which can hold even death at bay.

It is hard to estimate just how the mass of the public will react to a film so different from the ordinary run of entertainment pieces. Will the significance of the dream meetings between Ibbetson, lying in his goal cell, and the Duchess, in her great House of Towers, be appreciated? I am inclined to think that most people will not find the element of fantasy too much for them, even if they find the picture a little long.

Cooper and Ann Harding fill their roles intelligently and sympathetically, while the juveniles, Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler, make of the early sequences of the film something really moving and beautiful.

But, to stress a point already dwelt upon, the real hero of the picture is its director—Hathaway.—Prince Edward; showing.

## ★★★ MARCH OF TIME

News Feature. (R.K.O.)

HERE is the second of those splendid records of contemporary history which are being produced by the American magazine, "Time." Showing the currents which combine to form the whirlpool of international and national affairs, these daring celluloid commentaries will be as enthusiastically received by those who appreciate fearlessness and honesty as they will be execrated by some of the persons and parties subjected to this photographic scrutiny.

In this, the second of the series, the subjects covered range from the munition traffic to a new venture in science: the wonderful stroboscopic camera; the countries touched include Palestine, Ethiopia, Germany, and Japan.

It is a fine panorama of movements and events that are changing the face of the world; a real magazine-news item that nobody should miss.—Liberty; showing.

## ★★ VANESSA

Robert Montgomery, Helen Hayes, May Robson. (M.G.M.)

ROBERT MONTGOMERY in this picture will come as a shock to those—and they are many—who have felt that airy, highly-sophisticated roles form the boundaries of his art. As Benji Herries, he has to portray a more intense and significant figure than is usual in the films assigned to him, and, if he does not scale the heights of emotion, he at least succeeds in giving a capable, sincere and convincing performance.

In this, Helen Hayes' influence is no doubt partly responsible. This

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.

★★ Two stars—  
good films.

★ One star—  
average films.

No stars . . . no good.

actress does not "play" Vanessa, she is Vanessa; and the feeling she puts into her work must have had its effect on the mercurial Montgomery.

Between them, and with the fine co-operation of May Robson and Otto Kruger—both of whom are responsible for really excellent work—these two play out the drama of their love against the backgrounds of Cumberland and the London of the 'eighties.

This picture misses three stars by an exceedingly narrow margin. A little more from the director, a trifle more "lift" in Montgomery's performance, and it would have scored. As it is, "Vanessa" is a good piece of work, better, indeed, than most "good" offerings, and certainly a film that will be enjoyed by most of those who see it.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★ MY MARRIAGE

Claire Trevor, Kent Taylor, Pauline Frederick. (Fox.)

JUST a picture, and not a very convincing one, at that. Still, it will get by without arousing either frenzied cheers or jeers.

The action all arises from the efforts of Miss Frederick, as a prominent dowager of New York's upper crust, to wreck the marriage of her elder son to a girl whose father has been killed by gangsters—the said killing having exposed him as a big shot racketeer. Pauline, of course, is not to know that her second boy is closely associated with the murder.

The story winds its tortuous way towards the final settlement of this unhappy situation. In the process, Claire Trevor is given chance after chance to display a beautiful—if somewhat dumb—magnanimity towards her vicious mother-in-law, but virtue has its final reward when the proud and haughty matron is forced fearfully to plead for forgiveness and peace.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

## ★ NEVADA

Larry Crabbe, Kathleen Burke. (Paramount.)

THIS is a Western from a story by Zane Grey. Starting off with the best ingredients in the world, it maintains a fairly high standard of logic and coherence until the end, when Nevada (Larry—or "Buster") if you want to be familiar—Crabbe, after being under a cloud of suspicion for a few thousand feet of film, takes the bit between his teeth and clears himself in a couple of hundred. Just why he didn't do this before is not explained; he isn't at all the type to sit on his hunkers until told in no uncertain words that the other gentlemen neither trust him nor want his company.

However, with this overlooked, the picture is good enough entertainment of its type. It combines romance, plenty of action and humor of the Western variety.—Prince Edward; showing.

## ★ DANCE BAND

Buddy Rogers, June Clyde. (B.L.P.)

FOR the one star which graces this review B.L.P. have to thank not Buddy Rogers, not the bands that shatter the peace during the major part of the film, nor even Miss June Clyde. Two people—Steve Geray as a Hungarian composer, and Leon Sherkol, who is interpolated to give some crazy comedy of his own—alone make it tolerable.

Speaking for myself, I'm becoming fed up with these musicals which have nothing new to offer in the way of music. I enjoy a good "hot" rhythm with the next one, but the numbers which are put over in "Dance Band" are certainly not "hot"; they're not even lukewarm. Buddy and June engage in more gymnastics than ten ordinary dance band conductors rolled into one, but even they, I'm sure, didn't manage to work up more than a clammy kind of perspiration.

You'll gather it's not a show to recommend to your friends. My conscience is troubling me a little even over that one star—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.



AN EXCLUSIVE PORTRAIT of an English actress who has made a big hit in Hollywood—Binnie Barnes. This star will be seen shortly in "Diamond Jim," and has also done fine work in United Artists' "Cyrano de Bergerac," soon to arrive in Australia.

# A PERSON of Quiet Tastes Is BINNIE BARNES

## Portrait of an English Film Star

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Hollywood Correspondent

One of the foremost members of Hollywood's British colony is Binnie Barnes. She is definitely one of the most unusual people in the movie business.

Contrary to the general idea of the swiftness of movie stars, Binnie is an alarmingly domesticated young person who neither smokes nor drinks and, off the screen, uses no make-up except a faint touch of lipstick.

I MET her for the first time in a private room of the exclusive Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where, in spite of the imminence of a serious operation, she was gay and cheery, and looked amazingly beautiful as she lay surrounded by bushels of flowers, her red hair curling in all directions.

Her first move, on arriving in Hollywood, was to secure a tiny, but charming, little house in the hills. The decorations were altered to suit her taste, numerous knick-knacks were placed on the mantel, the open fireplace tried out, and Binnie settled down, with her secretary and two spaniels, Sam and Binnie, to enjoy life.

This enjoyment was completed when her husband, Samuel Joseph, came over to visit her. Before then she'd been having a terrible time fighting divorce rumors.

For relaxation she indulges in a little riding, swimming, or golf, but not too much. When tired of these she simply

lies around in slacks and listens to the radio for, in a quiet way, Binnie has a passion for music.

Starting out in life as one of fifteen children of an English father and an Italian mother, Binnie found it necessary to go to work at the age of fourteen. Her inability to keep with the crowd lost her several jobs in the chorus, but when given a chance for some individual work she met with success and travelled through England, France, and Germany in musical comedies, incidentally learning the language of each country.

## Beauty Secrets

HER numerous hobbies include tatting, collecting jewellery (which she never wears), and rummaging round antique shops for miniature antique furniture for an elaborate doll's house which she has been slowly furnishing for years. This little item is kept in London, so is being rather neglected now.

As for beauty secrets, hers are few and simple. She just rubs on a good tissue cream at night and washes her face with water, but never, never, hot water. In

## Hollywood Definitions

**MALIBU:** A beach where screen stars think their drawing power is what brings in the tide.

**HOME:** An empty swimming pool surrounded by mortgages.

**COCKTAIL PARTY:** A gathering held to enable forty people to talk about themselves at the same time. The man who remains when the liquor is gone is the host.

**EXECUTIVE:** A man with a desk overlooking a secretary and a waste basket.

**DIRECTOR:** A man who yells "cut!" at the actors—hoping they will start at their throats.

**PREVIEW:** A private showing of a new picture that enables the company to learn that it is bad before the public finds it out.

**MAKE-UP MAN:** A wizard with a powder-puff who can fix the face on the bar-room floor so that it will have sex-appeal.

**JUVENILE:** A good-looking moron with more oil on his hair than he has in his car.

**CHARACTER ACTOR:** A woman who found out that Life Doesn't Begin at Forty.

**RANCH:** An orange tree surrounded by an unemployed actor.

the daytime her face is unadorned, even by face powder, her skin being clear and smooth and radiating good health.

The only time Binnie tried dieting was before and after her role as Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim." As Miss Russell was a buxom lady, Binnie added fifteen pounds to her weight. After the film she dieted off the surplus, or rather, the siege in hospital removed it for her.

Yes, Binnie has only one regret now. And that is a part in "Bitter's Gold" which will keep her from spending Christmas in England with her husband, who was forced to return.



# FINISHING-SCHOOLS for SCREEN BEGINNERS

## Grooming the Youngsters in Academies of Charm

By JOHN B. DAVIES—Our Hollywood Correspondent

**DO YOU WONDER** at the grace and charm of your favorite movie star? The just rightness of everything about her? The line of her clothes, her hair, her poise — that glamor which surrounds a star? And, of course, you envy her in a far-off sort of way for these just things, just as you love her for them.

**NATURE** isn't wholly to take the credit, however, for Hollywood has a unique institution called the School of Charm, and its chief duty is to polish up the stars in a sort of super finishing school.

**"GROOMING** a girl for stardom," isn't just a catch phrase from Hollywood. It's an actual process with definite manifestations. It has become a proviso in all the tentative plans for future stars that the fledglings of the films must learn the graces in a school of charm.

You would not think that the average girl would find it very hard to sit down, but it is on record that one of the most promising actresses to be discovered at Hollywood never appeared in films because she could not learn the graceful way to sink into a chair. That, of course, was before the school of charm came into being to assist harassed directors in these important little details.

These schools—for every large company now has one—are probably the most amazing in the world. A typical one is that conducted by Miss Zee Silivonia, a beautiful former actress and dancer. A glance at the photographs on this page of the graduates of the charm schools will be sufficient to show how tremendously successful they are.

All starlets signed up by Paramount attend Miss Silivonia's finishing school. She runs an experienced eye over them. The girls are sorted out, and those with a "Hollywood-gone-to-the-head" complex are quietly dropped, while those willing to work and learn are fostered and cared for and pruned and pumiced until even their own mothers would not know the fluffy little ducklings which had come to the film colony to be turned into the beautiful swans who will charm millions.

### Small-Town Starlets

**MANY** of the girls who get signed up as starlets are small-town girls. They are simple and unsophisticated, and as such not good Hollywood material for the film directors who spell glamor with a capital G. It is here that the school executives take a hand.

Miss Silivonia says that almost every pupil in her charm school must be taught to walk. Film stars must not walk as you and I walk—just going places—they must walk fluidly, with exquisite grace. Posture training is taught in a huge room, with mirrors running the whole length of the wall so that the future stars must see themselves as others see them. The teacher places a basket on each pretty head, fills it with books, and makes the starlet concerned walk across the room. When she can walk swiftly, correctly, and with the head bowed in perfect balance, she has arrived at a good posture.

If you crashed in the charm school one bright morning you might be excused for thinking you had fallen among a very beautiful but essentially pagan crowd of Hawaiian dancers. The peculiar rhythms of the Hawaiian music is best, for the dances the girls perform, and they are real native dances, not the cabaret versions. This is necessary for the smooth grace of arms and legs so essential for the film actress.

### No Admittance

**ALL** Hollywood—particularly the male stars—seeks admittance to these dances, but the rules against admittance are strict. Dancing is merely part of the girls' training, and too much fuss made about it would be liable to spoil them.

One of the most amusing lessons in hand grace is the pat-a-cake. Every child plays it. Grown-up girls play it in an effort to overcome that awful

feeling of not knowing what to do with their hands. The hands hang limp from the wrist, then are patted together in the good old childish way, and brought

*EVEN the men have to do it. Here is one, Ian Hunter, who stayed the whole course. This product of one of the studio charm schools may be a top-liner of to-morrow.*



*GAIL PATRICK, a young Paramount actress, who owes a lot to Miss Zee Silivonia. Even the smart coiffure is a product of the screen "finishing school."*

futtering up to the shoulders. It is simple, graceful, and effective.

Deportment and manners, the everyday observances of well-bred people, are also taught many of the girls. Pictures which call for elaborate dinners require that the girls know how to carry off this situation with ease and naturalness under the all-seeing eye of the camera.

### Giggles Barred

**WITH** the sudden and long-sustained spate of historical films coming both from the British and American studios, the charm schools have been set another task. The pupils must learn to curtsy in the old-fashioned way, wear the clothes of another century with the same aplomb that they climb into a 20th-century sports ensemble or evening gown. A starlet must learn not to giggle when a courtly old gentleman in the dress of a Beau Brummell kisses her hand, and she must be able to say "O. la. la." with just that touch of conviction which made it the last word in modern repartee in the gay 20's.

Charm schools are regarded by the studios as investments. Of the hundreds of girls who pass through each of them in a year, the executive is well satisfied if two survive the strenuous process of polishing the stars.

Each school, of course, has its own methods and technique; each gives prominence to some feature of dramatic training.

Oliver Hissadell, formerly a well-known stage actor and director, operates, in conjunction with M.-G.-M., what is known as the "laboratory school of acting."

The course at this institution is elaborate and costly, and all young players selected as potential stars must graduate from it. During their training the more promising are sometimes selected to take small parts in current productions, but apart from that their actual performances are limited to school plays—ranging from Shakespeare to works of modern playwrights—and an occasional public appearance with secondary clips.

While many of those who enter Hissadell's school fall by the wayside, a select proportion manage to make the grade. Among his graduates are Jean Parker and Robert Taylor—two youngsters who are now well on the way to stardom.

Then there is the Fox Studio Stock School, from which have come youthful players such as Shirley Dean and Dixie Dunbar, names that are by no means well-known as yet, but which should become more prominent during 1936.

### Delicate Gestures

**IN** this training camp special emphasis is again laid on the graces of which an actress must be mistress if she is to carry off roles that include aristocratic young ladies and those born to wealth. Such delicate gestures as the lifting of an eyebrow, the serving of tea, the greeting of guests—all these things have to be taught in such fashion that the pupil will be able to carry them off as to the manner born. This is no easy matter with many of the would-be stars whose background has provided no preliminary training in such social arts.

The men, too, have to learn how polite society conducts itself. In some cases

Embryo Stars are  
Taught to Walk,  
Speak ... and  
Even Sit!



### Garbo the Best Actress of 1935

**THE** New York film critics have taken a vote on the best screen performances during 1935. Greta Garbo was chosen as the best actress because of her work in "Anna Karenina." Charles Laughton was named Number One actor for his work in both "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Mutiny on the Bounty."

It is now ten years since Garbo appeared in her first full-length American motion picture, "The Torrent."

In her acting there was only a suggestion of the greatness that is hers to-day. But even then she would occasionally show that tender, tragic half-smile that she can now evoke at will.

the tuition goes even further, including such accomplishments as riding, handling a rod and line, and even singing when the trainee has a voice that would appear to be worth cultivating. It takes time and money to groom a youngster for stardom!

And all this, mind you, is in addition to the steady routine work that goes on all the time in dramatic art and voice production. These classes form the backbone of the course; the other things are extras, but extras that are just as important to the studio executive as the training in straight-out acting, which, after all, can be marred by one movement or inflection that may be out of character.



## CURRENT FILMS

Condensed Reviews for  
Country and Suburban  
Theatre-goers.

♦♦♦ **BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936.** Jack Benny, Eleanor Powell (M.G.M.). This show starts off with a bang and keeps going. There are no flat spots in it; when a really "hot" dance number is not being given (and do they dance in this film!) somebody is getting off wise-cracks that really have a snap to them.

♦♦♦ **BROADWAY HOSTESS.** Genevieve Tobin, Lyle Talbot (Warners). There is nothing out of the way to distinguish this picture from dozens of others that are showing in theatres all over Australia; nothing, that is, except, maybe, the fact that Talbot doesn't marry the girl with whom one would tip him to. Just good enough to earn one star.

♦♦♦ **DARK ANGEL, THE.** Fredric March, Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall (U.A.). Drama. Good show.

♦♦♦ **EAGLES BROOD, THE.** William Boyd, Jimmy Ellison (Paramount). This film is a Western, in which those chivalrous caballeros, Hopalong Cassidy and Johnny Nelson, reappear.

♦♦♦ **GOOD FAIRY, THE.** Herbert Marshall, Margaret Sullivan (Universal). Comedy. A good show for any mood.

♦♦♦ **HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE.** Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray.

## THE STARS INDICATE OUR GRADING.

Ralph Bellamy (Paramount). A good comedy that works up to an effective emotional climax. Good entertainment.

♦♦♦ **I LIVE MY LIFE.** Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne (M.G.M.). An amusing and entertaining show, with the cast well up to its job.

♦♦♦ **I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS.** Nancy Carroll and George Murphy (Columbia). A honeymoon and a job-hunt combined. Two youngsters trying to get along on £3 a week. Fair entertainment.

♦♦♦ **LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, THE.** Preston Foster, Basil Rathbone (R.K.O.). A historical drama of the Roman Empire. The production on the whole good.

♦♦♦ **LOVE ME FOREVER.** Grace Moore, Leo Carrillo (Columbia). Musical. A very good show, with singing that outclasses any other female screen star.

♦♦♦ **METROPOLITAN.** Lawrence Tibbett, Virginia Bruce (Fox). If you have only half an ear for music, don't miss this picture. The singing is splendid.

♦♦♦ **PAGE MISS GLORY.** Marion Davies, Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell (Warner Bros.). Light drama. Production too long.

♦♦♦ **RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE.** Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack (R.K.O.). The basic idea of this picture is simple; the return to earth of the spirit of a man who, after dying, realises his mistakes and wishes to rectify them. Difficult as is the job of communicating with flesh and blood people, the reventant succeeds in his mission. Fair entertainment.

♦♦♦ **RED SALUTE.** Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Young (United Artists). This production has some entertainment value, although from first to last it will infuriate those with average intelligence. Actually it is a propaganda film, directed against Communism.

♦♦♦ **STARS OVER BROADWAY.** Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir (Warners). The main purpose of this film is to introduce to the screen two more of America's radio stars—James Melton and Jane Froman. The best thing in this production was the singing of "Celeste Aida."

♦♦♦ **TOP HAT.** Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers (R.K.O.). Musical comedy. Take this show any way you like, and it's good. Entertainment plus.

♦♦♦ **THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN.** May Robson, Frankie Darro, Billy Burrud and William Benedict (Universal). A comedy drama. If you go to see this picture go with the assurance that you will enjoy every minute of it.



EVERYBODY is waiting with interest to see how Dietrich has shaped under new direction. Here the star is shown with Gary Cooper, chatting between scenes of "Destiny," the film which may make or break her.

## Survival of Fittest

Continued from Page 32

SHE went back to New York—but she didn't forget about the movie. She gritted her teeth and took every job which offered, from posing for advertising photographers to playing the piano in small-town theatres. She studied, and her break eventually came. Look at her now!

When Joan Crawford was beginning her screen career two other girls were starting out with her on the road to fame. They were probably the most publicized trio in Hollywood—Joan, Anita Page, and Dorothy Sebastian. Their pictures were plastered over the pages of the motion picture magazines and newspapers. Anita and Dorothy had more actual physical assets than Joan. But to-day they both are forgotten. They didn't have the stuff to win, that's all.

Dorothy hailed from sleepy Alabama. In addition to the soft stir of her southern accent, she brought with her a heritage of plain, honest, business. She didn't care enough about a career to work for it—it was simply fun whilst it lasted. She eventually tossed in the towel and married Bill Boyd.

Anita Page had everything in her favor. She was naturally beautiful, and she was a "born actress" in a youthful, emotional fashion. If she had possessed the driving force of Joan Crawford, or the iron will of Norma Shearer, she might have become one of the screen's greatest stars. But she tossed away the

golden opportunities for which other girls pray and work and dream.

During the silent days Anita's beauty overshadowed her physical awkwardness and untrained voice. Her friends saw the writing on the wall. They begged her to take dancing lessons to acquire grace and poise, to take voice lessons to smooth and develop her tones. But Anita didn't listen. She could find neither the time nor the desire to prepare for the to-morrow that was to sweep her into oblivion. She just couldn't take it!

The people who succeed in Hollywood are the ones who care more for success and accomplishment than they do for their personal happiness. It is impossible to be contentedly happy under the terrific stress and strain of Hollywood competition. If you are going to win the game, you must check your own private lives and emotions at the front door.

"You've got to learn to take it on the chin and go down, but you must never go out," Marie Dressler often told the youngsters who came to her for advice. Marie, herself, went down many times, but she always came up, more determined than before.

That's the spirit which has carried Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer and others like them to long and lasting success. . . . the spirit which you've got to have before you can lick the town which can dash it out harder than any other place I know. . . . Hollywood!!

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



JANE WITHERS IS NINE YEARS OLD BUT SPEAKS 17 DIALECTS AND HAS HAD TO LEARN TWO MORE—RUSSIAN AND IRISH—FOR HER ROLE IN "PADDY O'DAY".

KATHARINE HEPBURN IS USING SEVEN STAND-INS IN HER NEW PICTURE, "SYLVIA SCARLETT". HOLLYWOOD EXECUTIVES CALL THIS AN ALL-TIME RECORD.

PAUL CAVANAUGH APPEARS IN "CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE" AS THE MAN WHO LOSTS ALL HIS MONEY AT MONTE CARLO. THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO HIM IN REAL LIFE YEARS AGO AND CAUSED HIM TO BECOME AN ACTOR.



## THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

Hands up all those who want to see "Mutiny on the Bounty."

If this question were shouted from the house-tops it's a safe bet that all Australia would immediately respond.

Our phone is forever on the go. "When will it be shown?" "When does the plan open?" . . . these and a hundred other questions have been poured into our shell-like ear with such constancy that we feel like an inquiry bureau.

We can understand it.

Until we were privileged to see "Mutiny on the Bounty" at a special preview arranged for the N.S.W. Minister of Education a week or so ago . . . we, too, latched for just such information.

Now we're longingly awaiting another opportunity.

Without doubt "Mutiny on the Bounty" ticks anything ever done before in the way of entertainment. The greatest achievements of stage, screen and literature fade into nothingness when compared with the joy, the ecstasy and the adventurous thrill one receives in viewing this ambitious production.

Charles Laughton is superb as Captain Bligh. Clark Gable is a manly and likeable Fletcher Christian. Franchot Tone reveals that brilliancy of which he gave promise in "Bengal Lancer."

To Irving Thalberg, to Frank Lloyd, and all at MGM who had a hand in the making of "Mutiny on the Bounty" must go the raptures of the entire world.

It will soon find its way on to the screens of St. James Theatre, Sydney, Metro, Melbourne, and Cremorne, Brisbane. Ask the managers of these theatres all about it—they'll gladly tell you.

Years for romantic adventure. LEO.

P.S.—Sydney St. James is currently offering Broadway Melody of 1936; Melbourne Metro "I Live My Life" (Joan Crawford) and "Vanessa" (Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery); and Brisbane Cremorne "China Sea" with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery.

TREMENDOUS Interest in SHIRLEY Temple Competition  
Don't Miss Opportunity

Competitions which seize thoroughly on the public imagination are by no means every-day occurrences—but, even among those achieving this, very few arouse the volume of interest that is being shown in The Australian Women's Weekly Shirley Temple Competition.

We have said before that entries are pouring in. They are flooding in! So much so that, even with a special staff to handle the entries, we must ask competitors from now on to fill in the entry coupon which appears on this page.

JUST as a reminder. Letters telling "Why I Like Shirley Temple" must not be longer than fifty words. For the best letters one hundred beautiful Shirley Temple dolls, replicas of the little star, valued from 33/- to 95/-, will be the prizes.

The competition is divided into two sections: adult and juvenile. The latter is confined to children under fourteen years of age. In the adult section forty-six de-luxe dolls will be awarded, while fifty-four will go as prizes for the best letters from the juvenile competitors.

Entries which have already been sent in will be accepted without the coupon, but from now on the Entry Coupon must be clipped from this page and sent in with the competing letter. This is to facilitate the tremendous volume of work here in the office.

To safeguard entries, particulars should also be printed on the entries themselves.

In addition to the prizes, a special Shirley Temple photograph is being given to all competitors who desire one. A penny stamp must be enclosed to cover postage.

## ENTRY FORM

Shirley Temple Competition

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

AGE .....

(If entering junior section)

I have attached my entry for Shirley Temple Competition and a 1d. stamp to cover postage of portrait which goes to all competitors. I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

(Signature) .....

## WE'LL TELL YOU

A Section for Readers Who Seek Information

L.O. Punchbowl (N.S.W.).—Here is the cast of "Escape Me Never": Gemma, Elisabeth Bergner; Sebastian, Hugh Sinclair; Cary, Griffith Jones; Sir Ivor McLean, Leon Quartermaine; Lady McLean, Irene Vanbrugh; Penelope, Penelope Dudley-Ward; Herr Heinrich Lyn Harding; Termeicherva, Rosalinde Fuller.

S.B. (Melbourne, Vic.).—Their real names are—Loretta Young, Gretchen Young; Robert Taylor, S. Arlington Brugh; Jean Parker, Mae Brown; Gail Patrick, Margaret Pittspatrick. All the others you mention use their right names.

K.A. (Bendigo, Vic.).—Rosemary Ames was born in Evanston, Illinois. She is 5ft. 6in., weighs 120lb., reddish-gold hair, blue eyes. Married to J. Abner Stilwell. When Fox failed to renew her contract recently, Miss Ames left for Chicago to spend a vacation with her husband.

T.O. (Rockhampton, Qld.).—Anita Louise was twenty last January. As far as I know there were no "Kampus Baby" stars selected for 1935.

T.N. (Moree, N.S.W.).—William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 28, 1892; Madge Evans, New York City, July 1, 1899; Genevieve Tobin, New York City, November 20, 1904; Peggy Sears is divorced from A. C. Blumen-thal.



# Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL ARE:

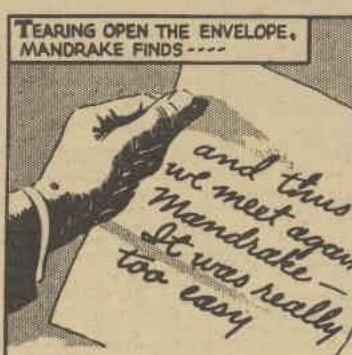
**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, is in Arabia, hot on the trail of

**SAKI:** The world's most successful thief. Mandrake's task is hard, as Saki is a master of disguise. Saki leaves

**LOTHAR:** Mandrake's giant Nubian servant, a captive in a cellar, so that Saki may retain some jewels which he stole from

**NARDA:** A very beautiful princess. Mandrake bargains with Saki when he gets him cornered, and Saki trades the jewels and Lothar for his own freedom. Mandrake returns the jewels to the grateful Narda. Now they are misled by Saki, who comes in the disguise of

**INSPECTOR DUFFY:** The head of the police. Narda gives him her jewels to look after. As soon as he goes the real Inspector Duffy comes on the scene. Now read on—





# POSTAL BARGAIN CORNER

SHOP BY MAIL

## DEAF?

**Chico Invisible Earphones**  
The last word in really scientific Earphones, which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury. **CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES** are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are as perfectly and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.

21/- PER PAIR  
NO FURTHER COST OF REPLACEMENTS  
Write for Free Booklet.  
THE MEARS EARPHONE COMPANY,  
24 State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.

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**WRIST WATCHES**  
Cameras, Ma-Mo Dolls, Fountain Pens and many other valuable prizes, also cash commission, for selling small parcels of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big illustrated catalogue of presents. **SEND NO MONEY NOW**, only name and address. Write to-day.

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601V George Street, Sydney.  
(10 years at this address)

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appointments are modern, the cuisine is pleasing, and the service perfect. Tariffs are very moderate. Wire or Write for Reservations.

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The Postal Shopping Page of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY offers you a fascinating variety of goods which can be purchased by Mail Order. WATCH THIS SECTION WEEKLY

## THE THREE MUSKETEERS

B. S. A.

PRESENTS ITS FIRST ALL-STAR DRAMATIC PRODUCTION FROM 2GB

**WHILST** no comedy session has ever eclipsed in popularity "The Adventures of Frank and Archie," the success of Reginald Sharland, the creator of the Hon. Archie, has made the interruption of this programme unavoidable.

What could more appropriately fill the place of this universal favourite, than the first all-star production of the B.S.A. players?

2GB, therefore, has pleasure in presenting "The Three Musketeers," one of the world's greatest romances, interpreted on a lavish scale never before attempted in Australian radio, by such outstanding players as James Raglan, Lou Vernon, Eric Masters, Leonard Bennett, and Betty Suttor.

Here are romance, intrigue, adventure, and a glorious picture of more spacious days, that go to make a tale beloved by the whole world. Here are vivid characterisations that etch themselves into the memory—Porthos, Athos, Aramis, D'Artagnan, the crafty Cardinal Richelieu, King Louis of France, the villainous agent De Rochefort, the glamorous spy, Mlle de Winter, and the lovely Constance.

Here, in short, are all the essentials of superb radio entertainment, presented by the finest band of radio players in Australia.

Nightly at 8.20 p.m.

2GB

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If you have had luck in the Lottery, money, gambling, etc., then you should have a pair of **LUCKY** socks. These socks are carried by some of the best people in a powerful charm—made to attract good luck, and the other to attract bad luck. They are made of the finest material, and are guaranteed to last. Price 1/6 the pair. Packed 12 socks. Money refunded in 1 day if not satisfied.

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Men or women earn good incomes selling **OLIVEOIL** Products. Highest Quality Essences, Elixirs, Medicines, Soap, Incense, Foods, Ointments, Toilet Preparations, etc.—**WORLDWIDE**. ALWAYS IN DEMAND—sell to friends and neighbours—NO RISK—no capital needed—we can finance you to buy at manufacturers' low prices—advertising, sales training, everything supplied—**PROVED SUCCESS**—full time pays £5 to £10 WEEKLY.

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Five inches high  
It looks like a child  
Cuts but can be silenced  
Price 1/6, packed  
Carefully sealed  
This is a toy every little girl would like to possess. No spring to go out of order. High demand. Supply limited. Obtainable only from **UNION, MFG. & AGENCY CO.**  
299 Elizabeth Street Melbourne, C.T.

# CLERK'S Desk to Sudan MISSION

## Woman who Helped Compile Alphabet for Native Language

To exchange a clerk's position in a Melbourne insurance company for the adventurous life of a missionary's wife in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan among the pagan tribes in the Kordofan province, 500 miles south of Khartoum and 400 miles west of the Abyssinian border, was the romantic experience of Mrs. W. L. Mills, who has now returned to Australia on furlough.

**AFTER** playing a large part in reducing an unwritten language to alphabetical and grammatical terms, and compiling a primer so that the natives might learn to read and write, and so gain the right to help in the administration of their own country, it would be hard to set Mrs. W. L. Mills a problem too tedious for her to tackle.

There is no need for missionaries in the Sudan to what their brains on imaginary problems. Life is full of very real ones, according to Mrs. Mills.

Every one of the Sudan United Mission stations, fifty miles or more apart, is in a different mountain group peopled by different tribes who all speak different languages.

Mrs. Mills has many entertaining stories to tell, but the most moving is probably that of the work she shares with her husband and the other missionaries at the station, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lunn and Nurse Leah Jenkins.

Living in mud houses with grass roofs in a land that is waterless one half of the year and water-logged for the other half, where the cows have humps and the sheep grow no wool, these five Australians get through an amazing amount

## Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Conducted by Dorothea Vautier.)

**WEDNESDAY, February 12—**  
11.45 a.m.: News and Reviews.  
3.30 p.m.: "Fashion" (Wide Range presentation).

**THURSDAY, February 13—**  
11.45 a.m.: News and Reviews, 3.30 p.m.: Interview with Lillian Pertka, star of "Anything Goes."

**FRIDAY, February 14—11.45 a.m.:** "So They Say." 3.30 p.m.: "Music of the Masters."

**SATURDAY, February 15—6 p.m.:** Rhythm Review. 9.30 p.m.: More Rhythm.

**SUNDAY, February 16—6.30 p.m.:** Ellis Price and his players in a scene from our next free novel.

**MONDAY, February 17—11.45 a.m.:** "People in the Limelight." 3.30 p.m.: "Musical Memories."

**TUESDAY, February 18—11.45 a.m.:** Modern Topics for Women. 3.30 p.m.: "Old and New" (a musical presentation).

## How RADIO-WAVES RESTORE HEALTH

### THERMO-RAY

CASE 128-1.

At the Thermo-Ray Institute one of our medical officers diagnosed Case No. 128-1 as acute tonsillitis plus enlargement of the thyroid. The patient, a woman aged 34, had been suffering for more than 12 months with earache, headache, and a sore and swollen throat. After 2 weeks' Thermo-Ray treatment she reported a great improvement. Examination after a month's treatment showed that the size of the tonsils had returned to normal, a marked reduction in the size of the enlarged thyroid, and a complete disappearance of the inflammation and all pain. The patient said she never felt better.

Thermo-Ray or short-wave treatment has proven very beneficial for tonsillitis, laryngitis, pharyngitis, and most complaints of an inflammatory or septic nature.

Each week we refer to a different case, but should you require information regarding any ailment you may be suffering from, our medical officer will advise you if this treatment will benefit you.

The services of a fully qualified medical staff and the Dutch scientist who invented the Thermo-Ray Unit, are available at Headquarters of the Thermo-Ray Institute Ltd., "Wymond," 175 Macquarie Street, Sydney. Phone: DW1412 & 13.

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It's about Australia!

What a surprise!... another wonderful Lifebuy book, "The Do-You-Know Book of Australia." Here's everything you want to know about your own country—44 pages of fascinating facts and splendid pictures! Send for yours straight away.



## READ ABOUT THESE

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Obtainable from all Shoen. Agents: A. J. Yeall (Agent) Ltd., 127 York St., Sydney.



**LILLIAN PERTKA**, beautiful star of the new J.C.W. show, "Anything Goes," who will be interviewed before the microphone at 2GB by Dorothea Vautier, of The Australian Women's Weekly, on Thursday, February 13, at 3.30 p.m.

of medical and educational, as well as the evangelist, work.

Seventeen years ago Mrs. Mills was a successful clerk in a Melbourne insurance company. Then she married and accompanied her missionary husband to the Sudan.

The first job that faced them was to learn the unwritten language. Then began the work of reducing the language to grammatical terms, compiling an alphabet and working out grammatical rules. Many of the sounds are not represented in the English alphabet, so letters were invented for some, such as the "gna" sound, which is represented by an N with a tail.

It was no easy task. Complications cropped up at every turn, one of the worst being the plural, which, instead of adding something at the end of a word, changes the initial letter.

Finally the alphabet was complete. Then a primer was written, and since then several books on simple hygiene, a collection of the native stories, St. Luke's Gospel and the Gospel of St. Mark have all been translated into the language. Native boys set up the type, and the books are printed on a duplicator.

Now the missions are reaping the reward for all their labors. The government of the Sudan is interested and is opening schools to carry on the work of helping the natives to fit themselves to assist in the administration of the country.

These schools will eventually be established at each of the six mission stations at present in existence, at the two new stations to be opened this year, and at any new stations that spring up in the future.





THE CHANGTE, one of the Australian-Oriental liners, on which the winner of our China Seas tour will travel to Hongkong.

## YOUNG TYPIST Wins Grand Eastern TOUR

Prize in China Seas Contest  
Goes to Victorian Girl

Miss Shirley Macleod, of 460 Bourke St., Melbourne, has been awarded first prize in the China Seas tour competition, arranged through the co-operation of M.G.M., the Australian-Oriental Line, and The Australian Women's Weekly.

Nineteen years of age, of appealing personality, interested in dramatic and Little Theatre work, and employed in the office of a Melbourne motor company, Miss Macleod displayed unusual literary talent in the fifty-word letter that has won her a trip to the East.

THE judges had no easy task in selecting the winner from the thousands of entries that came from all parts of the Commonwealth, and on literary

merit awarded the prize to Miss Macleod for the following entry:

WHY I SHOULD LIKE TO VISIT  
THE ROMANTIC CHINA SEAS

"My eyes ache over rows of black figures on white paper. I close them. I see waving palms—transparent tropic seas—glorious colors—sea flowers—sea creatures—birds of paradise—strange lands—strange people.

"My eyes have stopped aching... I open them to write again. But now my heart aches."

In these few sentences Miss Macleod has skillfully captured the feelings of thousands of others, who, like herself, would like to exchange the routine of the office for glamorous exploration of

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**Life — As It Is!**  
By Air Mail from Our London Office.

**MATHEMATICIANS** are always making amazing discoveries. For instance, did you know that the strong silent man you admire for his sparseness of conversation talks for 13 years if he lives to be 70? At that rate, the bright young flapper must be an old woman (conversationally speaking), before she is out of her teens.

The recent research bureau established at Nice (France), has also discovered that apart from sleep the average person:

- Eats for six years.
- Spends 23 years in the pursuit of pleasure.
- Washes for 18 months.

the East, its peoples, and ancient traditions.

The prize is a free trip to Hongkong on one of the luxury cruises of the Australian-Oriental Line, at any time within 12 months, to suit the convenience of the winner.

The tour takes in the Great Barrier Reef and the Philippine Islands, and will occupy in all about eight weeks.

Other prizes for the winner include a lingerie set, tour frock, pair ladies shoes, luxury beauty basket, six pairs silk stockings, bathing costume, handbag, hat, Kodak camera, and parasol—all donated by a number of firms who have co-operated in the competition.

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# The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY gives you the most complete, exclusive and simple beauty treatments in their new book offer



## 43 PAGES

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First of all fill in and post the Reservation Form at once. Cut out the token (series BB) from the right-hand top corner of the inside back page of The Australian Women's Weekly and paste it on to the first of the four spaces provided on the voucher. Do this for four weeks with tokens cut from any four consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. You will always find the token in the same position each week (inside the back page), and no tokens other than Series BB will be accepted in connection with this scheme. You may commence to qualify with Token No. BB1, or any subsequent token. Having completed your qualification . . . that is, collected four tokens of Series BB, cut from any four consecutive issues . . . write your name and address on your voucher. Bring in 5/- with your voucher properly completed, and you will be immediately handed your copy of this wonderful book. If you require your volume to be despatched to you, write your full name and postal address on the Address Form below. Please write in ink in block letters. Send in for your copy of "Beauty" your voucher, address label, four tokens, and a postal note for 6/-, which includes 1/- to cover cost of packing, carriage, insurance, etc. Remember . . . do not send stamps. Write your name and address on the back of your postal note and make it payable to The Australian Women's Weekly. For your own protection keep a record of the number of your postal note. Then send it, together with your voucher and address form, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3854T, G.P.O., Sydney. Your volume will then be despatched to you immediately. But be sure you post your Reservation Form to-day.

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#### PART ONE: The Foundations of Beauty

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Use Gum, Not Pins

1	2
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SKIN Blemishes like Blackheads, Fuzzies, Blotches, start below the skin surface. Pass your finger-tips across your face, pressing evenly. Feel any little "bumpy patches"? Unless your skin feels perfectly smooth, prepare soon to see trouble in the future. Do this, while there's time, get Kathleen Court's Cleansing Cream into the pores. Let it sink in. See it float out the pore-jamming. Wipe them off. Your skin is now clean. Next, if about to go to bed, use a little Bachelors' Court Night Cream, to nourish and replace the oils lost by climatic attacks. It goes out, apply, instead, Facial Youth Beauty Cream and follow with one of the glamorous Kathleen Court Powders, Rouge and Lipsticks. No one single preparation can give you such beauty, any more than one single food can keep you in perfect health. (P.S.: If your complexion defects are due to blood or liver upset—try the Kathleen Court Complexion Pills.) High-class Chemists and Stores in England, America, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and many foreign countries supply the Kathleen Court Skin and Cosmetics. Moderate prices. Exquisite, SWEET quality.



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Make up your mind to-day, that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you've probably been like a lot of other people convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any other good chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief, and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the one and only sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Remember that Moore's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating, Antiseptic Oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue, and that it must give complete satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded.\*\*\*

"UNLESS, of course, she'd screwed herself up to the point of telling him herself," he added. "Ah, that'd be the real solution," said John Geste. "Tell Harry Vane absolutely everything. Tell Spanish Maine to go to the devil—and abide the result."

"Well, you know what I think, John. I think the result would be next thing to fatal for Consuela, and I am quite sure it would be fatal for Spanish Maine. And mighty quick. Whether he split the beans, or Consuela were forced to spill them—through his action—it would be 'Good morning, Peter' for Spanish Maine, pronto."

"Peter?" inquired John Geste. "Sure—Saint Peter. About the very next morning after that happened, Spanish Maine'd be knocking on Heaven's gate."

"Consuela'd kill him, you mean?" "No. I would. To save Consuela the trouble, or rather the danger. If we were on the Sahara, or even the open-hearted West, I wouldn't rob her of the pleasure."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Otis. As I've said before, all question of the justifiability of—murder—apart, it can't be done, here in England."

"Can't it, John? You watch me." "I mean it can't be done with impunity. You can't do it and get away with it. I've no doubt you could get him all right, but the police'd get you. We've had all that out before. Come off it."

John Geste rose to his feet and walked uneasily, thoughtfully, broodingly about the room.

Once again, what a ghastly business. An utter impasse. If this girl, fundamentally wild, lawless, dangerous, were rendered desperate by this blackmail, then, to save her from becoming a murderer, her brother, John Geste's trunk, noblest friend, would almost certainly become a murderer—to forestall her.

If, on the other hand, she made confession to her lover, to thwart and defeat the blackmailer, and, equally, if she made confession simply at the promptings of her higher and better nature, which was undoubtedly awakened, her attitude to Spanish Maine would be the same. Vengeful. Perfidious.

What could he, John Geste, do? How could he help his friend—his friend who had offered his life to save him? How could he help him and this poor girl? What would Michael have done in like case? Undoubtedly he'd have made some beau geste or other, sufficient and successful. And if Beau could have done it, could not he himself think of something?

HE turned to where his friend sat, tense, concentrated, frowning, angrily chewing the end of the cigar that he was smoking.

"I say, John," said Vanbrugh, "since the gentleman has come into the immediate neighborhood, doesn't it seem inopportune not to invite him here? Since he's rung up Brandon Abbas, let's ring up the old King Hal—and invite him to dinner."

"What?" "Invite him to dinner. Treat him as an ordinary guest. Say nothing at all of this matter over the port. Join the ladies in the ordinary way. Then bring him up to this den and have it out."

"Have it out, so that when the man goes out of this house we know exactly where we stand—absolutely exactly what his real genuine demands are, and what are the very lowest terms to which he will agree."

"He is not a man who can be frightened," said John Geste.

"No, I'll say he's not. I doubt if the devil himself could frighten Spanish Maine. Whatever his faults—and he's a foul, poisonous piece of work—he's no coward. No, we couldn't hope to frighten him, John, whatever we did. But there again, you never know. We might think up something that..."

"But he'll be our guest, Otis. We've got to remember that. One can't very well invite a man to dinner, and..."

"And then pull a gun on him?" interrupted Vanbrugh. "No, I suppose we can't. You can't, anyway. You might leave him here alone with me, though."

"No. Absolutely not. Nothing of the sort. If we invited him to dinner he'd come under—not exactly a flag of truce and its protection—but under a sort of safe conduct, of course. If Isabel consented to write him a nice little invitation to dinner, that invitation would be his passport in—and out again—safe and sound."

"Yes, I suppose so. I suppose you're right, John, even in the case of a snake like that. No. We couldn't ask him to dinner and then do him in."

"Of course not. You couldn't ask a man to break bread and eat salt and drink wine with us, and stab him in the back."

"Or shoot him in the front," amended Otis Vanbrugh.

"Of course not. Do you know that picture 'A Glass of Wine with the

# Continuing SPANISH MAINE

From Page 30

Borgias—a fellow sitting at table and Lucrezia Borgia pouring him a glass of poisoned wine, while her father looks on and smiles? I should always remember that if we invited him here, and any harm came to him. No. There's no point in inviting him here, like that, Otis. And if there were, I doubt if I could go through with dinner. Or let Isabel. And what about Consuela?"

"Oh, she'd enjoy it. Though, to tell you the truth, I think she'd be sorely tempted."

"What, to put something unwholesome in his coffee?"

"You've said it, John. I suppose she wouldn't play any tricks if she promised not to, but it would be an awful temptation. Seeing what he's trying to do to her, she'd be quite equal to trying to do something to him. No—it was a silly idea of mine, John. Cut it out. Not but what he'd have come. He'd have been tickled to death to come, just as Consuela would to have him come—and to see that he didn't go."

"WELL, what about asking him here for a formal business conference at eleven o'clock in the morning, with no hospitality about it? Simply ask him to come and see us. Don't you think that might be a good plan?"

"Yes. I doubt if it would do any

arrested, and be done with it. Let him get the ten years he rightly deserves for blackmail, not to mention drug-running and dope-peddling."

"No, no, that'd be premature. He'd squeal at once. At the top of his voice. His defence would be that we were frightened because he knew all about Consuela whom we were trying to marry to Sir Harry Vane; and this was a put-up job to get him out of the way. In point of fact, have we got any court-of-law evidence at the present moment as to blackmail, or as to drug-smuggling? We have only his word for the latter, and, as to the blackmail, there's nothing in writing, and he has never used threats of it before witnesses."

"No, that won't do, John. If the time comes that we decide that we don't care, and we are really going to get him, we could lay a trap for him. We'd agree to submit to blackmail, and pay him off by cheque or marked notes, and demand a written receipt, and a promise not to use his information against us."

"Then prosecute—and get him that way. I suppose all that would be good enough evidence, and if he wouldn't take a cheque or give us anything in writing, we might work it here—have a meeting with him, hand over marked banknotes, and arrange for detected



## A Bachelor's Philosophy

SPANISH  
Toreador  
is giving up  
bull-fighting to get  
married.....

Well, of course,

HE  
KNOWS  
BEST

good, but I don't see how it could do any harm.

"Do you think he'd come, just as he would have come to dinner?"

"Yes, I'll say he'd come running. In the first place, he'd think it was a sure sign of a climb-down on our part, and that we were getting nervous and willing to talk turkey. And secondly, that we were probably going to try to put one over on him, soften his hard heart, and ask him to let us down lightly. And anyhow, he'd see we wanted to get together and do business, all pleasant, agreeable, and satisfactory, and no hard feelings."

"But mind you, John," continued Otis Vanbrugh, "I've nothing more to say to him, and I shall be hard put to it to keep my hands—or my gun—off him. You say, 'Don't pay him a farthing,' and I think you're right, if only we can get him to keep his mouth shut until Consuela has either decided that she'll risk it and tell Sir Harry Vane everything—or else has decided that she'll risk it the other way, and tell him nothing at all."

"Well, it would be something, wouldn't it, if we got a promise from him—to give us time. A promise not to say anything at all to anybody until we either agree to comply with his terms, or absolutely refuse to give him a farthing... By the way, would he keep a promise, do you think?"

"Well, he would if he thought he would. And he wouldn't if he thought he wouldn't. If you know what I mean. If he talked high-falutin' stuff about being a man of honor (My God, a man of honor!) he'd probably stand to what he said unless there was some new and extra reason for breaking his word."

"Otis, I wish you'd let me have him



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**PULVEX**  
KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

Please turn to Page 47



"SUPPOSE we told Consuela that that is the programme?" suggested John Geste.

"I don't want to, John. I'd rather not. As I've just said, I want her to make up her mind herself—come to her own decision. You know, if a woman does that there is some hope of her remaining satisfied with the result. If you rush her into making up her mind, she'll blame you for the rest of her life. If the result isn't satisfactory, I don't mean she'll necessarily say so, but she'll feel that way. What I am hoping nowadays is that she'll come to me—and mighty soon, too—and say."

"It's all right, Otho. I'm going to tell Harry, and leave it to him."

"And then, if they marry, we can only hope it will turn out well," said John Geste. "Personally, I say again, it's impossible. Still . . ."

"Well, we haven't decided what we are going to do about this man Maine," he continued. "Shall we get him over and talk to him? Or look here, suppose I see him alone. I haven't had the honor of a chat with him yet. Wonder if it's possible that I could scare him off? A few winged words about the majesty of the English law."

"Do no harm, John. Do no harm, and might very possibly do some good. Anyway, you'd be able to form your own opinion as to exactly how dangerous he is, and what are the cheapest terms on which we could escape if it really came to cash and a showdown."

"Showdown if you like, but I'm not going to talk cash to him," replied John. "Absolutely not. But if you see no objection, I'd certainly like to have an interview with him. Since he calls himself a gentleman, it is just possible that one might appeal—I won't say to his better nature because he hasn't got one—but to his conceit of himself, and so get under his skin."

"We shall do that, John, when we can get under the hide of a rhinoceros with a toothpick. But see him by all means. I wish you would. You'll know what we are up against, and you might possibly modify your views on paying him off."

"Not."

"I mean—for a little while. Just until Consuela is quite clear and certain in her mind; decides exactly what she is going to do. You see him, anyhow."

"Right," said John. "I'll ring him up."

Spanish Maine, rolling a cigarette as he sat in his room next morning, chuckled when the telephone bell rang. There could be but one person who would be calling him.

So she was coming to heel, was she? Well, she'd better. She'd better. For if she did drive him to be nasty, well, he'd be very nasty indeed. He'd make her life a hell upon earth. But trust the little devil to know on which side her bread was buttered.

"Hello!"

A man's voice.

What was this? Treachery?

By God, if she . . .

The police?

Oh! Mr. Geste of Brandon Abbas!

Oh, yes, with pleasure. What could be more delightful, unless Mr. Geste would come down here? Sitting-room very comfortable, complete privacy. No? Very well. Yes.

Mr. Maine would give himself the pleasure, then, of calling at three o'clock sharp. Good-bye.

AT the conclusion of the interview with Spanish Maine, although it had lasted for over an hour, John Geste was unable to feel that he had made any headway or done any good. Save for this, the tone of the conversation had been pleasant enough. He had found Señor Manuel Maine of easy address, agreeable manner and conversation, and, in all externals, a gentleman.

But he had come reluctantly to the conclusion that the man had indeed no

## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 46

higher nature to which to appeal; was devoid of bowels of compassion; and knew no mercy. What he wanted and what he intended to have, and to have quickly, was money. Money in such quantity as the resources of his victims could provide.

Nor had John Geste obtained any satisfaction through pointing out that the blackmailer's secret was of value only so long as it was a secret, and that as soon as it was told the blackmailer's power was ended.

"Quite so," Spanish Maine agreed. "You are absolutely right, Mr. Geste. If you have a horse to sell, you can sell it only while it is of value to somebody else, and no longer. Should it go permanently lame, or die, well—you can't sell it. You can only give it away, gratis. The same applies to a secret, or rather to silence concerning a secret. If my silence is of value, I can sell it; and I am willing to do so. If it is not of value, I cannot sell it, and there's an end of the matter. I can then only give it away, gratis. Am I to understand that it is a matter of indifference to you—ah—principals, friends, whether I tell my secret to Sir Harry Vane or not? If so, so; and I shall give myself the pleasure of telling him—and go my way."

"Let's stick to your tale, please," interrupted John Geste. "I rather that you'd feel compelled to inform Sir Harry Vane, so that you might be avenged upon a girl for something she either has or has not done to you; and also in obedience to the dictates of your tender conscience."

"Exactly. My compliments, Mr. Geste, on the accuracy both of your understanding and your expression."

"Well, Mr. Maine, if that is your last word . . ."

"Absolutely."

"If that is your last word, I was going to say—I can only point out that you have not a monopoly of conscience. Think that over."

"Agreed, Mr. Geste. And, in return, you think over what I have said; and please understand—I don't abate one farthing of my reasonable demand."

"And how long a period do you give me, in which to think it over? For I believe that Mr. and Miss Vanbrugh will take my advice and act as I suggest."

"Well, I am a busy man. . . . What shall we say? A week?"

"Yes. A week. And you do faithfully promise that you will make no move, take no step, do nothing whatsoever in this matter for a week?"

"Yes. I agree. But after that—no shilly-shallying. I'll give you a week in which to make up your minds, and then I—act."

"Very well, I'll tell my friends what you say. I'll give them the advice I think best; and you can ask them for their decision in a week's time."

"It is understood. Between gentlemen, Mr. Geste. . . . So pleasant to deal with people of one's own kind. We understand each other. . . . Agreed."

"Incidentally, that being so, Mr. Maine, there is no need for you to remain any longer at the inn, is there? I don't wish to be rude, but we should all prefer it if you went away. Particularly Miss Vanbrugh."

"I am sure she would," smiled Spanish Maine pleasantly, showing bright teeth beneath his curling moustache. "I'm sure she would. Yes, I will go this evening."

"It would be wiser, I think," observed John Geste gravely, and rang the bell.

By accident, by chance, by luck, by the ordination of Fate or the direct intention and intervention of Providence, Spanish Maine, striding jauntily down the avenue that leads from Brandon Abbas house to the main-entrance gates, encountered Consuela as, with Isobel Geste, she returned from a ride.

Riding was Consuela's present passion, and only when on the back of a big, powerful and difficult horse did

she seem happy and at ease. Only then did she cease to frown, cease to show signs of anxiety, worry, and strain.

All the morning she had ridden with her brother, and that afternoon Isobel, of her kindness, had offered to accompany her.

With debonair and graceful salutation, Spanish Maine greeted the ladies, made to pass them, then, suddenly turning, raised a hand as though to pat the neck of Consuela's horse, and said:

"Might I trouble you just for one moment, Miss Vanbrugh? If Mrs. Geste would be so very good as to excuse me for a second . . ."

Isobel glanced at Consuela who, answering her with a brief nod of acquiescence, asked coldly:

"What do you want?" as she brought her horse to a halt, and Isobel walked her horse slowly up the drive.

"Listen," said Spanish Maine as Isobel drew out of earshot. "The big drawing-room into which I was shown just now; the end door; opening out on to the terrace; nearest to here. I shall be there to-night when the lights go out, downstairs. Let me in. I want a long talk with you."

"Well, I haven't the faintest desire for the shortest talk with you," replied Consuela.

"Would you rather I had the talk with Harry Vane, then? Now look here. No nonsense. I'm leaving to-morrow, and if you won't meet me to-night I shall go by way of Vane Court. I've had enough of this shilly-shallying. If I get nothing—you get what's coming to you, pronto. And if I get what I want, you get Sir Harry Vane—and no trouble or interference from me whatsoever."

"And what do you want? I've got no money to give you, even if I were fool enough to do it."

"I'll tell you what I want, all right. You come down and open the end french window as soon as everybody's gone to bed and the house is quiet. As early as is safe. I shall be watching from under the trees, and don't you keep me waiting or—you know what will happen. I've had enough of this, and I'm going to put an end to it, one way or the other. You can decide for yourself which way it is to be."

Isobel had turned her horse and was walking it slowly back in their direction.

"Well?" snarled Spanish Maine. Consuela looked him in the eyes, a long, searching, and thoughtful look.

The expression of her face changed. A look not so much of hope as of intention replaced that of despairing misery. Her mouth hardened.

"I shall be there," she said.

And as, with a flourish and a bow, Spanish Maine again raised his hat, she rode on to join Isobel.

Isobel spoke to her. "Look here, my dear, you love Harry?"

"Desperately. More than life. Far, far more than life. I . . ."

"Then you want him to be happy?"

"Happy? I'd die to make him happy. That's partly what keeps me from telling him. It's partly shame, I know. I should burn up and die of shame, cowardice, and fear—the fear of losing him. That keeps me from telling him."

"I was going to say," replied Isobel. "Don't you think that if Harry loves you as you love him, he'll take exactly the view that you were taking just now—that it matters to nobody in the whole world?"

"Yes, but it will matter to them, Isobel. It'll matter to every scandal-monger in England, and to every mean-souled, dirty little scribbler that can earn a shilling by getting a paragraph into the gutter-press."

Please turn to Page 48

## Rheumatism

### SURE SIGN OF FAULTY KIDNEY ACTION

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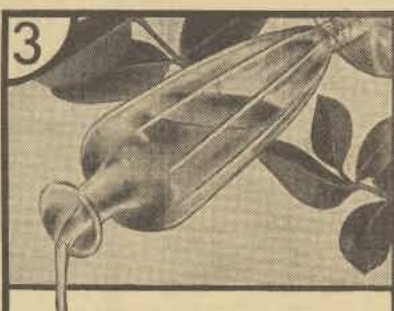


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## SPANISH MAINE

"AND suppose Harry did take that view," she continued. "Suppose he did insist on our marrying, do you really think that I could compensate him for—everything; all that makes up his life, and has made up his life until now; the whole of his circle; his home; his position; his regiment? Suppose he thought, in the first flush of love, that I could; and we went away, went to the South Sea Islands or somewhere—how long would it last? How long would it be before he opened his eyes one day, stared at me, and said,

"I have lost everything, everything that made life worth living, for this woman! Why? There are a million more like her—and unlike her in the fact that they are irreproachable, pure, chaste . . . Oh, God!"

Silence . . .  
"Tell him, Consuela," urged Isobel. "It is absolutely the only possible thing to do—the only conceivable hope of a ghost of a chance of happiness for either of you."

Consuela sat in her room that evening, thinking, pondering, scheming, wondering.

Should she go down late to-night and see this man, hear what he had to say?

Should she let him spend the night standing there, hiding under the trees, waiting?

No. Why stir up and irritate the poisonous snake that you are not in a position to kill? Why spur and strike the bad and dangerous horse that may bolt with you to your death, when you cannot control it because a rein is broken?

Was the rein broken? Was she really helpless, she Consuela Vanbrugh who had been Zaza Blanchefleur, the daughter of Zaza Blanchefleur?

She who had dealt with violent and wicked men, European and African, on equal terms; she who had often defied and defeated those who had over-stepped the limit, broken the rules of the game?

Was it possible that she, with her experience—oh, God, her "experience!"—could not cope with, and defeat, a thing like Spanish Maine?

Rising from the armchair in which she had been seated, Consuela walked about her room, glancing at pictures without seeing them, picking up and replacing bric-a-brac and ornaments without being aware that she had touched them; went to the window, pushed it open wide and stared out, unseeing, into the brightly moonlit evening.

How utterly lovely, how perfectly quiet, how restful, friendly . . . peaceful.

And suddenly the girl did what she had not done for many a long year, did what she had but very rarely done before in all her life—burst into a flood of tears.

Turning from the window and throwing herself upon her bed, she sobbed and sobbed and sobbed until she could cry no more.

Then, rising from the bed and drying her eyes, she went to the Sheraton writing-table that stood beneath the window on the opposite side of the room.

Taking a sheet of paper of the largest size from one of the pigeon-holes at the back of the writing-table, she picked up a large, colored quill-pen and began to write.

From the first words, "My own Beloved, my most adored, darling Harry" to the signature, "Your worshipping Consuela-whom-you-love" she did not pause or falter.

PAGE after page, for upwards of an hour, she wrote, exalted as a martyr at the stake, rejoicing in an agony of pain, burning in an agony of shame . . . wrote the naked truth without gloss; without reticence; without palliation, justification, or word of excuse; the bald and naked truth; the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Wrote herself to a standstill.

Wrote from burning fever heat of love and sorrow and shame—to an empty coldness, numbness, death of all feeling and emotion.

And as she put the unread letter into an envelope and addressed it, she felt that love was dead, shame was dead, grief was dead, pain was dead.

Dead . . . dead . . . dead . . . And rising from the desk, she stood for minutes, motionless as a statue, undecided. Then slowly she withdrew the letter from its envelope and unfolded it; and, seating herself again at the desk, added at the foot beneath her signature,

"Come to me, if you can forgive me, and love me still. Write to me if you cannot."

Having sealed the letter she sat, numbed with misery and despair.

Suddenly she came to life, and rang the bell.

Jennie would answer it. Jennie liked

her; probably because she liked Jennie. Yes, she'd manage it.

The girl knocked and entered.

"Did you ring, Miss?"

"Yes, Jennie. Look here. I want you to do something for me, will you?"

"Why, yes, Miss. Of course I will."

"See! Can you take this note yourself to George, the groom in charge of the horse I ride? And could you ask him if he would go over to Vane Court with it? I want it to get there to-night."

Jennie was thrilled. A love-letter, in haste, from this nice foreign young lady to Sir Harry, at Vane Court. A love-letter. Must get there to-night.

Why, it was like the films.

"Oh, yes, Miss. He'd go on his motor bike."

"Oh, has he a motor bicycle? Splendid. He'd get there in an hour or less."

"Yes, Miss. A hower less a quarter, it takes him, he told me. His young lady's there, Miss."

"Well, look here, Jennie, if you'd give him this and ask him if he'll take it to Vane Court and bring back the answer. . . . He's to wait for an answer. You understand, he's to wait for an answer."

And Consuela handed the precious letter to the girl.

"Oh, thank you, Miss."

"George is here, I suppose."

"Yes, Miss. I know he's here and I'll be only too pleased of the excuse to go over. He'll be back by the time you come out from dinner, Miss."

"Splendid. And look here, Jennie. Secret, see? I don't want anyone to know. Only you and I and George—and Sir Harry Vane. See?"

And Consuela forced a smile.

Jennie twinkled and dimpled. Lovely. "Why, yes, Miss. I'll give it to George on the quiet, and he won't say a word."

"Good. It will really be all right, then?"

"Why, yes, Miss. Never fear. That'll be all right—and George will be back with the answer long before you go to bed."

George was; but without an answer to the letter. According to Jennie, the butler had taken the letter and told George he would put it on the hall table for Sir Harry to see when he came in, he having gone to London with her ladyship, out to dinner, and not expected back till pretty late.

So there the letter lay, on the post-box table in the big hall at Vane Court. Lay there where Harry might see it, or might not see it. The letter that told him everything.

Told him also that he was free; that, even could he forgive her, even could he still love her, it was ended.

That she would know it was ended for ever—unless he came himself and told her it was not.

Would he come . . . and save her?

CONSUELA opened the french window at the end of the big drawing-room, stepped back into the room, and seated herself upon a huge settee, cushioned, deep, and broad, that, in a patch of moonlight, faced towards the terrace.

A minute later she saw a man come softly up the steps, cross the terrace, and enter the room, throwing as he did so, a broad-brimmed felt hat and a cloak on to the long white seat that stood outside, against the wall, beside the door.

She knew that somewhat foreign-looking hat, almost a sombrero, and the cape. She had seen them, on the Amazon, adorning the soldierly figure of El Senor Manuel Maine.

It was amazing with what catlike silence and swiftness so big a man could move.

She rose to her feet, ghostlike in the moonlight.

"Ah!" whispered Maine. "You have done wisely, my dear. Is that other door locked?"

"No."

"Then go and lock it, you fool. The key is this side. I took note of that this afternoon. . . . Yes, with that door locked and this one open, I shall have my line of retreat safe, if anyone comes. First principles of tactics. The old soldier, my love, eh? All right; sit still. I think I'll lock it myself."

"And suppose someone came to this terrace door?" asked Consuela.

"H'm. That would be awkward. For him. Look here; have you a little game on? Is this a trap? Because, if so, you are in it, too—for I'd wring your neck as soon as look at you."

"And your money, then?"

"Don't you worry about my money. I'll look after that. And there are other things besides money, too. . . ."

Anyhow, if your alleged brother, or the excellent Mr. Geale, comes to that french window, it will be the last window he'll ever come to, for I'll shoot him like a dog. And you, too. So if that is the game you'd better say so and make some other arrangement."

Please turn to Page 49

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### Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy For Grey Hair

Mr. Len. Jeffery, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."\*\*\*

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# SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 48

"THERE'S no game and there's no trap," replied Consuela. "Don't be frightened."

Frightened! Spanish Maine drew a sharp breath audibly.

"You said you wanted to speak to me," continued the girl. "Well?"

"Ah, that's better. It is all right, eh? And we can talk business? Got the whole night to ourselves, have we?"

"I've come to hear what you've got to say," replied Consuela. "If by 'business' you mean blackmail, haven't you said it all, and had your answer? Or is there anything new? Have you anything fresh to propose, or is it the same old blackmail story?"

"Well, that stands, of course, but it isn't what I came to talk about to-night. Let's forget all about that for the moment, shall we, my dear?"

"Forget?" whispered Consuela.

"Yes. We'll forget about that for the moment, for something else. The matter of whether the wedding-day is fixed—and also of a little debt. Yes, of a little debt, Zaza. Do you remember? Do you remember that night in Bouzou when you deserted me? That night when you took two things away with you—my money and my heart."

"Your money? I no more took your money than I took the heart that you haven't got, the heart without which you were born. What do you mean—I took your money?"

"Anyhow, when I woke up that morning and went to my dispatch-case which was in my trunk which was in my dressing-room, my wallet was gone. My wallet, with practically every franc I had in the world."

"And because I had gone away, does that prove that I took your money? Because suddenly I could bear Bouzou no longer and had to get out into the clean desert or go mad—does that prove that I took your money? Are there no professional thieves—in Bouzou? Are temporary hired Arab servants always honest? I have never stolen money, nor anything else in all my life."

"Come, come, my love! I wasn't born yesterday. Hired servants! What about hired filles de joie? When one installs a light-o'-love for the week-end, and she vanishes in the middle of the night, and so does one's money, well—I ask you! What view would my friend the Chief of Police have taken, do you think? Anyhow, I want that money back."

"I didn't take your money."

"DON'T let's waste time, my dear. I want to get on to other matters. Whether you took it or not—and of course you took it—I want it back. As I mentioned before, and as you may have noticed, I am not a man who is easily swindled, kidded. I made an arrangement with you, and I kept my side of it—and you are going to keep yours. I want payment in cash or kind, and in kindness."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I want the money you took. We'll call it five hundred pounds at the present rate of exchange. I wish to be fair. Or I want its equivalent in . . . What have you got? Pearls, diamonds, rings? If you can't lay your hands on the cash, the junk would do. And I want the kindness as well."

"The kindness?"

"Yes, Little Innocent! The kindness the kisses, the love, the ardor. . ."

Consuela rose to her feet and the man, seizing her arm, pulled her down again beside him.

"That's what I've come for to-night, Zaza—to tell you to hurry up the wedding. And to collect a debt. A double debt. And I want payment in full. I ought, as a business man, to demand interest, of course. I will waive that, however. But I don't go until I have got five hundred pounds in my pocket—and had you in my arms."

The girl struggled to her feet.

The man rose, seized her, thrust her back upon the settee and held her there.

"What's the idea? What's the game? What are you struggling for? What are you kicking at? What are you boggling over—the cash or the kisses? What are you? Have I strayed into a sunnery, by any chance? Keep still, damn you. . . What? Business first? Now, you're talking, my little dove."

Spanish Maine released the girl and sat up.

"Business first, then. Have you five hundred in the house?"

"Of course I haven't."

"Has Vanbrugh? Or Geste?"

"Is it likely my brother would have five hundred pounds lying about in cash? Or Mr. Geste either. And suppose he had?"

"Well, if we knew that he had, and we knew where he kept it—there might be a burglary, mightn't there? That's an idea, Zaza, isn't it? Suppose I left this house, by and by, with five hundred pounds in my pocket—not necessarily in cash—and you personally were

none the poorer. Suppose Mrs. Geste's pearls or . . ."

"You . . . you . . .!" The girl sprang to her feet again. "Ti . . ."

"Oh, no, you won't! Sit down!" and once more she was dragged back on to the settee. "You've let me into this house in the middle of the night—and it would take some explaining away, wouldn't it? You're my accomplice. That's what you are, my dear. You've let me in here, and it looks ugly, doesn't it? And you can't say you were playing decoy—trapping me for Vanbrugh and Geste, can you? Couldn't tell them or the police that, if there were a rumour here, and it came to a show-down. But as I said, if it is a trap I will shoot your precious Vanbrugh dead as a doorman, and Geste as well. See it?"

And on his hand lay, dully glinting in the moonlight, the neat, efficient automatic moonbeams glinting on the gold inlay of its gunmetal handle, on the polished glass of its blue barrel.

A pass of the long-fingered hand and it was gone.

"So, as I said before, my good wench, if you think you're going to put me on the spot—it will be a damned hot spot for your boy friends."

"There's no trap," said the girl, "and I'm not your accomplice. You are a blackmailer. A low, foul, sewer rat. A swindler of women, and . . ."

"And you are sitting nice and cosy beside me on the sofa, eh?"

And flinging his right arm about the girl, imprisoning her right hand and crushing her to him, he forced her head back with his other hand and fixed his mouth upon hers.

"There!" he said at last, releasing her and drawing breath. "There! What about that?"

"I think it was what they call—yes—the last straw," said the girl quietly.

"NOT it. Not the last straw. Not the last straw. Not the last straw. Now, like all women, you chatter too much. . . Business first. . . How much money can you lay hands on, now?"

"Of my own? Scarcely any."

"Well, then, you can go and write a cheque. And you'll just make it out as an open bearer cheque. We'll see about that in a minute, and I'll go with you."

"Come with me?"

"Yes. Where is your cheque book? In your bedroom, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Are your pearls there, too? Those three very nice strings—might almost call them ropes—that you were wearing on board the Amazon. Are they in your bedroom, too?"

"No."

"Don't you tell me they are at the bank because you are only staying here a few days?"

As he spoke Spanish Maine suddenly snatched at the girl's left hand.

Please turn to Page 50

## Constipation and Colitis Conquered by Modern Medical Science

Dr. F. de Courmelles, of the Paris Society of Practising Physicians, says "Good health results from internal cleanliness."

Constipation takes many forms—it gives rise to countless ailments. Most serious of these is colitis. The colon becomes hard, strangulated, and encrusted with putrefying deposits. Modern foods, which never include sufficient roughage to properly exercise the intestines, make these troubles unavoidable unless precautions are taken. Regular bowel movements are no protection—the colon walls have grown too weak to rid their folds of the daily increasing addition of waste matter . . . opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon, and extract essential vitality from the walls. Note how liquid your faeces become after a severe dose of ordinary laxative. Science, however, has now found a sure and effective remedy in Coloseptic (Wayne's Improved Formula).

FREE-This Absorbing Book . . .

Mail coupon for demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC and receive, under plain cover by return mail, a book telling you all about Antoxims. This book is FREE—so fill in and mail the coupon NOW!

Whole Family Benefits . . .

Wellington, N.Z. "I have used COLOSEPTIC for some time and without any exaggeration whatsoever it is the finest medicine obtainable for bowel troubles. There are five in our family and we all use it regularly. We have given up the use of pills, paraffin oil, salts and salines . . . It has given us all health and vigour . . ."

A.F.J.

(Original of this letter may be seen at head office.)

CLIP OUT

To COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd., 26 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

Please send me your FREE book on Antoxims in plain envelope. Also send my demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 1/- in penny stamps.

NAME

ADDRESS



DRINK Coloseptic (WAYNE'S IMPROVED FORMULA) FOR INTERNAL CLEANNES

At all CHEMISTS. If unavailable locally write to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) LTD., 26 O'Connell St., Sydney.

## £25 Cash Must Be Won "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 22

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WHO OBTAINS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES FROM THE LIST GIVEN BELOW. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below is made up of names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example, RICHARD DIX, the extra unnecessary letter being "T". Include this name in your solution as Number 1. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21st 1936, "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 3844, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1.	RICHARD	IXTD	DIX	No. 9	G	MREOOO
2.	F	ASTHEAIR		10.	J	MULLERWIESS
3.	G	ROGROSE		11.	L	LEZVEZ
4.	M	AIMRSH		12.	E	INLAND
5.	J	LUHAL		13.	M	ONIXNO
6.	R	NGYOUN		14.	C	RISSONB
7.	P	NELLYK		15.	R	MONTGOMTYER
8.	M	LARKEIC		16.	H	YESHAY

Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly."

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED MARCH 7th

### "Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 19.

NAMES OBTAINED BY WINNING COMPETITORS

- Eddie Cantor.
- Conrad Veidt.
- Carol Tevis.
- Jack Robert.
- Cleely Courtneidge.
- Charles Courtneidge.
- Felly Moran.
- Pauline Garon.
- Charles Ruggles.
- Phillips Holmes.
- Madge Evans.
- Muriel Evans.
- Maurice Evans.
- Gracie Fields.
- Bert Wheeler.
- Robert Woolsey.
- Harold Lloyd.
- Freddie March.
- Charles Farrell.
- Jack Holt.
- Dick Powell.

### RESULT

Four competitors submitted entries containing twenty names in all and, in accordance with the new conditions of the competition, they share the prize, £25 cash, each receiving £5.5/.

MRS. J. VOCKINS, 451 Lane Street, Broken Hill.

W. THOMPSON, 290 Bondi Road, Sydney.

F. L. MILLS, 4 Barnetworth Square, Elizabeth Bay.

R. F. HAMILTON, 1 St. Helen's Road, Hawthorn, Vic.



## WE'VE BEATEN NEURITIS

By attacking neuritis where it begins . . . in kidneys and liver . . . by checking the flow of harmful material which poisons the system when these important organs are disordered. Warner's Safe Cure permanently cures not only neuritis, but also rheumatism, sciatica, biliousness, and all symptoms rising out of this common cause.

## WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottle and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/9.

## PIMPLES

Get rid of those unattractive pimples—they're spoiling your looks; ruining your social poise. Apply Rexona Ointment to your skin—it will clear them away in a few days. Pimples are due to the entrance of germs through tiny openings in the skin. Rexona destroys those germs, draws out the poison and soothes the inflammation. It also forms a protective film over open blemishes guarding against germs till healing is complete. **TREATMENT:** Wash the face with Rexona Medicated Soap; and with a clean sterilised needle (boil in water for 10 minutes), prick the pimples and squeeze. Then smear on Rexona Ointment and leave overnight. Rexona Medicated Soap is marvellous for the complexion. Besides being the mildest soap you can use, it contains the same healing, soothing properties as Rexona Ointment. It cleanses and stimulates pores, as well as surface skin. This keeps your skin clear and healthy.

## Rexona

The Rapid Healer  
OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet  
(City and Suburbs)  
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED  
6317-22

## TRY THIS ANCHOVETTE RECIPE

### SAVOURY EGGS

Hard boil as many eggs as required. Shell and cut them in half, remove the yolks carefully and cut a very small portion off the ends of the whites so that they will stand firmly. Mix the yolks with a little butter and Peck's Anchovette Paste until smooth, season to taste and fill the white of egg cases with this preparation. Garnish with watercress or lettuce hearts.

Anchovette is splendid, too, for all sandwich meals. Never be without a jar in the house.

## PECK'S ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

# SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 49

"HULLO, where's the engagement ring? Now, then, which is it to be? A cheque for five hundred pounds—and God have mercy on you if there's any hanky-panky about it, for I'll have none—or shall we say the pearls and the engagement ring instead? You can tell the young man that the ring fell off your finger while you were trailing your hand in the water when you were out in a boat on the lake. Say 'I was rowing you!' and again Spanish Maine laughed softly.

"Are they in your jewel-case in your bedroom?"

"No."

"Where are they, then?"

"Mrs. Geste was rather nervous about my jewellery, in case there were a burglary while I was in the house."

"Knew I was in the neighborhood, you mean?" laughed Spanish Maine.

"Certainly she knew; and certainly she said she didn't want me to leave valuables in my bedroom."

"So? In the safe, eh, along with her?"

"Well, not exactly a safe."

"What, then?"

"Oh, it's a panel in the . . ."

"So? A panel? You slide it on one side and uncover a little iron door. You open that, and there the little cache for the family jewels? And is that supphire they call The Blue Water there? I have been hearing all the Brandon Abbas tales and legends from mine host of the King Hal. . . . The jewels are in a room with a secret panel, eh? Well, well! Now I call that interesting."

The girl made no reply.

Turning her head she contemplated the face of Spanish Maine, which shone white, with heavy black shadows, in the bright moonlight; studied it, considering, thoughtfully.

The face of a huge, deadly, merciless, cruel rat. The Human Rat.

Scarcely she seemed to be listening to what he was saying; rather to be weighing pros and cons, considering, deciding, passing judgment.

"Do you hear? Where's the room in which the secret panel is?"

"Fustian."

"Difficult to get at?"

"No."

"Near your bedroom?"

"Yes."

"Then I foresee, my love, that I am about to make a personally-conducted tour of the premises—or of this part of them. You are going to be my guiding star—but not shining, for the moment—and you are going to lead me to it. You are going to take me by the hand and lead me to it. But, first of all, what about the key, the key of the little iron door behind the panel?"

"How do you know there's an iron door behind the panel?"

"There always is. There's one here, isn't there?"

"No."

"Well, that's a good thing—for you. For you'd have had to go and get it. Just a panel, is it?"

"Yes."

"And the only trick is to know which panel, and how to work it."

"Yes."

"And you know?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, the old slogan once more—Business before Pleasure. We'll visit the room with the panel in it, first. And, once again, you lump of hypocrisy, if there's trouble, you will share it—with your brother and the other guy."

"Yes."

"Well, then, the old slogan once more—Business before Pleasure. We'll visit the room with the panel in it, first. And, once again, you lump of hypocrisy, if there's trouble, you will share it—with your brother and the other guy."

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"Yes."

"And you know?"

"Yes."

case for her judgment, she spoke in a voice of quiet detachment.

"You know nothing of mercy, I imagine? You have no mercy at all? Supposing I had robbed you of this money, you couldn't forgive me, you who are yourself a robber? You'd take absolutely everything that you could get, without any thought whatsoever of what it cost your victim? You'd never forgive anyone? You'd never spare anybody?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you would not. Rats have no knowledge of mercy. I think you would not."

"You are right. I would not. Especially you. Do you know who you are? You are my 'Fourth Woman.' I came a cropper over three, and they got away with it. You won't. You are going to pay for the other three."

"Well, we must have been chattering here the best part of a quarter of an hour. What's the time? . . . Ah . . . I should think everybody has been in bed and asleep these two hours. We shan't be likely to run into anybody, I suppose? No sleepwalkers? No night-watchmen?"

"They don't have watchmen in English houses. Rat. We shan't meet anyone."

"Well, all the better for them—and for you. One more long, long kiss."

The girl sprang to her feet.

"No! . . . No! . . . No! . . ." she cried in a hoarse whisper.

"Business first, eh?" grinned Spanish Maine. "Perhaps you're right. Lead on. And for your own sake be careful. Don't make a noise."

"You go too fast, Rat. I must go and get a key. The room with the panel is kept locked, naturally."

"I'll go with you and get it."

"You won't. It's much too dangerous. If by any chance I were seen taking the key I could say I wasn't sure whether I'd put my jewels away or not, and I was just going to make sure. Something like that. It would

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BYELASH PAINTING is becoming almost an exact science. Here students are shown learning to paint eyelashes without getting the mascara on the face. They use a shaped eye-protector.

## AQUARIANS Either Clever or CRANKS

### You Have Soothing Personality if Born This Month

By JUNE MARSDEN, President Astrological Research Society

This week there is more to say about Aquarians . . . those who were born between January 20 and February 19. Aquarians are worth talking about, because of the inborn cleverness which is theirs, if only they are alive to it.

Aquarians need not over-rate their cleverness, of course, for then they are liable to join the ranks of the "cranks," which also come from the same sign.

STRANGELY enough Aquarians possess a remarkable power over mentally-deranged people. They can soothe, calm and govern them, and send out unconscious rays of healing.

Aquarians are rather hard to live with; inclined to be "up in the air" or "down in the dumps"; keen, gay, and enthusiastic one moment, and moody, disconsolate, and grumpy the next. Yet, at heart, they are the humanitarians of the world, forever seeking progress and lightening the burdens of the poor. People born under this sign are found in research laboratories, humane societies, hospitals, and in fields devoted to new inventions, wireless, flying, electricity, economics and systems. They are broad rather than personal in outlook.

Aquarians should enter fields of endeavor in which they are interested and where progress and advancement are paramount. Success will come hard if they are bound to routine work. The latter part of their lives will usually prove more successful (financially) than the beginning.

Government service, military, naval, police, or diplomatic fields are good for them—and always particularly so if you can introduce or contact a scientific element. For an avocation seek honorary work for societies or clubs.

The natural inclination is for an early marriage. Most truly congenial companionships occur with those born under the signs Gemini (May 22 to June 22), and Libra (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24), though Aries and Sagittarius people also prove harmonious, and Leo people attract by their very "oppositeness."

### Daily Diary

DO not accept the following data blindly. Try it out for yourselves. In some very few instances it will not prove as valuable as in all the others, but such cases are only determinable by consulting the individual horoscope.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Take things quietly on the 11th, 12th, and 13th. Things will go "agin" you. But 16th, 17th and 18th should prove good for new ventures.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Continue to live quietly this week, especially on the 14th and 15th February.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): The 11th, 12th, and 13th should prove splendid days. Get busy. Start things.

### In the Looking Glass

LEO PEOPLE (born July 23 to August 23) are noticeable for their dignified bearing (a Leo-the-Lion look) and unusual coloring, usually "tawny" but often extremely fair or dark. They impress others by their air of pride and self-assurance. They are extremely hospitable and kindly, but if crossed can be very cruel. Complexion usually ruddy or florid, head round, hair plentiful in youth, and wavy. Upper part of body better than lower; general appearance tall and bearing upright. In short, Leo folk are attractive, charming people, IF THEY WISH.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): The 14th and 15th fair. Watch opportunities. LEO (July 23 to August 24): The Lion is your symbol, but do not roar too loudly until after February 19. Especially on 14th and 15th.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Soothing spectacular this week, though 14th, 15th, and late 18th fair for routine. LIBRA (Sept. 23 to October 24): Make the most of the planetary influences favoring you this week, especially on 11th, 12th, and 13th February.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Take things easy. 14th and 15th a poor bet. SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Fair on the 16th, 17th, and 18th.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Live quietly on the 11th, 12th, and 13th. Fair on 14th, 15th, and p.m. 18th.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Plan ahead. Start important ventures and make changes. Especially on 11th, 12th, and 13th. Keep busy.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Nothing spectacular. 14th and 15th fair.

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## Now I can tan without burning since using Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Sun Brown Oil

You can now tan your skin a beautiful golden brown, smoothly and evenly—without any painful burning or blistering. The method is simple. Rub Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Sun Brown Oil on your face, neck, shoulders, arms and all other exposed parts of the body before and after bathing or exposure to the sun. The sun need no longer hold any terrors for you, and your skin will take on a beautiful shade of golden brown that will make you so attractive during the summer months. Large bottle, 3/-.



Daggett & Ramsdell



## How to wash brownish Blond Hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—safely, without bleaching!

Brings back that natural blond colour to even the most faded hair. Blondes—it's amazing how a natural blonde attracts every eye, but when blond hair turns money, brownish, why take chances with dyes, imitation blondes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade and darken even more. You can now wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Sta-Blond, that glorious shampoo treatment, used by millions of light and dark blonds all over the world, who know that it prevents blond hair from getting that dull-looking brown shade and keeps it light, silky and fascinatingly beautiful, without the use of harsh, caustic, dyes, rinses, permutes or artificial blondes. Make any kind of permanent wave last longer. Try it today yourself, or at your hairdresser's, and if you don't think it is the finest thing you have ever known, just ask for your money back. Known abroad as Nordland and Blondex. Made in England. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 915, Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLOND SHAMPOO

## No More Piles

Thousands Bless Dr. Leonhardt, the Specialist Who Discovered This Common Sense Remedy

If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of piles, it's because you haven't heard of the new treatment known as Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid.

This doctor's treatment is internal. By experimenting for years he discovered the exact cause of piles, and then went further and compounded a remedy that would remove the cause.

Dr. Leonhardt wants every sufferer to benefit by his discovery, and so that there will be no doubting or delay, all chemists are authorised to sell Vacuoid with guarantee that it will do as stated or money back.

On that honourable basis every sufferer should secure a package of Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid to-day.\*\*\*

# SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 50

ALONG a stone passage and up a flight of stairs she crept, lighting the way before her as she went.

Through a half-open door she passed into a lofty room, the windows of which, placed high up in the wall, admitted the moonlight.

Across this room she tip-toed, switched off her torch and led on through a doorway, to where another door stood half-open.

"Through this room," she whispered, took a few steps into the darkness of the Priest's Hole, dropped the torch on the stone floor, shrieked—in a whisper.

"Oh, God! . . . What's that! . . ." sprang aside in the inky blackness, and dashed from the door—snuffing the self-locking door behind her as she did so.

The Rat was trapped. Conuela staggered against the wall of the entry leading to the door of the Priest's Hole and least against it, panting as though she had run a race; shaking as though with an ague; almost in a state of collapse; so great had been the strain of the interview, the mental conflict, the accomplishment of her purpose.

Summoning her strength and courage, she threw off the weakness that assailed her, the faintness that threatened to overwhelm her, and for a minute stood facing the closed door, the door whose ancient oak and iron were so heavy, so thick and close-fitting, that no sound could be heard from within.

"Well, Rat," she whispered, "who wins? . . . You'd kiss me, would you? . . . Me, whom Harry Vane has kissed. . . . You'd come to my bedroom, would you—for the payment of a debt? . . . A debt . . . you!

"Now lie there, you dog. Lie there in the dark . . . until I choose to let you out again! . . . And that won't be till I've had his answer. . . . And when I let you out, it will be on terms; unless I make you step out of there into the arms of the English police."

"I have told him! . . . I have told him! Thank God, I have told him the truth before you could tell him your lies. And if I have lost him and he is free—it is I, who have set him free. . . . You'd hurt my lover, would you; you'd blackmail him for the rest of his life, would you? First me, and then my brother, the best of men—and then Harry."

"Oh, Harry! Harry!" and she burst into tears.

ERE stepping forth into the outer room, Conuela pulled down the heavy panelled door from where it hung raised above her head on its horizontal hinges.

"Nothing frightens you, eh? Then lie there in that stifling darkness and think you are there for ever and for ever. See if that'll frighten you. Perhaps it will teach you a lesson. I'd keep you there a week if I thought you'd be alive at the end of it—alive to go to prison for the rest of your foul life, you drug-seller, you blackmailer, you murderer. Three days and nights you shall lie there, though you won't know night from day. Three days and nights—at least."

"Till tell Otis to-morrow and he shall decide."

Creeping from the high panelled room, after replacing the wall-panel, she closed the heavy door behind her, locked it, took the key, and descended the stairs to the room known as John Geste's den.

Raising the weight-balanced cupboard from the floor, she let it swing gently up into its place and then, replacing both keys in the receptacle, below the right-hand figure of the old carved oak mantelpiece, she screwed it back into place.

Softly closing the door of the room behind her, she descended the stairs and re-entered the drawing-room.

That was done. Neatly done.

And now to remove all traces of the man.

The Gestes must not know, until Harry had answered, and Otis had decided what should be done with the Rat.

Decided whether he should be released from the trap and allowed to sink away, harmless, his poisonous teeth drawn; or whether he should be handed over to the police on charges of blackmail, menace and assault, drug-smuggling, and being an escaped convict.

On the blackmail and drug-smuggling alone, he'd get best part of a life-sentence, and for long years the world would be rid of a danger and a pest.

And to-morrow she'd hear from Harry.

He would not write. He'd telegraph; he'd telephone; or he'd come himself—early.

He'd ride over; he'd get on to that beautiful big hunter, the best horse in his stables, and gallop like a Spaniard.

No, he wouldn't; he'd get into the fastest car in the Vane Court garages

and burn the road, to come and comfort her; to tell her that nothing mattered—but love; to tell her that he loved her; that love was the very greatest thing of all; that it was life, joy, salvation, heaven on earth—and to ask her what, in comparison with Love, were the wretched trifles of malicious gossip, scandal, the opinion of "Society."

Bon Dieu! What was this so wonderful County Society of England? And why stay in England?

There were a hundred and twenty million people in the United States. What would any of them know of the scandal—or care—if she and Harry went and lived on a glorious great ranch in the West?

Who'd know or care about the scandal, supposing he preferred to stay under the British flag, and they snatched in Canada?

They could live in lovely places there, where they'd never see another white person from month's end to month's end—and those they did see, wouldn't know; and those who did know wouldn't care.

This wretched little "County" stuff! The place was an old woman's whispering gallery. Surely they needn't live in it?

Look what a vast country Australia is. A continent in itself. She had been there with Otis on her travels. Who'd know or care anything about what had happened to her before ever she met Harry? There, too, they could live right away from towns and gossip and scandal and all human filth and foulness.

Or the desert, the glorious, clean, sun-drenched, illimitable desert.

They could have their own oasis with a beautiful Moorish house beneath the trees. Make the place one vast garden. They could have their flocks and herds and breed horses and camels.

They could go about with their own caravan; travel from end to end of Morocco and Algeria; stay in lovely places.

As Harry was fond of sport, they could go big-game shooting in East Africa, and instead of a caravan have a safari and live a glorious open-air life of freedom.

And all the time they would have—love and each other. Of course, Harry would come in the morning. . . .

And when he came—and told her that she was a little fool, and that he had nothing but pity for her girlhood and love for her womanhood—she would let that Rat go free.

In the joy of her heart, she would say to him:

"Get out, poor Rat. I've told my husband everything. Go, before he and my brother and John Geste horse-whip you, break every bone in your body, lash the soul out of you. . . . Go, Sewer-Rat. I forgive you."

Wasn't she a Christian now, and wasn't the very first principle of that religion love, forgiveness?

Had she not read a hundred times, a thousand times, in that Book that Otis had given her, words such as: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone?"

And had not Harry himself told her that he was not without "sin"? And thank God for that.

And was not the whole teaching (the whole religion itself) Mercy and Forgiveness and Understanding—the refusal to sit in judgment?

"Go, sin no more. . . . Thy sins are forgiven thee. . . ."

God knew that she would sin no more.

And surely Harry would forgive her. Otis loved her—knowing what she had been.

If brother-love could be so great and kind and understanding and forgiving, surely lover-love could be greater still?

If Otis could be so kind and generous, so noble and loving and forgiving, surely Harry could—and would—do all that Otis had done, and far more?

Of course, he'd forgive her.

WHY, if he'd lived the life of a—the life of a Spanish Maine—up to the day that they had met, wouldn't she have forgiven him for everything he had done, when he'd told her all about it, after they'd fallen in love?

It would be nothing. She wouldn't forgive him really, though, because she'd have nothing to forgive.

What does a woman care about the faults, the sins, the crimes, of her man, provided they are not faults and sins and crimes against love, against her?

And Harry knew that if he'd been kidnapped when a baby and brought up as a small boy in a den of robbers, a "thieves' kitchen," and taught and trained and made to steal, he'd be a criminal. . . . And if he had escaped from that slum, that criminal environment—some place like the Vieux Port at that awful Marseilles—escaped from it, been saved from it, had thrown it off, and now hated it, and then had met her, fallen in love with her, and told her all about it, wouldn't she have loved him the more because she pitied him as well?

Please turn to Page 52

# Remarkable New Discovery German Scientist Perfects NEW GLAND TONIC

That is producing surprising results in cases of Nerve Weakness, Mental Dullness, Lack of Energy, Headaches, Sleeplessness, and Lack of Concentration, etc.

Actually produced in Germany, now offered for the first time in Australia.

When your nerves have lost their tension and you complain of general fatigue, restlessness, headach, sleeplessness, irritability, disinclination to work, lack of concentration and that nervous feeling, it is high time to do something. Don't let this nervous condition continue. Bear in mind that your whole well-being depends on the condition of the nerves.

Science has now proved that these symptoms are invariably caused by the lack of hormones or internal secretion of certain glands in the blood system. Given an abundant supply of these substances, full robust health with its attendant energy ensues as a matter of course.

Following on the experiments and research of such eminent scientists as Professor Steinach, of Vienna, and Brown-Séquard, of Paris, Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, of Berlin, founder and president of the Berlin Scientific Institute, has discovered a secret process whereby the precious active hormones, which are as necessary to the system as Vitamin, can be actually produced in Germany and is guaranteed perfectly harmless to men and women of all ages, even those in a delicate state of health.

If you suffer from nerve weakness, irritability, low spirits and mental dullness, lack of concentration, mind-wandering or lack of confidence, nervous debility, lack of energy, physical weakness, premature old age, indigestion, liverthiness, constipation, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism or neurasthenia, then "Vito-Gland" is going to help you overcome your trouble.

Mr. J. E. V. O. of N. S. W., on the 6/9/35 says: "Please give me some of your literature for distribution amongst friends, as I am going to R. on Saturday. I have received wonderful benefit from 'Stein's Vito-Gland' and although I am 80 next birthday I am now in every way in perfect health and you can refer anyone you like to me regarding the merits of this wonderful preparation. (Name and address upon request.)"

Mr. J. E. V. O. of P. S. A., on 2/9/35 says: "I cannot speak too highly of what 'Stein's Vito-Gland' has done for my wife. My wife had lost all interest in life and was unable to work but since taking this tonic she is just about her normal self again and is feeling happy and contented, bright, cheerful, and has different aspect altogether. She is now able to do her own housework, a thing she could not do for the past 18 months. I can see a wonderful improvement in her and am quite satisfied and wish to thank you for what you have done for my wife."



"Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, who is one of the most prominent scientists in the world to-day. He founded a special International Reform League, the four international congresses of which were presided over by Dr. Hirschfeld in such instances in Berlin, Copenhagen, London and Vienna. Dr. Hirschfeld also founded the Berlin Scientific Institute, which, in 1922, was taken over by the Prussian Government, the general management of which still remains in the hands of Dr. Hirschfeld."

FREE So that you may learn just how this remarkable New Gland Tonic banishes ill-health and recharges or rejuvenates the body—no matter what the age—with all the strength of youth, then send your name and address, enclosing a 2d. stamp for postage, to the Aust. Dist. Agents for Vito-Gland, A. O. BALDWIN & CO., 54 FITZ ST., SYDNEY, and they will send you free, without obligation under plain sealed cover an interesting and instructive leaflet fully explaining the functioning of the glands, together with full details of Vito-Gland. They will also tell you how you can test Vito-Gland for 10 days in your own home at their risk. Send your name and address now and be sure to enclose 2d. stamp for postage.\*\*\*

## INSIST ON HORLICK'S FOR SUMMER VITALITY ITS MORE THAN A DRINK... ITS A FOOD

### SO FAT HER HUSBAND WAS ASHAMED

### "Agony of Trying to Dress Well"

26 lbs. Down With Kruschen

An excess of fat does more than rob a woman of physical charm: it prevents her from dressing attractively, too. Even husbands are sensitive about this overweight business, one married woman says.

She writes: "My husband was ashamed to walk with me, because I was so fat. Only those people who are fat know the agony of trying to dress well and keep up with the times. I weighed 15 st. 6 lbs. before taking the first bottle of Kruschen. I am on my second bottle now, and am down to 13 st. 8 lbs. or thereabouts. I expect to be down to my normal weight by the end of the winter. When I used to do my daily exercises I was too tired to do my housework. Now I can hop, skip and jump with any of my thinner friends—which sure amazes everyone. They are telling me that I look so much younger. So I think all the credit is due to the daily dose of Kruschen Salts."

—Miss J. G. M.

Kruschen is an ideally balanced blend of six separate mineral salts. The formula represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of Carlsbad, Ems, Kissingen, and other well-known European Spas which have been resorted to for generations



by the over-stout. Only in Kruschen can you get this precise combination of salts. The exact correctness of the formula of every batch of Kruschen is checked by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling.

Thousands of over-stout men and women find in Kruschen Salts, a perfectly safe, sure, and beneficial means of reducing. The "little daily dose" of Kruschen keeps the organs functioning properly every day, and fills you with such a feeling of radiant vitality and vigour that before you know it you are fairly alive with energy, instead of moping around—and reduction follows as a matter of course.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.



## Use Hardie's TILUX for COVERING YOUR BATHROOM and KITCHEN WALLS

TILUX is a Marble-finished, Asbestos Cement Wall Panel. It is always Artistic and Hygienic—Waterproof and Easy to Clean. Available in 8 Beautiful, Colourful Patterns and a variety of sizes. Easily Erected. Only a fraction of the cost of tiles fixed. Write for illustrated pamphlet and samples—FREE!

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MACKAY: Chas. Porter & Sons Ltd.  
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## SPANISH MAINE

Continued from Page 51

WOULDN'T she have taken him in her arms, taken his poor head to her breast, and mothered him and loved him, and loved him, more and more, and evermore?

Of course she would.

And so would he love her even more, when he knew that she had been born into such surroundings, bred in them, brought up in them, been taught and trained and made to be what she had been—and had escaped, been saved, before ever he met her?

He would feel to her exactly as she would have felt toward him, in similar circumstances.

He would.

Would he?

Men are different from women. They have not the same power of forgiveness.

But Harry was different. Harry wasn't an ordinary, heartless kind of man; and theirs was no arranged marriage of convenience. It was love. They had chosen each other from the whole wide world.

Of course Harry would come and take her in his arms; would put her before his mother, his family, his position, his friends, his circle.

But would he?

Could a man love like that? A cold man of the North—an Englishman?

But Harry wasn't cold. Of course he wasn't. His love was a burning fire. Not like hers, naturally, but he was on fire with love for her.

Of course it would make no difference. Had not he himself had—experiences?

But men looked at those things so differently where women—their own women, 'rest a dire—were concerned. With a man it was a peccadillo. With a woman it was mortal sin, defilement, the ultimate horror.

So it would be if, loving Harry, if having married Harry, she did such a thing.

She'd deserve to be tortured by Arab. By Arab women.

Worse still, she'd deserve to lose his love, if ever she committed such a sin as that. That would be the sin against the Holy Ghost that the Bible spoke of. The sin, the unforgivable sin against the Holy Spirit, the spirit of Love, the Holiest Spirit of all.

But as to what had happened before she was saved from Africa, from Bouzen, from that life, from that terrible Street—that was different. It was those who had put her there who had sinned. She had been more sinned against than sinning. Surely?

But this wouldn't do. She must get to bed—to look her best when Harry came to-morrow—if he came.

If only he would.

If only he'd come and—save her.

WHAT had she come down here for?

To shut and lock the door leading on to the terrace.

Oh, and of course, to get the Rat's hat and cloak. She had seen him throw them on to the low white settee, outside the french window.

What could she do with them?

Well—take them upstairs and hide them in her room until she let the Rat out. Or better still, give them to Otis, to-morrow.

He'd know what to do with them. He'd lock them in a wardrobe in his room, no doubt, until the creature was either kicked out into the road or handed over to the police.

How dark it was now that the moon had gone down behind the trees. She'd be able to put her hand on the hat and cloak quite easily though.

Opening the french window, Consuela stepped out on to the terrace and, bending toward the seat, grooved with outstretched hands for the clothing.

And Miguel Braganza struck.

HAD he not stood so long in the darkness against the wall... waiting... waiting... while his blood boiled as he remembered his wrongs and the foul treachery of the man who had been his friend, and had there been more light, he would have spoken first.

And, as a craftsman, he would have done himself more justice. A neat sufficient puncture at the base of the skull.

But he was too insane with anger for coolness and finesse, and the light was not good enough for choice and artistry.

In fact, there was almost no light at all.

In the darkness he saw the darker blur of a figure come between him and the white seat whereon lay the garments—the bait, as it were, the bait for that foul rat.

The bait—and he himself, Miguel Braganza, the human trap to slay that rat.

And so, in the darkness, he struck, with all his strength, at the shapeless form—and felt the stiletto sink to the hilt in its back.

"Ugh!" he grunted as he stabbed, and.

"Take that—from Miguel Braganza," he growled in Spanish, and turned and fled, literally for his life.

It was Harry Vane who found her when he arrived at dawn.

MIGUEL BRAGANZA sits and laughs to himself outside his favorite posada in sunny Spain. He smiles grimly whenever he thinks of how he closed the account between himself and El Señor Manuel Matine.

The police of four countries and two continents still seek for Spanish Maine, the murderer. Was not his cloak found in the dead hands of his victim, Consuela Vanbrugh?

The Priest's Hole at Brandon Abbas maintains his long silence.

The End.

(Copyright)

## Pain Around Your Heart? It's Gas!

Those pains you get around the heart after eating are caused by gas pressure. If you want quick relief get a few ounces of pure Salix Magnesia from your chemist. Take a teaspoonful in half a glass of hot water after meals, and the remarkable speed in results will surprise and delight you. Salix Magnesia contains no artificial disintegrants; no "dope" or harmful drugs of any kind, but is prepared specially to eliminate stomach gas and blot out the excess acids which are the real cause of a gassy stomach. Within 5 minutes after using the pain is gone from around your heart and you will once more be able to take a deep breath so often prevented by gas pressure against your lungs.

Salix Magnesia—recommended by doctors and chemists throughout the civilized world for more than 10 years—is to-day the most scientifically balanced form of magnesia and bismuth available to stomach sufferers—possessing fully twice the pain-relieving speed of other magnesia-bismuth preparations; lentid the lasting curative properties; and by far the most palatable taste.

NOTE—Don't confuse Salix Magnesia with other unsatisfactory forms of magnesia—granular, salines, citrates, etc.—it is always wise to pronounce clearly the name "S-A-L-I-X" Magnesia to your chemist.\*\*\*

## GIVE YOUR CHILD SAFE Teething Powders

Mrs. Chandler writes:—

"I have given your wonderful Infants' Powders to my little boy almost since birth. When cutting his teeth, he would scream, but one of your Infants' Powders always soothed him and ensured a good night's rest for both of us."

Ashton & Parsons world-renowned Infants' Powders may be given to any child with the utmost assurance that they will in no way upset the little system. Pain and distress for the little one during teething can be avoided by giving Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders—the soothing, safe, reliable remedy used by wise mothers for generations.

## ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders for 1/6 at Chemists and Stores. For Free Sample write to Pharmacia (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.



## Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinges. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revelation in quick relief awaits you.

The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating attacks to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.  
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.  
Of all Chemists.



## TOO LATE

What a lot of sadness these words often convey. If you are suffering from Depression, Giddiness, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Constipation in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Hot Flashes, Exhaustion, Failing Memory, etc., that's

## BLOOD PRESURE

Why wait until it is too late? Be on the safe side and avoid a stroke (which may mean sudden death) by taking Dr. Neubauer's German

## ARTERIAL TABLETS

They will make a new man or woman of you. Mrs. Pitt, Throck, says:—

"After taking Arterial Tablets I have been in splendid health. My blood pressure has decreased from 210 to normal."

Price 12/-, 3 weeks; 22/-, 10 weeks; 4/-, trial size.

All leading Chemists or direct from

61 Wellington Street, New S.W. Victoria

"Now I can smoke all I wish  
and not worry about  
SMOKE-STAINED TEETH"



## THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE REMOVES SMOKE STAINS A SAFE WAY

Special stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is not contained in any other leading dentifrice. Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find dull, ugly teeth become naturally white and sparkling.

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth, or an ugly yellow smudge. Now there is a way to keep the faintest smoke trace from showing on your teeth. This way is Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste.

No matter what dentifrice you now use, switch to Pepsodent to-day and make the smokers' test. See how Pepsodent immediately "takes hold" to make teeth cleaner, whiter, more attractive. Let your mirror prove that they gleam with natural whiteness many smokers think impossible to attain.

### It Works in a More Effective Way

In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed especially to remove the film on teeth. It is this film, not the teeth themselves, that smoke discolors. Therefore, this film must be removed if you

want to escape that unnatural yellow color. It is film your dentist tells you to remove in fighting tooth decay and other dental troubles.

### MORE PEPSODENT —Same Price

New processes have cut costs and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you in the new larger tubes at no increase in price.



This remarkable film-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is contained in no other leading dentifrice. Not only does it bring out the natural whiteness of your teeth, but it also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance.

In addition, this "Special Film-Removing tooth paste" has another major distinction. It is the softest... and therefore the safest... of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders as shown by scientific tests.

Try Pepsodent to-day. Not until you do can you know how beautifully white your teeth are.

## PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste — IN NEW LARGER TUBES



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

February 15, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

53

## To Fill Your Home with Grace & Color

For Beauty of Line and Delicacy of Workmanship  
What Could Excel the New Pottery and Scintil-  
lating Glass Pictured Here?

**A** FEW days ago I heard that a shipment of new pottery and crystal was being unpacked in one of our large warehouses. I immediately slipped along to see the lovely stuff as it appeared from its nest of straw and tissue wrappings, and selected some examples for our photographer just to give you an idea of up-to-date products.

**W**HEN I was abroad a few years ago I used to wander around the china and glass sections of the big stores and wish and wish I could bring back this and that set, or that all lovers of china could be there with me to revel in the sheer beauty of the displays.

To-day it is an entirely different story. We can, here in Australia, fill our homes with the loveliest, most decorative, and colorful china and scintillating crystal produced—and at prices to suit every income.

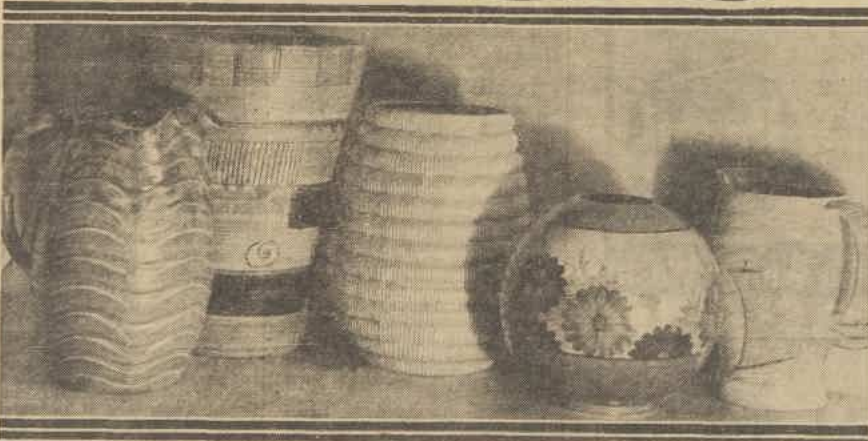
As you can see, there is infinite variety and a profusion of beautiful patterns in these, the very newest arrivals.

### As Used By Royalty

**I** WAS particularly interested in the suite of crystal glassware, exact replicas of that used by the Duke and Duchess of Kent. At the foot of this column you will see a small picture showing a tall comport, goblet, wineglass, tumbler, finger-bowl, and ice-plate—these are but examples. The suite as used by the Duke and Duchess of Kent comprises some 132 pieces. Manufactured by Thomas Webb, of Stourbridge, England, the whole forms a fine example of modern decoration, whilst the graceful and refined lines will at once appeal to the connoisseur and lover of beautiful crystal.

Side by side with this picture

By Our Home  
Decorator



ANYTHING MORE COLORFUL and varied than this collection of Clarice Cliff bowls and flower jugs would be hard to find. Picture to yourself what an addition any one would be to the home.



EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL crystal, modern in design and cut. These are exact copies of a service used by the Duke and Duchess of Kent.



THESE INDIVIDUAL crystal pieces have interesting character, substantial weight, and enduring beauty.



HERE IS CHARM for the home-lover—a colorful floral-embossed table-centre of circular design, with a narrow trough to hold small flowers.



IN THE PHOTOGRAPH above you glimpse the new tall coffee cups with a quaint pot that shows the rings left by the Thrower's hand.

Left: THIS IS the ideal type of dressing-table set for the old-world flowered dressing-table, so fashionable to-day.

such as to harmonise with any bedroom scheme.

The five pieces showing in the large central illustration are inspiring—yet words cannot describe the beauty of color. The flower-jug on the left is designed in shades of brown and green, giving a wavy effect. An old Egyptian piece gave the young artist the cue for the flowerpot-style bowl. The motifs are engraved into this lovely piece in shades of brown and green. The central vase reproduces the effect of raffia-work and is made more beautiful by its honey-color glaze.

### Flower-grace Captured

**A** COLORFUL piece is the globe-shaped vase standing next the galleon jug with its ship a-sail on a turquoise sea.

Those who favor something different in the way of centre-pieces for the dining-table would love to possess this floral-embossed piece pictured next to the crystal. Small flowers, and not too many, are required to make this the piece-de-resistance of any dinner-table.—E.E.G.



**PIANO HINT:** To prevent dampness from spotting your piano, buy a little unaltered lime, make a tiny bag, fill it with the lime, and hang it by a tape just inside the piano. It will then keep quite dry.

**SEWING TIP:** If you are sewing white work, see to it that you wear a black dress or a dark apron. If you are sewing dark material, wear contrasting white apron or dress. By doing this you will save yourself possible eye-strain.

**TO MEND IRON SAUCEPANS:** Place a little sulphur in an old pot or saucepan on the stove to melt. When melted, take two parts of sulphur to one part of fine blacklead, and mix gently. Pour mixture on an iron plate and leave to cool and harden. Break off a piece of cement, put it on cracked part of saucepan, and solder with a hot soldering iron.

**NEWSPAPER AS POLISHER:** Fold a newspaper into a thick wad of paper, small enough to hold in your hand, and use it for giving a final polish to windows and mirrors.

you glimpse a tulip-shaped candlestick standing on a leaf of crystal; a diamond-shaped decanter which is exquisitely cut; next a modern, tall candlestick built up tier on tier of circles of crystal; then, as a direct contrast, a quaint, low, spiral candlestick.

And last, but by no means least, a new, wide-necked, covered jug for pouring honey or tomato sauce. Housewives will

appreciate this piece, inasmuch as it has always been difficult to get wide-necked sauce bottles.

### Modern Coffee Service

**NOW** for a brief description of the china and pottery: Glance for a moment at the coffee-set showing at the top right of the page. This is a Clarice Cliff design, as are all the other lovely

examples of pottery featured on this page. You remember my story about this now famous young woman—how she has risen in a few short years from an obscure worker in the potteries to the greatest ceramic artist of the day?

The picture cannot show you the lovely brown and yellow coloring, but it does convey the tall shapeliness of the design and

(note coffee-pot) the rings left by the Thrower's hand.

### Color and Charm

**BELOW** this coffee-set you see one of the most enchanting dressing-table sets that have ever touched Australian shores. The young designer named this "My Garden Decoration." Embossed flowers are exquisite in their treatment, and the colors are



## STRAIGHT TALK TO A LAST YEAR'S BRIDE —



Rubbing the weekly wash with *lazy* soap suds will soon make an old woman of any Bright Young Thing. The wise ones use active PERSIL suds for whiter clothes with no hard work. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!!



PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

**A PERSIL Wash is a Whiter Wash**

## Oh, my Back!

Backache or sharp twinges when you bend or straighten are symptoms of kidney weakness.



OTHER warning signs are rheumatic twinges, headaches, dizzy attacks, urinary disorders and nervousness. Neglect may prove serious; there is danger of lumbago, rheumatism and sciatica. Don't run any risks! Strengthen the kidneys without delay by using Doans Backache Kidney Pills, the special kidney tonic.

### CURED COMPLETELY

Mrs. W. Ballester, 42 Darbrook Road, Auburn, Sydney, says: "Some twelve months ago I was suffering very much from backache. I was also subject to bad headaches and dizzy attacks. I felt sure my kidneys were not working properly so decided to take a course of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They gave me wonderful relief in a few days and gradually cured me completely."

cannot say enough in praise of this fine kidney remedy and recommend it with every confidence to anyone suffering from backache and kidney trouble. I have also used Doan's Ointment with good results. Two years later, Mrs. Ballester, says: "I have had no return of my old complaint since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cured me."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon

**DOANS**  
Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.

## TEA-POT TALES By JOHN ROGERS



## SIX BEST RECIPES FOR THIS WEEK

Prize-winners in Our Weekly Competition

You will enjoy each of these unusual, tasty recipes sent in from readers, and will want to add them to your culinary repertoire. Have you a good recipe? If you have, write it out, and send it in to our offices, mark the envelope "Best Recipes," and watch to see whether you secure a prize.

SIX cash prizes, first prize £1, second prize 10/-, and four consolation prizes at 2/6 each are awarded each week. Recipes should be economical, tasty, and just a little bit unusual.

Now scan these prize-winning recipes—and then try them!

### LIQUEUR BISCUITS

Six ounces flour, 2oz. each butter and sugar, egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons water.

LIQUEUR JELLY: Half-pint size packet jelly crystals, 1 tablespoon liquor, 1 cup boiling water.

MARZIPAN: Six ounces icing sugar, 2 tablespoons ground almonds, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon warm water.

CHOCOLATE ICING: Six ounces icing sugar, 1½oz. grated chocolate or cocoa, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg-yolk, then water gently, and sifted flour. Roll out thinly, and cut into rounds. Bake golden-brown on greased tin or in patty papers, cool on wire tray, and decorate. Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water, then add liquor. Mix well, and when nearly set place 2 teaspoonful on each biscuit, and cover with marzipan; to the sifted icing-sugar add warm water, beaten egg-yolk, and ground almonds. Mix well, roll out on sugared slab, and cut in strips to wrap round jelly and biscuit. Coat with chocolate icing; place icing-sugar, grated chocolate, and boiling water in enamel saucepan, and stir until warm and smooth. When cool, spread with a wetted knife over jelly and marzipan.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Riley, Rose Terrace, Toowoong, Brisbane.

### CATS' TONGUES

Warm slightly in a basin 5oz. butter; add 4oz. castor-sugar, and beat to a cream; add 2 small eggs, one at a time; add ½oz. ground almonds, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, and 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Beat all well together for 7 minutes, then add 5oz. flour. Squeeze this on to a greased baking-tin through a forcing-bag into six-inch lengths the width of your little finger, and spreading out like a thumb at each end. The tin must be full. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Ice with 1½lb. icing-sugar mixed to a stiff consistency with 2 tablespoons of orange-juice. Stir over the fire till warm. Color with cochineal, and pour over the tongues.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss E. Rowe, 17 Illawarra Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.

### FRENCH COLD MEAT PUDDING

Two ounces suet, 1½lb. chopped cold meat, 2oz. breadcrumbs soaked in boiling milk, 2 eggs, 1 onion, pepper and salt to season, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, gravy.

Hard boil eggs and chop into slices; chop onion and parsley; season to taste. Mix all ingredients well together, and bake in a basin for one hour. Turn out and serve with gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Margery Gray, 41 Mayho St., Bentleigh SE14, Melbourne.

### GOLDEN TOAST

Toast and butter some bread, and cut into six slices. Boil two eggs hard and chop the whites, seasoning with pepper and salt. Make a nice thick white sauce and stir the chopped whites into it. Spread a thin layer of anchovy paste over the buttered toast, cover with the white mixture, and grate the hard-boiled yolks thickly over each square. Serve very hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Daisy Leedham, Private Bag, Campbell Town, Tas.

### HONEY LEMON PIE

Take 1 tablespoon butter, melt in a saucepan, and stir into it 1 tablespoon flour. Remove from fire, add juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup honey, and 2 beaten egg-yolks. Mix well together, stir in 1½ cups milk, and cook over a gentle heat till thick and creamy. Line a pie-dish with a good short pastry, partly cook it; then pour in the honey mixture. Cover with a meringue made from the egg-whites beaten very stiffly and sweetened with castor-sugar. Cook in a medium oven till a golden-brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Casperson, 34 Hornsey Rd., Flemington, N.S.W.

### LEAF YEAR CAKE

One pound dates, 1½lb. currants, 1½lb. sultanas, 1½lb. chopped almonds, 1 tablespoon preserved ginger (cut fine), 1½lb. sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 3 eggs, 1½lb. butter, 1½lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon card. soda, a little nutmeg.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, and mix in golden syrup. Then mix in plain flour (to which card. soda and nutmeg have been added), and lastly add fruit and nuts cut fine (if desired). Bake in a slow oven for 3 hours. This cake will keep for six months.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Watkins, 1 Rose St., Norwood, S.A.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL  
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazingly making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only, 1/3 and 1/2. Repeat a substitute, etc.

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Quick! Learn about the new toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes. Never have you known anything so easy.

New Veet's it's called. It looks and feels and smells like a beauty cream. Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned nasty-smelling depilatories. New Veet is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturer, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 3679 65 (Dept. 387 M.), Sydney, N.S.W.

## Weak POOR Stomach HEALTH

Sick Stomach means acid fermentation, gas pressure on the heart, twinges, diarrhoea, indigestion. Heart, chest and abdominal pain, burning sensation, sour taste, dislike of food, distension—these mean misery. Get ease and restoration! Through Frost, H. Maclean, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, millions have found stomach peace this way. And, more for Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder adds to instant relief, recuperation of both stomach and bowels. Perpetual dosing no longer necessary. To end both cause and effects of your disorder, get genuine Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder. A sure shield in cases of Indigestion, Gastritis, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Palpitation, Ulceration, Sick Headache, Sourness, Bilelessness, etc. Why lose health and risk an operation through stomach derangement, when Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder can so quickly, surely make you better? Eat like a youngster again—without fear! Results are astonishing. Chemist sell HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder at 4/6d. or package posted to order. (Add ad. post.) Amalgamated Laboratories, Carrington-st., Sydney.

To Get Better—Better Get

**Harrison-Maclean STOMACH POWDER**

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FOR OVER 40 YEARS EUCRASY HAS WON unbroken success as a complete remedy for the drink habit. May be given secretly or taken willingly. Outraged harmless. Not costly. Hundreds of voluntary testimonials proving Eucrasia is absolutely dependable. Call or write today for Free Sample, Booklet, Testimonial. Only Address: Dept. U.

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No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be uncomfortable. FAST-TEETH-VASCLYN, a new, greatly improved powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds them firm and comfortable. No rummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Deodorize. Get FAST-TEETH-VASCLYN to-day from any good chemist.\*\*\*



# Nature's Perfect Food . . .



**CARAMEL CUSTARD PUDDING** is a change from the inevitable milk pudding. Light and easily digested, it will be liked by children as well as adults.

## MILK

.... the basis of these wholesome, nourishing and attractive dishes

By . . .  
**RUTH FURST**  
Cookery Expert to  
The Australian Women's Weekly



**FRUIT BLANCMANGE** is quite a luxury-looking dish, delicious to the taste, and yet it costs only a little more to make than the everyday type of blancmange.

**D**OCTORS and students of nutrition avow that children should consume in some form or other one quart of milk daily — adults one pint. This amount for children is essential, inasmuch as it supplies calcium, phosphorus, protein, and fats, in the right proportion, to build up bone and muscle. . . Here are ideal ways of combining milk with other foods so that the whole family may benefit.

**A**S all wise housewives know, absolute cleanliness in the care of milk is essential. Seeing that it is an excellent culture medium for bacteria—likely to produce disease germs—receptacles should be kept scrupulously clean.

Where refrigerators and ice-chests are not, a cool spot well away from dust and flies should be selected, and light covers of muslin or organdy used; these to be washed and scalded regularly.

Now for some very attractive, sweet

and savory ways of using milk in the daily diet.

### BAKED CUSTARD

Half a pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, nutmeg.  
Beat eggs well, add sugar, then milk, pour into a greased pyrex. pie dish, sprinkle with nutmeg. Cook in a



**MILK JELLY** set in border mould and served with stewed fruit in centre and around.

moderate oven until set, taking about half an hour. Serve either hot or cold with stewed fruit.

### BREAD AND MILK

Half a pint milk, 1 slice bread, hot water, sugar to taste.  
Remove crust from the bread and cut into 1-inch squares. Place in a bowl or cup and pour on about two tablespoons boiling water. Cover with a saucer. Boil the milk and sugar, remove any water from the bread, pour on the boiling milk. Serve at once.

### LEMON SOUFFLE

Two dessertspoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 lemon, 1 cup milk.  
Cream butter and sugar. Add rind and juice of lemon, then sifted flour, yolks of eggs, lastly the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Pour into well-greased pie dish or pyrex. Stand in baking-dish of water. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Serve at once very hot with cream or custard.

### BAKED RICE

Two ounces rice, 1 pint milk, 1½ sugar, nutmeg.  
Wash rice in 2 or 3 waters until quite clear and put into a greased pyrex dish, add milk and sugar, grate a little nutmeg over the top, and bake in a very slow oven from 1 to 1½ hours. Serve either hot or cold with stewed fruit.

### LUNCHEON DISH

Cooked fish, white sauce, mashed potato, green peas, anchovy sauce, butter, milk.  
Flake the fish, removing any bones. Strain carefully into the white sauce, add anchovy sauce, and pour into a greased fireproof dish. Mash the potatoes very well; add butter and milk. Put into forcing-bag and, with large pipe, force it on top of the fish, piling well to the centre. Bake in moderate oven till brown. Serve at once garnished with peas.

### CARAMEL CUSTARD PUDDING

Four eggs, 1 pint milk, 3oz. sugar, vanilla, 2oz. loaf sugar, juice 1 lemon.  
Dissolve loaf sugar in a saucepan, place over the gas and allow to become a rich golden-brown color. Pour into a wetted mould and cover every part of the mould with it. Beat eggs well, add sugar, milk and vanilla. Mix well together, then pour this into prepared mould, steam gently till set, about 1 to 1½ hours. Turn out and serve hot with cream, or it may be iced and then served as a cold sweet.



**IT CERTAINLY LOOKS** as if three-year-old John Grant Robertson loves milk. He likes our sun, too. Only a few months out from "Lantern," his skin is already honeygold in color—and he's putting on weight!

Place on ice. Turn out and serve with whipped cream.

### MILK SOUP

One pint milk, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, salt, cayenne, croutons.  
Peel onion and cut into four. Boil in the milk till soft. Strain. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour. Cook for 1 minute. Add the flavored milk. Stir over low flame till it boils and thickens. Add seasoning to taste. Serve very hot with croutons of fried or toasted bread.

### MILK JELLY

One pint milk, 1oz. powdered gelatine, 2 dessertspoons sugar, thinly-peeled strip of lemon rind, 2 dessertspoons cold water.

Soak gelatine in cold water for half hour. Bring milk, sugar, and lemon rind to the boil. Remove rind and cool mixture slightly, pour on to gelatine, and stir till dissolved. Stir occasionally till consistency of cream. Pour into wetted dariole moulds. Leave on ice till set. Turn out and serve with stewed fruit.

### VELVET PUDDING

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons corn-flour, 2 eggs, essence, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Blend the cornflour with a little milk. Put the remainder of the milk on to boil, and when boiling stir in the cornflour. Cook for 2 minutes. Add sugar, yolks, and essence. Pour into a greased pie dish, stand in a tin of cold water, and bake in moderate oven for 10 minutes. Beat the whites stiffly, add 3 tablespoons sugar, and heap roughly over the mixture. Return to oven till meringue is crisp and a pale brown.

### QUEEN PUDDING

Half pint milk, 1 egg, 2 slices stale bread, 1 tablespoon sugar, jam, pink sugar.

Make breadcrumbs and place in a basin; pour on boiling milk, add yolk of egg and sugar. Pour into small, greased pyrex dish and cook in a moderate oven until set—about 1 hour. Cool slightly, spread thin layer of jam on top, beat white of egg to a stiff froth, add 2 tablespoons sugar, spread slightly over the jam, and place in a cool oven till slightly brown. Sprinkle pink sugar on top.

### THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL RECIPE

#### ST. HONORE TART

TWO ounces butter, 4oz. plain flour, 1 pint water, 3 eggs, cream, sugar, vanilla, glace syrup.

Roll butter and water. Stir in off the fire the sifted flour. Then stir over gentle heat till it forms one ball and leaves sides of saucepan. Turn into basin, and when cold add gradually the well-beaten eggs. Spread half mixture in a well-greased sandwich-tin; then force the remainder in the form of a row of balls round the edge. Bake in a hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Make the glace syrup (recipe given below). When pastry and syrup are cool pour syrup gently over and leave till set. Whip the cream with sugar and essence. Fill high in centre of tart, and serve.

**GLACE SYRUP:** Put 4oz. loaf sugar into saucepan, add 3 tablespoons cold water, stand 15 minutes. Dissolve over very low heat. Bring to the boil. Add thermometer and boil to 300deg. Then use as directed.

#### FRUIT BLANCMANGE

Two cups milk, 2 tablespoons corn-flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Blend cornflour with a little milk. Put remainder on to boil with the sugar and, when almost boiling, pour on to cornflour. Mix well, return to the saucepan, and stir till it boils and thickens, add the dates and nuts. Pour into wetted mould



Made from the finest Australian Seville Oranges

## ORANGE MARMALADE

● You will thoroughly enjoy this delightful Orange Marmalade. Try it on toast for breakfast, the tempting appearance and appetising "true fruit" flavor at once appeals to all. Like all Rosella Jams, it is

Packed in Hygienic Gold-lined Cans.

● Other Rosella favorites from these popular Jams and Jellies include:

MIRA PLUM  
RASPBERRY  
BLACK CURRANT

and QUINCE  
SOLUS APRICOT  
STRAWBERRY

Insist on

**Rosella**  
47 JAMS & JELLIES

## Something New in Junkets



real fresh fruit flavours

Your family have always liked junket—you've always known it was good for them. Now you can make Junkets that are different—more delicious, more attractive, more tempting! Use Hansen's Essence for Making Fruit Junkets—it comes in four delightful fresh fruit flavours, and it's so easy to use, too! Just mix the required amount with lukewarm sweetened milk, let set, and your dessert is made! Hansen's Essence never fails!

Order some Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence to-day from your grocer and try these delicious sweets right away.

● If you prefer plain junket, Hansen's well-known Junket Tablets can be found at all grocers.

**HANSEN'S**  
Essence for making  
**FRUIT JUNKETS**  
ORANGE—LEMON  
RASPBERRY—VANILLA



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### NEW SNAPDRAGONS

(Disease Resistant)

Enormous flowers—on tremendous spikes nearly a foot in length; blooms of rich, pure coloring; and constitutions that defy disease are qualities possessed by our New Rust Proof Maximum Snapdragons. Tall, extra long stems. Ideal for cutting, or for garden display.

CAMPFIRE—luminous scarlet, yellow lip; LOVELINESS—lively soft rose, extra large blooms; COFFEE SHADES—the fashionable colours; PINK SHADES—from silver blue through to lovely deep rose; MIXED—a splendid range of the best colours.

The present is an ideal time to sow Snapdragons. PRICE: All at 1/6 packet, Post Free. SPECIAL OFFER: The Set of Four named for 5/-, by Five Packets for 6/-, POST FREE.

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# Bulbs to Grow in Pots and Bowls

A list of reliable kinds to grow, so that, wherever you live, you may have an enchanting indoor garden

To those of you who love flowers blooming in the house, and for those who live where they cannot have a garden, the Old Gardener addresses these words: Now is the time to plant spring-flowering bulbs in pots. You may make your choice from daffodils, tulips, freesias, hyacinths, lilies-of-the-valley, and by springtime you will have exquisite, wee gardens blooming from pots.

By  
THE OLD  
GARDENER

LOVERS of flowering bulbs, especially those people living in flats and cramped areas in our large cities, will be preparing their pots, tubs, window-boxes, and bowls ready for planting their spring bulbs.

There is a host of varieties from which to choose. Strong-growing bulbs, such as daffodils, tulips, freesias, and hyacinths all make splendid and attractive displays, and they are easily cultivated.

In a 4 to 6-inch pot, plant half-a-dozen to a dozen bulbs, according to their size, and plant about one inch apart. Use good, rich, fibrous, loamy soil, with a little sharp sand thoroughly mixed in. On no account use fresh manure. A little well-decayed manure, thoroughly rubbed through the soil, is good.

Secure soil which has been heavily manured for a previous crop. A few shovelfuls of this soil, mixed with sand, is ideal.

See that pots or vessels used are thoroughly washed and dried before adding the soil. Add plenty of crocks—broken pieces of pots, clinders, rubble, or any such material. Place in the bottom of the vessel to ensure a good drainage system.

The bulbs should be planted well down so that each crown is at least an inch below the surface.

After planting, soak thoroughly, and place pots in a cool, shady position. In a very short



DAFFODILS LIKE THESE grown in moss fibre can bring charm and loveliness to your rooms. They are very easy to grow—no drainage being needed.

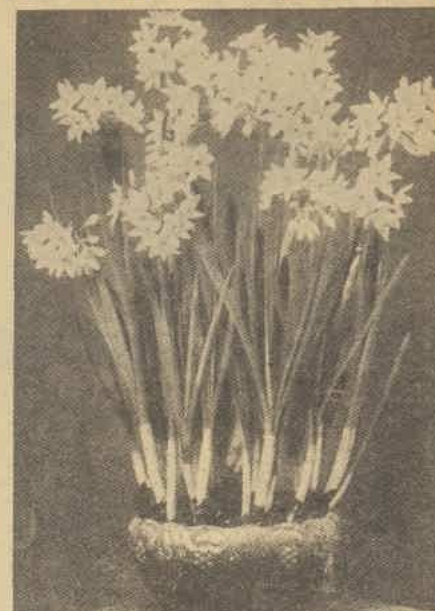
while the young shoots will appear. The pots should then be lifted into an open position where they receive plenty of morning sun. This will give the bulbs a chance to develop a good root system. During the growing period, plenty of water is all they need, then in the late winter or early spring you will be rewarded with a splendid display of flowers when other blooms in the garden are scarce.

All kinds of vessels can be used for bulb-growing for indoors or on verandahs. I have seen jam-jars, old cans, tins, and various other utensils used with success. The smallest home can have its show at very little expense, and the work is interesting as well as useful.

BULBS may be produced in moss fibre as well as in soil. Daffodils and hyacinths especially grow well this way. Pots, bowls, or vases are used, and no drainage is required. Place a few lumps of charcoal in the bottom, moisten the moss fibre well, squeeze almost dry, and pack it in tightly over the bulbs just to cover them.

After planting them, place in a dark, cool place where they receive plenty of fresh air until they begin to make good growth. Keep the moss damp, but not saturated.

Moss fibre can be purchased at almost any of our seed merchants. The growing of bulbs in glass vessels is very interesting, as you can watch the whole process of growth.



A BOWL of fragrant jonquils which, like the daffodils showing at left, were grown in moss fibre.

LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY are among our most popular flowers—easy of cultivation, and a magnificent pot-plant. The secret of success with them is to select the right situation.

In warm climates, such as that around Sydney, a damp bed with a southerly aspect is best for them. It must be shaded from direct sunlight. In cooler climates they do not, of course, require such protection so long as they have a damp situation, thoroughly drained. The soil should contain plenty of leaf mould and no manure whatsoever.

Plant for outdoor culture, from June to August. For pot-plants, from August to September.

If growing the bulbs in pots, place the pots under glass or in a warm situation so that the young plants will be forced along, and in six weeks from planting time they will commence to bloom.

Growing them by this method will stop the pots from becoming dry. Damp conditions are necessary. Once established, they can, with care, be divided up each year. Plant in beds by themselves and they will spread very rapidly and will continue to bloom for several years.

## IS THIRTY TOO OLD FOR ROMANCE?

PLANNING SOME PRETTY CLOTHES FOR YOUR HOLIDAY, NAN?  
YOU MAY MEET SOME NICE MAN

OH, WHAT'S THE USE? WHEN A GIRL'S OVER THIRTY SHE'S ON THE SHELF. MEN AREN'T INTERESTED. I'VE DISCOVERED THAT

NONSENSE! I'M OVER THIRTY  
...MARRIED... TWO YOUNGSTERS  
... BUT I DON'T CONSIDER  
I'M ON THE SHELF

JANE, FROM OUR SCHOOL DAYS YOU'VE BEEN POPULAR. I HAVEN'T

NAN, WE'RE SUCH OLD FRIENDS THAT I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A HINT... ABOUT 'BO'... AND LIFEBOUYS PURIFYING LATHER

OH, JANE! ... THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME. I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF 'BO'S' ADS. BUT I NEVER DREAMED THAT I...

IS AUNTIE NAN GOING TO USE LIFEBOUY LIKE ME, MUMMY? I JUST LOVE IT. I'M GOING TO USE IT WHEN I'M A BIG LADY, TOO

GOOD FOR YOU, PET. THEN EVERYBODY WILL LIKE YOU

NO 'BO.' NOW to spoil Nan's charm!

I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME DOWN, JANE. I'M HAVING THE GRANDEST HOLIDAY—THANKS TO YOUR HINT

I CAN SEE YOU ARE! THE YOUNG GIRLS COMPLAIN YOU'RE STEALING THE MEN AWAY FROM THEM

NOW I KNOW WHY YOU ALWAYS FEEL SO FRESH AND COOL

OF COURSE IT'S THESE GRAND LIFEBOUY BATHS

For Summer Comfort. Bathe often with Lifebouy. It relieves that hot-day fatigue, makes you feel brand new and so gloriously clean and fresh. It has the richest lather, with a refreshing hygienic scent that vanishes as you rinse.

—and Skin Health

That rich Lifebouy lather doesn't only stop "B.O." (body odour)—a risk we all must guard against—it deep cleanses the pores of waste matter, gets right at the root of skin troubles and gives your skin a chance to become clear and radiantly healthy.

Millions say... "It agrees with my skin."



# FOR the EASTER BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU

- Bertha Maxwell presents a new and lovely design for a lingerie set, and offers exclusive hand-cut patterns for the three-piece slim-fitting set shown hereunder . . .

IF YOU are to be married at Easter, there is just time for you to add this lovely little set to your trousseau. The garments are simplicity itself; gentle, sloped lines to suit all types of figures, and set well under frocks, with a tiny, dainty repeating rosebud arranged in such a manner that when you are working it you are also putting the garment together, so to speak.

And if you are not interested in wedding finery, you may need a pretty new slip to keep or to give away, a lovely present for anyone to receive.

ONE commonly hears the remark that it does not pay to make underwear, which is not true, and never was true. Beautiful and cheap as the ready-mades may be, they cannot compare with the lovely work of your own hands in appearance, and as for price—well, never have materials been so cheap as they are now.

Send to your favorite store for patterns and prices of silks and rayons for underwear, and you will be delighted at some of the shining fabrics which may be bought for one shilling a yard, or even less. And when you consider



THE GARMENTS shown on this page will accentuate the slender effect of a classic wedding gown such as this.

THE subtle cut of the garments illustrated on this page will give you grace and slenderness—not an iota will be added to your girth.



SHOWING portion of Bertha Maxwell's transfer design for square-necked nightdress, slip, panties. Rosebuds very simple, for net applique, embroidered edges, or other methods. Price 1/3.

## Material to Use

THE amount of money you wish to spend will be the first guide to the material; if you must keep the cost down, and want something as good as possible in lustre and appearance, you cannot do better than use one of the rayons or artificial silks, which give excellent service and endure hard laundering.

But remember when you are buying these materials, it is just as important to buy a good one as it is to buy a good cotton or real silk; and if you do not know how to tell this for yourself, ask your shopman and take his advice. Very lovely rayons are as low as sixpence a yard, but it is best to buy at round about a shilling if possible.

Real silks begin with the Fuji types, at about a shilling to two shillings a yard; they are good and beautiful. Crepe-de-chine costs more, and can be very costly in the higher qualities. With care it launders well, and is lovely to the last; it should not be bought at very low rates, as it cannot be really good and lasting when very cheap, for it has always been a difficult material to make in heavy weights.

## The Transfer

AN expanding rosebud, composed of a few strong curves of satin-stitching with a few leaves for the central motifs—this is the theme of the design. Where it runs into borders away from the centres of the necks, it has been simplified to long scallops bearing one rosebud at intervals.

The whole design responds to soft, beautiful stitching, and yet it is unbelievably quick to work. It may be

THESE rosebud motifs will do charming things to lovely undies. See article.

clipped up in many ways to suit one's own ideas, and is a handy design to buy and put aside until wanted. The sheet measures 20 inches by 20 inches, and gives one complete square neck, three extra motifs, as shown inside the neck space, and about 1½ yards of bordering.

## Net Applique

THIS design remains a firm favorite in more ways than one, for it wears excellently and is very becoming. It is so simple that the new worker may try it with confidence. A doubled strip of net is tacked at the back of the edge of silk, coming well down behind the fabric so that it is sewn strongly in place with the embroidery.

The design is then transferred to the material, about a quarter of an inch from the cut edge.

Then take two or three threads of silk floss in the needle and outline the pattern, placing an extra line of padding stitches over the double lines of the buds and leaves. There are two ways of doing the rest of the work: satin-stitch the design over the running and padding, and cut away the upper surplus material afterwards, or cut away the fabric round the outer edge of the design just about an inch ahead of the needle, and cover the cut edge with the satin-stitching.

Do not cut away much at a time, as it may fray and ruin the piece of work. All the rosebuds would look very pretty cut away from their scallops and placed just inside an edging of lace. Coffee tints are first favorites in laces; net edgings may also be coffee-colored, and are much liked in cream shades. The stitching may be worked in self or realistic pastel shades.



EXPERTLY-CUT patterns of the above lovely garments obtainable on application. Price, 2/6 the set.

that from seven to nine yards will make this trousseau set, according to your size, you will realise the astounding value of sewing for yourself in your spare hours.

This is one of the sweetest sets we have ever prepared for our readers. The nightdress has a square neck and very long simple lines, the slip has the straight top, which is so much liked and smooth, shaped lines, and the knickers are just right. Buy the material you prefer—just the quantity given in the directions below for your size—then set to work and see how quickly you will become the proud possessor of these beautiful things.

These are the prices of the patterns and transfer, procurable exclusively from this office.

Transfer measuring 20 x 20 inches, giving square neck as shown in drawing, with three extra rosebuds-and-leaves groups for slip and knickers, and about 1½ yards of matching border. Price, 1/3.

Exclusive hand-cut patterns of 3-piece set, comprising nightdress, slip and knickers to fit 22, 24 and 26 inch

best measurements (other sizes, including X.O.S. and O.S., will be specially cut on application at no extra cost). Price 2/6. Patterns may be purchased separately: Nightgown 1/-, slip 5d., panties 5d.

## The Making

MATERIAL required for the set: 7yds. of 36-inch, and 1yd. of 36-inch ecru net.

There are six pattern pieces: half-back and front nightgown, half-back and front gore and side gore of slip, half knickers.

To cut out, lay centre back and front of nightgown and centre front and back gore of slip to the fold of material, cut side gore of slip and knicker pattern double.

Allow for seams and hems and match notches. Join with french seams and make four 4-inch pin-tucks at each side of back and front nightgown for necessary fitting.

Cut the net into strips 6 inches wide, fold in half and tack firmly in place. Embroider design, then cut away surplus net on wrong side.

## Any time

# You can use this underarm deodorant

**THINK** what this means! An underarm deodorant which you can use *any time*—when you stop to freshen up in the middle of a busy shopping day, an afternoon of bridge or an evening of dancing.

Because Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing, you can use it *after* you're dressed just as well as before.

It takes only half a minute to apply this dainty deodorant cream. A little on your finger-tip to each underarm—and you need not worry about unpleasant underarm odors for that day!

And this is something you'll be glad to know—Mum is really soothing to the skin. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum interferes in no way with natural perspiration. It simply destroys offending odour. You can get Mum at all chemists and better-class stores: Price 1/6, Double Size 2/6.

**"MUM IS OUR STAND-BY FOR THIS, TOO,"** women say: "On sanitary nights it guarantees freedom from unpleasantness."

**MUM** Take the odour out of perspiration



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with the "Slimform" PERFORATED LATEX GIRDLE AND UPLIFT BRASSIERE

TEST THESE AMAZING GARMENTS FOR 10 DAYS WITHOUT COST

FIGURE QUICKLY FAULTS CORRECTED

UNSIGHTLY HIPS PERMANENTLY BEAUTIFIED

FAT VANISHES CONTOUR RETURNS

SYMMETRIZES ABDOMEN AND DIAPHRAGM

SAGGING BUSTS INSTANTLY CORRECTED

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No Drugs . . . No Exercise . . . You Eat Normal Meals . . . and yet we Guarantee you will Reduce at least 3 Inches in 10 Days or it will Cost you Nothing.

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102 NATIONAL BUILDING,  
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## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

### Some Infectious Diseases and Their Treatment

By MARY TRUBY KING

How often one hears mothers saying, "No, John hasn't had the measles yet, but he's bound to get them when he starts going to school."

Unfortunately, in many cases, their words come true, on account of some other mother failing to keep her sick child at home, thus starting an epidemic throughout the school.

IF your child seems to tire very easily, has a "running nose" or weepy eyes, or a temperature, KEEP HIM AT HOME AND IN BED. Don't let him spread the infection round his classroom.

The incubation period of Measles is from 10 to 14 days. On the fourth or fifth day a rash appears, first on the forehead, then on the cheeks and behind the ears. Finally it extends to the neck and whole body. The eyelids are inflamed, and there may be nose-bleeding.

The child who has measles must be isolated, and the room kept dark. On no account must he be allowed to read or look at picture-books or use his eyes for any close work. The quarantine period is three weeks.

The germ of Chickenpox is carried by the air, and is very infectious. This disease starts suddenly, a rash appearing on the face and scalp, and later on the body, arms and legs. To the untrained eye the spots at first appear very similar to measles, but they form blisters, sometimes within a few hours. These dry up, leaving a scab which later comes off without leaving a scar.

The incubation period of chickenpox is from 11 to 21 days, and the period of quarantine is three weeks, or until all the scabs have fallen off.

### Consult a Doctor

THE Diphtheria germ is usually contracted by inhaling it direct from an infected person, or a "carrier," but may also be contracted by inhaling dust containing the germ, or by placing toys (on which the germ has lodged) in the mouth, or by kissing an infected person. Diphtheria is a very serious disease, and a doctor should be immediately called if it is suspected.

The incubation period of diphtheria is from 2 to 10 days. The child has a headache, looks ill, vomits, and complains of a sore throat, upon which white patches may be seen. Strict isolation is necessary, preferably in hospital.

The incubation period of Influenza is 2 to 3 days. The child has no appetite, a temperature, a discharge from the eyes and nose, and body pains. There are many varieties of the flu, all requiring bed till the fever has subsided, and isolation from other members of the family.

The symptoms of Mumps are fever, vomiting, swelling of the neck, and sometimes diarrhoea. The incubation period is from 10 to 21 days. The glands of the neck swell, and require fomentations to relieve the pain. The patient has difficulty in swallowing, and should have a light liquid diet. Isolation should be continued for a week after all swelling has disappeared.

The incubation period of Scarlet Fever is from 1 to 3 days. There is rapid rise of temperature, sore throat and headache. This stage of the disease is most infectious, so in all cases of high temperature, sore throat, and headache a doctor should be called immediately.



CHILDREN love to catch their toys. It is almost impossible to prevent them doing so, but be certain at least that they handle nothing that has been in contact with sufferers from any infectious disease.

A rash appears on the first or second day after the sore throat. It is scarlet, as the name of the disease implies, being of a diffuse redness all over the body. When this disappears, the skin peels. Isolation is necessary for at least six weeks. Very great care must be taken in disinfecting the child's clothes and bedding. Toys used while the child is ill should be burnt—likewise the books he has handled.

The incubation period of Whooping Cough is from 1 to 14 days. At first an ordinary cough or cold is noticed. Two weeks or so later, a dry, hard cough develops, usually ending in a whoop. It is a most distressing cough, giving rise to vomiting and exhaustion. If there is much vomiting, food should be given after attacks to prevent serious loss of weight. Give plenty of fluid. Whooping cough is very infectious. Isolate the child, keeping him indoors in an airy room for the first week.

Do not let the whooping cough patient come in contact with other children till after the eighth week. The cough may persist even longer than this.

Never neglect what appears to be a "simple cold." Most of the above diseases start off with the appearance of a cold. In all cases of suspected infectious diseases a doctor should be immediately consulted, and the child should have skilled nursing throughout their duration.

Children who are cooped up in hot, stuffy rooms, fed irregularly, and denied the blessings of the sun and jogger exercise are especially liable to fall prey to disease of every kind.

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### HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

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Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

### TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of notepaper, showing date and page to which par was published.

(b) Give full name and address and state. Unsolicited contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

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Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

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### PATENTERS

See special notice on the Patent Page. Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d. for every five.

"Why do I often feel like this?"



### The Answer to a Question Many Women are Asking

Thousands of women, and men too, live in a perpetual state of ill-health and are at a loss to know the reason why. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the cause is acid dyspepsia. With the stomach in a constant state of sourness you are bound to get the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, over-strung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. To restore normal health it is necessary to overcome the habitual sourness of the stomach and this can be most effectively accomplished with 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the supreme stomach remedy with over 20 years' reputation for unfailing efficacy. A teaspoonful of powder, or 2 to 4 tablets, three times daily after meals, never fails to work wonders. If you have the symptoms described above, why not try putting your stomach right? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and start your recovery to-day by taking the first dose after your next meal—its restorative effect will be a revelation to you.

### 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

#### Banishes Stomach Ills

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismar' Trade Mark.

### TODAY'S FINEST SALMON VALUE

To suit all tastes, Ally—the always reliable brand—is now obtainable in two grades.

### RED LABEL

The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

### GOLD LABEL

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.



ALLY SALMON

### HEADACHE NEURALGIA

For over 16 years Vincent's A.P.C. has given relief from headache and neuralgia to thousands of Australians. Prepared on scientific hospital formula; prescribed and adopted by doctors as a safe, speedy and reliable preparation to take. Will not affect the heart. Powders and Tablets (12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6). Single 2d. each. Also new "Pucker Skin" Tablets, 1/6 tin. All Chemists and Druggists, or direct from Vincent's Chemical Company Limited, 75 Liverpool Street, Sydney.

VINCENT'S APC

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

## FLY-TOX

is DIFFERENT it KILLS

It is not the quantity of insect spray you use, but the quality that counts. That is why Fly-Tox is recommended the world over. It kills. Spray Fly-Tox before retiring, and every mosquito in the room will die.

Fly-Tox is guaranteed effective; it kills flies, mosquitoes, ants, fleas, moths, bugs, and all other insects. Insist on genuine Fly-Tox; its quality makes it economical.

COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS

INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## THIS WAY to Brighter Eyes...

Some sensible advice on their care, and a few make-up tricks for you to try

SOMEbody said to me the other day: "I wish I had lovely eyes. How I envy those people with big, shining eyes, long-lashed. Just look at mine! Now, I ask you, what chance have I to look beautiful?" In reply, I told her what I'm going to tell you just in case you feel a bit despondent about the "windows of your soul."

By EVELYN

MY first question to this dejected girl was: "What do you do for eye care?"

"Nothing. Why bother?"

Why bother—the same old attitude. Why bother—seeing that two-thirds of face beauty lies in eye beauty!

First of all, every girl needs to take reasonable care of her eyes, to rest them when they are tired, not to strain them, and to use a good tonic or eye-wash in eye-cup or dropper, when they have been exposed to wind or dust—and that means daily!



"... a touch of brilliantine..."

Redness of the lids or inflammation of the minute blood-vessels should be guarded against. Those well versed in beauty care tell me they get magical relief from both these troubles by soaking pads in hot tea brewed from green tea, and placing these over their eyes for ten minutes or so. The pads should be kept as hot as is comfortable during that ten minutes.

This treatment tones up the muscles in addition to clearing away the inflammation.

The daily eye bath is, however, necessary. A weak solution of boracic acid lotion (one level teaspoon to a pint of boiling water) is good; cold salt water or an epsom salts solution are also advised. Allow half a teaspoonful of epsom salts to a breakfast-cup of water and bathe the eyes with this, using an eye-cup.



"... curl with moustache wax."

Massage is necessary if lines and "crow's feet" have made their appearance. As the skin beneath the eyes is shell-like in its quality you must be exceptionally careful in massage. The movements should be light, gentle, soothing. Smear on cream or oil generously, and work in gentle tap-tap movements or spiral-like movements, always working in towards the nose and up and out over the eyelids.

From time to time I have given you little hints in the art of make-up.



SHOWING the right method of eye massage. Work gently in towards the nose under the eye and out and up over the eyelids.

For instance, I have told you how to make your eyes appear larger and really brilliant if a touch of brilliantine is given the upper lid. Some use skin food, others vaseline, but brilliantine gives them a more shiny effect.

Now, instead of using mascara try brushing them with moustache wax. I understand (though I have not yet tried it myself) that it will not come off, nor has it the drying effect of mascara. Use either black or brown moustache wax. Brush it on with an ordinary eyelash-brush, and if all is true that is said of it, your eyelashes will stand out, curl beautifully, and will grow longer!

Every night, if yours are scraggy and thin, you should, in the interests of long thick lashes, and lovely eyebrows, brush them with warm olive oil. The upper eyelashes should be brushed upwards, and the eyebrows trained to follow the brush in whatever direction you want them to go. Just a touch of rouge on each ear lobe will make your eyes look brighter; and try, too, a tiny spot of rouge on the inside corner of each eye.



"... warm olive oil for lashes..."



IT MAY BE CONSOLING to readers to know that even the eyes of famous film stars are made more lovely by constant care and skilful make-up. Here you glimpse the laughing eyes of Jean Parker, M.G.M. star. Her eyelashes are her own—made thick and curly with unceasing attention.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Some months ago I sent my daughter to one of the capital cities to consult a well-known doctor. She was always ailing—headaches, pains in her limbs, vomiting—and was very nervous. She went into hospital for treatment, and after about three weeks her doctor wrote and told me she was suffering from hysteria. Don't you think this is ridiculous and that I had better consult another doctor?

CONSULT another doctor if you wish, and if it would make you feel more satisfied. But do not assume that your present doctor is incorrect in his diagnosis.

Hysteria is a very real complaint, and difficult to cure unless specialised treatment is given. The doctor now in charge of your daughter will advise you whom

to consult, only too gladly, if the treatment he considers necessary is not one he specialises in.

The causes of hysteria, which may manifest itself in almost limitless ways, until fairly recently, have been as puzzling as its symptomatology.

It is no exaggeration to state that hysteria, although a purely functional disorder without organic change in the nervous system or other body organ, may, nevertheless, simulate any known physical disease, no matter what its kind.

This does not mean—as some, indeed, think it means—that hysteria is pure fake. Patients with hysteria actually suffer. They may have pain. They may be unable to move the limb, if hysterical paralysis exists; they absolutely are unable to see, if hysterical blindness exists. There may be spasms, speech difficulty, vomiting, even fever.

Believing an organ of the body to be diseased, they may experience symptoms of such disease, although the organ itself is healthy and sound.

HYSTERIA certainly is the best proof of the tremendous power which the mind may exert over the body. For the fundamental causes of hysteria lie in the thought processes—in the mind. The patient does not know this. She is not conscious of it. In fact, she may not believe it when this explanation is offered.

This is because the mental mechanisms responsible for her symptoms are in her unconscious mind, those deeper layers of thinking and emotions which are inaccessible to the patient except through specially searching psychological methods.

### Hysterical Blindness

DURING the late war I saw a patient with hysterical blindness. The mental causes for his hysteria were as follows: The boy, twenty, wishing to do his bit, voluntarily joined the navy. In other words, he was motivated through a sense of patriotism.

Deep down, however, he was afraid. His self-preservation instinct demanded that he stay out of the war. A conflict developed between what might be termed his "ego instinct" on the one hand and his self-preservation instinct on the other. When he reached the submarine zone he suddenly became stone blind!

The mind, you see always effects a compromise of some sort; often this compromise, one of repression, takes place in the unconscious mind. In the case of the sailor in question, blindness protected him from danger. Because of blindness he was taken off duty and placed in a shore hospital. So far as he was concerned the war was over. And no one could accuse him of cowardice. In other words he had done his part, and yet he was saved!



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Experienced travellers the world over never fail to carry a bottle of Eno's "Fruit Salt." With Eno handy they do not fear train or sea sickness, headaches or other ills caused by sudden changes of climate, food and water. Follow their good example—whether you are going cruising, a trip to the country or on a visit to the city, make sure of your Eno and enjoy your holiday. Eno is a natural corrective which keeps the system in first-class order. Get a bottle of Eno to-day—no substitute can take its place—it is a small price to pay for good health.

REGULAR (HANDY) SIZE COSTS ONLY 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

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The indelible lipstick that imparts savage allure to the lips of the fashion-wise... clear, vibrant colour, pasty transparent colour that clings savagely, and really stays, smooth and tempering hours longer than really needed. Let one of the four Savage shades show you what savage loveliness can do for YOUR lips.

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH



2/6



# BRICK BRADFORD IN THE LAND OF THE LOST

**THE STORY SO FAR**  
BRICK BRADFORD and his comrades escape from the Kingdom of the Sea Folk, and arrive at a strange island governed by Queen Lamak Maya. At the palace Brick fights and defeats Prince Gorm, a cousin of the Queen. Gorm threatens that Brick shall lose his life, and the Queen her throne; and to that end takes his case before a tribunal of army captains. After a disagreement, Ura leaves and informs the Queen of a disagreement in the council. Queen Lamak Maya orders the Warrior Maids to the palace.

TAKEN ABACK AT SIGHT OF THE WARRIOR MAIDS GUARDING THE QUEEN'S PALACE, GORM HALTS THE REBEL CHARGE.



COME, URA DISPOSE OF YOUR PRETTY PRISONER! KING GORM, AM HERE TO TAKE MY THRONE!



THERE IS NO KING UNBORN! BUT A QUEEN AND YOU SHALL NOT ENTER THE PALACE UNTIL WE ARE ALL SLAIN!



THEN DIE, FOOLISH GIRL!



FROM THE PALACE BATTLEMENTS ARCHERS SHOWER THE REBELS WITH A RAIN OF POISONED ARROWS.



MANY FALL, BUT THE DESERter DOES ADVANCE!



MY ARMY—IT FALLS BACK! THE REBELS BREAK THROUGH! STAY!

MAJESTY, THERE IS GORM—ALREADY ON THE BRIDGE!



CAN'T WATCH THIS ANY LONGER, BULLA! LET'S GET INTO IT!

BUT MASTER, WE ARE UNARMED! AND THE QUEEN WOULD HAVE YOU ENTER THE BATTLE!



I DON'T CARE—I JUST WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON GORM!

BRICK DASHES FROM THE PALACE STRAIGHT TOWARD THE CHARGING GORM!



BRADFORD! NOW SHALL MY BATTLE-AX EVEN THE SCORE WITH HIM!

Peter Card to GORDON MYERS, 80 Batters Road, Bellerose NSW.



FROM A FALLEN ARCHER BRICK SNATCHES A BOW, FITS AN ARROW.

WITH A WILD CRY OF TRIUMPH GORM LEADS HIS VICTORIOUS REBELS ACROSS THE BRIDGE.



—AND DRIVES THE SHARP THROUGH THE TREACHEROUS GORM'S HEART!



GORM IS SLAIN! OUR LEADER IS GONE! WE ARE LOST!

INSTANTLY THE REBELS ARE THROWN INTO CONFUSION!



PEACE! PEACE! OUR MAJESTY, WE SURRENDER!



BECAUSE YOU WERE MISLED BY A TRAITOR, NOW DEAD! FORGIVE YOU, HOWEVER, HENCEFORTH, LOYAL URA SHALL BE CAPTAIN, AND YOU, HER LIEUTENANTS!

THE FIVE REBELLIOUS CAPTAINS BEG FORGIVENESS OF THE QUEEN!

## Gonzie's Letter

MY DEAR PAUL—  
Ambidexterity! That sounds rather a fearful word, doesn't it? But, really, it only means the ability to use your left hand as well as your right. I expect most Pauls have had a go at it; most of us do some time or other. Usually, I am afraid, it only means a half-hearted attempt to write with the left hand, and because we find we do not make much progress at our first few attempts we give it up.  
Try using your left hand the next time you have to use a button on, and for sharpening a pencil, dealing playing cards, and a few of the hundred and one little jobs you usually entrust to your right hand.  
You will be surprised at first how difficult it is, but if you go at it gently, you will soon become proficient.  
It is the same with left-handed writing. You must remember that you did not learn to write with your right hand in a day, and so you must not expect to be able to write rapidly and clearly with your left at the first attempt.  
Try it, anyhow. I'm sure you'll get a lot of fun out of it.  
Prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to JOY O'BRIEN (15), 23 Burnett Street, Hobart, Tasmania. Her letter was neatly written and very nicely expressed.  
Good-bye for one short week.  
Cheerio,  
From your Pal,  
CONNIE.

## Painting Competition

Prize of 5/- to MURIEL COWLING (11), Birch 280, Red Cliffs, Vic., for best painting, January 28.  
Prize Cards are awarded for next best to LAURIE BUTLER, Glen Vale, Ararat, Queensland; LORNA WEBER, Roskill, Waverley, N.S.W.; HEBE SAITER, 4 Bright Street, Brighton 96, Melbourne; and REGGY MONZ-LOCK, 25 Stanley Street, Chateau, N.S.W.

## Just Chatter

LYNDEN KRANZ, of Coorahong (N.S.W.), is a keen stamp collector, and is fond of collecting. JEAN BAKER, of Bunnage Hill (N.S.W.), writes good verse. ELLEN POMEROY, of Delwich (S.A.), writes a delightful letter. JOAN TREGEAR, of Manly (N.S.W.), always reads "Goodbye" HILLY WHITELAND, of Milparinka, Broken Hill (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal. LORNA SMITH, of Koorah, is a keen basketball player. LEONARD HOBBS, of Marylands (N.S.W.), writes very good essays. JOYCE LAURITHORN, of Warwick (Qld.), is fond of writing verse. NANCE NICHOLSON, of River Murray (S.A.), has a Sheiland pony called "Gilly". GWYNETH LEAVER, of Northbridge (N.S.W.), has recovered from her recent illness. OLIVIA LANG, of Lake Mookerawa, via Stuart Town, writes a very delightful letter. JOYCE LANG (same address), is welcomed as a new Pal. PATRICIA HATWARD, of Ben View, via Warragul, spent some very happy times during the school holidays. MARGARET GARRARD, of Lismore (N.S.W.), will sit for the International this year. JOYCE ROBERTS, of Moridone (Vic.), is one of our new Pals. AUDREY MCKEL, of Hawthorn (Vic.), is fond of sketching. BETTY HEATLEY, of Kyngah (N.S.W.), writes nice verse. BETTY KING, of Coorahong (Qld.), returned a short while ago from Southport. BETTY YOUNG, of Broomfield (Vic.), is a keen singer. ZENA VERHEIJ, of Clarence Park (S.A.), is a new Pal. JACK SMITHSON, of Brakenhill (N.S.W.), is nine years of age, and is welcomed as a member of our happy band. JOYCE VICENT, of Randwick (N.S.W.), writes good verse. BETTY WARDROPE, of Aberdare, Coonack (N.S.W.), likes writing essays. E. GREACKN, of Tamworth (N.S.W.), writes good stories. PATRICIA BARROW, of Penrith (N.S.W.), always reads our section. JOAN NIGOL, of Auburn (N.S.W.), is fond of reading and writing essays. GLEN ANDREWS, of Broomfield (Vic.), likes jokes. MARGARET GOODWIN, of North Ladbroke (N.S.W.), all prizes are sent out.

WHERE TO POST  
Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney."



Introducing Billy Furness, of Randwick.

A TOURIST was bathing in a river and looking nervously about him all the while. At last he turned to the native guide, sitting on the bank.  
"Are you sure there are no crocodiles in this stream?"  
"Quite sure, sir," replied the native. "The hippo and the rhino they frighten all the crocodiles away long ago!"  
Prize Card to CATHLEEN AMMUSSEN, Gravel, Arthur St., Auburn.

## Graceful Fairies

By Berj Hamble.  
I WONDER if the fairies, in their magic world of play, Ever long to be we mortals, Just for one short day.  
I often wish that I could be One of that happy band, I often wish that I could see Their lovely fairyland.  
I wonder if they'd sing and dance Among the fragrant flowers? They'd bring a multitude of joys To this old earth of ours.  
Prize of 5/- to BETTY HUNKLE, Camberwell, via Singleton, N.S.W., for this original verse.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

THERE was a young man from Perth, Who was born on the day of his birth, He was married the day of his birth, On his wife's wedding day, And died on his last day on earth.  
Prize Card to GORDON MYERS, 80 Batters Road, Bellerose NSW.

Eric: Grandpa, why doesn't hair grow on your head?  
Grandpa (crossly): Why don't flowers grow on a busy street?  
Eric: Oh! I see. I can't get up through the concrete.  
Prize Card to DOROTHY HAZEL, Copthill St., Kapunda, S.A.

Two Scotsmen happened to meet in London where they were spending a holiday.  
"Well, if it isn't me old friend, Angus!" said one.  
"How much longer are ye staying?"  
"I couldn't tell ye in days, Donald," said Angus, "but I'm staying here another thirty shillings!"  
Prize Card to JOYCE GIN, 11 Hopetoun Rd., Toorak, Vic.

WHY is a soap bubble like a red hot poker? Because you cannot grasp either.  
Prize Card to LITTLE BARNLEY, Byron, Harbord Road, Harbord, Manly, N.S.W.

Little Lou: Aren't you nearly ready for the party, Lucy?  
Little Lucy: Don't keep asking that silly question, Lou! Haven't I been telling you for the last hour I'll be ready in a minute!  
Prize Card to JEAN LAMB, 46 Rochester St., Homebush, N.S.W.

A GOOD TRICK  
All you will require will be a cork, a pin, and a piece of stiff notepaper. Stand up the cork in end, force the pin firmly into the top and then balance the piece of paper—about four or five inches square—on the head of the pin.  
Hold your hand palm downwards over the paper, very near, but yet not touching, and your friends will be mystified by the curious swaying motion of the paper caused by the magnetism of the hand.  
Prize Card to D. CORNELL, Yerran Park, Ungarie, N.S.W.



Prize of 5/- to BETTY WARDROPE, 80 Northside St., Aberdare, Coonack, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black-and-white.  
When in Aurora guilty of bribery?—When by D. Quirk.  
Prize Card to JEAN DAVIS, Manum.

QUEER BOOK TITLES.  
"How to swim the Channel," by Francis Neave.  
"Dirt Track Racing," by Wilf Skid.  
"The Biker," by H. U. Dusty.  
"The Last Train," by H. U. Dusty.







# Our Fashion Service and Free Pattern

## OUR FREE PATTERN

Our free three-in-one pattern this week gives three quite different styles, one for morning, one for afternoon, and one for evening, as shown in sketch. To obtain, fill in coupon at bottom right of page and send to our Pattern Department.

Frock is cut to fit 34-inch bust.

No. 1, the jumper suit, with soft, frilled jabot requires 41 yards, 36-inch wide material.

No. 2 frock, with popular braiding, requires 31 yards, 36-inch wide material.

No. 3 style, for evening with a becoming, full bodice, requires 42 yards, 36 inches wide.



## SMART FEATURES

WW1081.—A fascinating change from the plain, high neck, this smart day frock. Beauty of design lies in the unique front features. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 41 yards, with 1-yard contrast, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## SNAPPY COSTUME

WW1084.—This charming little suit will be indispensable this month and after. Make it either in linen or wool-dishine. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



WW1081

WW1082

WW1083

## NEW JUMPER SUIT

WW1082.—This new, smart jumper suit is most suitable for all day-time occasions. Note new belt treatment, and short basque. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 41 to 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## MATRON'S STYLE

WW1083.—Smart matrons will appreciate the simple style depicted here, which slenderizes the figure. Note high neckline and inset panels. Bust sizes: 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 51 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1084

WW1085

WW1086

WW1087

WW1088

## APPEALING STYLE

WW1087.—For young girls, aged 7 to 12 years, we have created this sweetly-appealing style. Material required: 2 to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

## FOR A WEE LASS

WW1088.—Simple, charming, and easy to make. Note new round yoke effect. Make it in floral linen or spotted voile. Sizes, 3 to 8 years. Material required: 1 1/2 to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

## UNUSUAL CUTTINGS

WW1085.—A well-cut frock, especially if made in plain material, is a necessity for your afternoon wardrobe. Note the lovely, unusual cuttings in this pretty style. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 41 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## UNUSUAL BODICE

WW1086.—Note the softly-draped bodice, terminating in a smart tie, and the interesting skirt of this unusual afternoon mode. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 41 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at top left, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 385A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4155X, G.P.O., Sydney.  
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mathier and Co. Pty. Ltd., 108-115 Liverpool St., Hobart.  
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 15/2/36.



## Housework has ruined her Nerves!

Wincarnis is the tonic that conquers nerves by enriching the blood and feeding starved tissues. Taken three times a day—morning, afternoon and evening—it very soon restores tired tissues and brings renewed zest for life... provides abounding energy to enjoy work and play. Over 10,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. Price 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

## WINCARNIS

Puts Young Blood in your veins

### SAVES WOMEN UNTOLD SUFFERING.

A leading lady says, "No, I don't have 'nerves.' You can't have them and hold this sort of position. My head used to throb around three o'clock, and certain days, of course, were worse than others."

"Then I learned to rely on Bayer Aspirin tablets."

The sure cure for any headache is rest. But sometimes we must postpone it. That's when Bayer Aspirin saves the day. Two tablets, and the nagging pain is gone until you are home. And once you are comfortable, the pain seldom returns.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy. Don't put it away, or get off taking it. Fighting a headache to finish the day may be heroic, but it is also a little foolish. So is sacrificing a night's sleep because you have an annoying cold, or irritated throat, or grumbling tooth, neuralgia, neuritis.

Bayer Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart and can be taken freely with out harm. That is medical opinion. It is a fact established by the last twenty years of medical practice.

The only caution to be observed is when you are taking aspirin. Be sure that you are given Bayer and not a substitute. Nothing else acts the same or is "just as good."

All Chemists sell boxes of 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than the uncertain imitation and loudly advertised substitutes which physicians would not think of prescribing. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means Better.

## NEED MONEY?

Operate a successful business of your own, earning from £5 to £30 a week, starting in spare time at home. No peddling or house-to-house selling. No heavy expenditure. Many-making plans to choose from. Send stamp for full particulars to:

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.,  
BOX 2482, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

## Learn the Secret of her vitality

THREE months ago she was a different girl. Her eyes had no lustre. She was tired and despondent. Headaches were wearing her down. Look at her now. Alert... energetic... full of vitality.

Here is the secret. Constipation was spoiling her health, her looks, her future. Then she "discovered" Nyal Figen. Quickly—without purging, Figen restored normal bowel action. It cleared away the accumulations of poisonous "waste matter" that were clogging her system and being absorbed by the blood stream. Figen gave her new health, new vitality. It can do the same for you. Figen aids

nature in a natural way. It is not a harsh laxative. It helps the stomach muscles to perform their natural functions. Figen comes in tablet form and is chewed like a lolly. Equally good for children and adults. Sold by all chemists.

## NYAL FIGEN FOR CONSTIPATION

THE NYAL COMPANY, 4117,  
GLERE ROAD, SYDNEY, N.S.W.  
Please send me Free Sample of Figen.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
W 15-2, 26.



THREE OFFICIALS of the All-Australia Women's Hockey Team, which will tour America this year. From left: The captain, Miss Merle Taylor (Vic.), Mrs. P. J. Davy (N.S.W.), who will manage the team, and Miss Evelyn Tanswell (S.A.), who has been elected vice-captain.



## JUNIOR SWIMMERS — with Olympic PROSPECTS

But They Must be Given Opportunities to Develop  
EXAMPLE OF THE JAPANESE

By CLAIRE DENNIS, World's Champion Swimmer, exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

One of the foremost nations in aquatic sports at the present time is Japan, which has concentrated on producing a nation of Olympic champions.

With a view to helping their women swimmers to success, they have spared nothing in providing them with the best facilities for training.

ALTHOUGH the Japanese swimming season has not yet started, the team to represent Nippon at the eleventh Olympiad in Berlin next August has already been selected and is training seriously.

At the last Olympiad Japan was represented by two women swimmers; this year there are three women in every event.

All these young swimmers have been housed together at the Y.W.C.A. in Tokyo, where they have their own pool and the best coaches Japan can find for them. From now until the team leaves for Berlin they will remain together and carry on with their training at the expense of the authorities.

If Japan can do these things, why cannot Australia?

Australia sent three girl swimmers to the Los Angeles Olympic Games in 1932 who gained a first, second, and sixth out of four events. What, then, could our Australian women do if conditions here were the same as in Japan?

We have quite a number of women swimmers who could reach Olympic standards providing they were encouraged and given correct training.

A tepid pool in each State in which to train during the winter months would greatly facilitate matters.

### Young Stars

FOR instance, Pat Norton, who last year came from the junior ranks and won both the State and Australian titles. This year Miss Norton won the 100 yards freestyle and 100 yards backstroke at the National Games championships, being only 2/5th sec. outside Miss Bonnie Mearling's 1935 National record in the latter event.

This is the first time Miss Norton has raced in a backstroke event, so her possibilities are obvious.

Another junior, Miss Margaret Dovey, who specialises in breast-stroke, is a coming champion. At 16 years of age she has already been credited with 1min. 28 4/5 sec. for 100 metres, which is only 2/10th outside the record of Miss Hideo Maschata (Japan).

Besides Miss Dovey we have Val George and Ethel Venn, of Victoria, also excellent breast-stroke swimmers, who will certainly improve.

Miss Kitty MacKay, who holds the N.E.W. record for 100 yards, and Margaret Rawson are also two fine sprinters. Miss MacKay is at present in West Australia competing in the Australian championships. Miss Rawson, who is only 14 years of age, won the N.E.W. junior 100 and 30 yards events, breaking both records. She lowered the 100 yards to 56sec. and the 30 yards to 29 3/10th sec. The times recorded at the National Games are far from Olympic times and until conditions for swimming and swimmers improve in Australia they will probably remain so.

## CRICKET Matches... In Brisbane

THE interstate women's cricket matches will take place this year in Brisbane with the games commencing on Monday, March 2.

This will be the first time the players from the States have met since the Englishwomen were here.

At that time four States competed but this year South Australia has withdrawn from the competition, and that leaves only Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland to play.

The election of office-bearers will also take place at this meeting. Mrs. Furge (Queensland) is the present chairman of the council, and Mrs. Waldron (Queensland) the secretary.

During the matches a meeting of the Australian Women's Cricket Council will take place, and many matters appertaining to the tour of the Australian team to England will no doubt be discussed.

This year will be a particularly busy one for the council, for, at the end of the year, nearly all arrangements should have been made and the team selected to tour England in 1937.

## Our Book Offers

TOKEN BB3 Here is Taken BB3 in The Australian Women's Weekly

"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

TOKEN K 15 Here is Taken K 15 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Treasury of Knowledge" Book offer.

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

TOKEN D 20 Here is Taken D 20 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

## Too fat, and had poor skin

WHATEVER Mrs. B. did seemed to make no difference. She remained far too fat; her complexion was really shocking—yellow, lumpy, unhealthy altogether. Then one day she read of a certain remedy, the one reducing remedy she had tried. Goodness, the change was marvellous. In a short time the excess fat disappeared—it is after all a simple matter, with Cypsel Dieties.

Overweight at her morning, she set about improving her constitution, applied, as outlined was regularly for a few nights and at morning. The skin was and freckles quickly vanished. How her skin is fresh and smooth and lovely as a child's.

Many grey hairs then demanded attention. But Mrs. B. had more sense than to dye them. Instead, she used Cypsel. The cream restored her grey hairs to their natural colour. To wash her hair this new attractive woman came smiling again. So quick as pleasantly fragrant, so very cleansing. A light, foamy spongy foam, was easily removed with pure powdered absorbent. As a finishing touch, a light application of the delightful new Cypsel Face Powder and she was indeed a new woman. B.B.

## How to Get Relief from Catarrh.

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your chemist and get 1 oz. of Parment (Double Strength); take this home add to it a pint of hot water and 1 lb. of crystal sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dripping into the throat. It is easy to make, tastes pleasant and costs little. Everyone who has catarrh should give this treatment a trial. You will probably find it is just what you need. B.B.

## SUNLIGHT

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FREE GIFTS!



FREE FOR 14 SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS Large White Bar Soap, 44 x 23 inches, soft, thickly-woven, genuine Admiralty make.

FREE FOR 7 SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS Embroidered Pillowcase, 71 x 41 inches, in best all-over cotton with hem-stitched hem.

## HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Save 14 wrappers for a Bath Towel or 21 for a Pillowcase. Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each wrapper). Take these to—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPT., 147 YORK STREET (opp. Town Hall), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required, to—"SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT, LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 1007, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

L.B.L.35



**SALE ENDS 12.30 p.m. on SATURDAY**

# FARMER'S

*Annual Summer*

# SALE



## 5/11 "Slip-ons", 2/11

Genuine half-price offer! Simplex fabric slip-on gauntlets with smart elastic wrists. Chamois with beige gauntlet, or all-white. Sale price, per pair, 2/11

## 4/11 Sansheens, 3/11

Sansheen and silk net gloves with attractive fancy gauntlet. In white, grey or biscuit. Amazing value! . . .

Gloves, Ground Floor, Pitt Street



## 9/11 Dull Sheer Pure SILK HOSE, 5/11

Really, you'd never guess they were mediocrity. Sheer pure silk hose; popular colours. A quality fungus for wear. Lace at heel. Make a Lay-by.

## 6/11 Silk Hose, 3/11

Heavy service weight pure silk hose in all wanted colours. Mediums (im-perceptibly). Lay-by two pairs! . . .

Hosiery — Ground Floor



## 1/6 Lawn H'kerchiefs IN GIFT BOX, 1/-

Such lovely hand-embroidered designs on quality white lawn seldom sell as low as 1/6. Now they're 1/- for a box of 12. Lay-by 12 boxes for gifts.

## 10 1/2 d. Linens at 5 1/2 d.

Sheer linen! In coloured stripes and checks, beautifully woven on 11 x 11 in. hankies. 1-6th inch hemstitched hem. White or fawn centres. Best linen value in Sydney. Lay-by now!

## Tremendous Clearance LACES

**Collarings! Lace tops! Frontings!**



## 1/3, 3/3 Hand-made FILET LACE . . 7 1/2 d.

The biggest clearance of QUALITY hand-made filet laces Sydney ever saw! Many good designs from a quality linen thread. 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 inches. Sale Price, yard . . . 7 1/2 d. Of course, there's the Lay-by!



## MECHLIN LACES SACRIFICED

Special purchase from overseas! Soft, fine-textured Mechlin laces, ivory, beige, Walrus 1 1/2 2 1/2 3 1/2 ins. Usual 2/6 2/6 4/11 yd. Sale 1/11 1/6 1/11 yd.

All for Mail Orders



## Us. 2/6, 2/11 yard Circular Guipure lace COLLARINGS, 1/6

You never saw genuine Guipure lace collarings sell so low before! Smart circular type in beige and Paris. 1 1/2 to 3 inches wide. And you've a marvellous choice of up-to-the-minute designs. Sale 1/6

Ground Floor, Pitt Street



## 9/11 JABOTS, 3/11 French Georgette

Jabots to make ANY frock look like a dream. A quarter of a yard is all you need—of French georgette, chalk crape or pique fringing, very finely pleated. Remember to Lay-by.

In Georgette, there's salmon, white or parchment edged with gold signal thread.

In Chalk crape, there's pink, white or blue. Lovely colours.

In Pique, there's white only. Remember 1/3 yard lengths cost only 3/11.



## 19/6 Flowers . . 8/3

All white pique linen flowers with black centres. About 3 inches across. 8/3 9 1/2 d yard, or each . . .



## 4/6 Slip Top . . 1/9

All ready to be attached! Needlework lace princess slip tops in many attractive designs. Oyster or beige. Us. 3/6, 4/6 Sale, each, 1/9



## 6/11 Collaring, 2/3

Plain and fancy organza collarings (few in chalk crape). All white, 1 1/2 to 4 ins. wide. Us. 2/11 to 6/11. Sale, 2/3



## Collars Clear!

## 2/11 Coloured PLEATED BOW, 1/11

Just look at these colours: Jubilee blue, pink, white, cream or beige. And just see what a difference this jaunty little bow will make to your outfit.

## 4/11 White Ge'gette COLLAR, at 2/3

A perfect pick-me-up for that favourite frock! A dainty georgette collar in white. Available for high neckline.

Neckwear — Ground Floor



## 30/- Calf Bag, 22/6

It's in the new short strap style! Dull calf fitted with chromium clasp and divided centre pocket. Silk lined. Black or brown. Lay-by, of course.

## 30/- Th'strap 22/6

Novelty calf thumbstrap handbag, silk lined, and fitted with divided centre pocket. Unusual clasp. Sale, at 22/6

Bags — Ground Floor, Lay-by!

## Picture Frames at Half

Ornaments in quality picture frames to clear at half! Usually 4/6 to 15/6. Sale Prices now . . . 2/3 to 7/6

## 13/6 Umbrellas at 10/6

Prepare for April showers! Black silk and cotton mixture umbrellas in mid-gut and clabby sizes. Why not Lay-by!

## 2/11 Butter Dish . . 1/11

Here's where you save one shilling. E.F. butter dishes, open style, with frosted glass lining. A real bargain!

## SPECIAL TABLES

### 1/3, 3/3 Lingerie Laces, yd. 1/-

Assorted widths and designs. Beautiful Mechlin and Guipure laces, ivory or beige. Usually priced 1/3 to 2/3 yd. Sale 1/-

### 2/6, 4/6 Lingerie Laces, 1/11

Another table of Mechlin and Guipure laces in lots of widths and interesting designs. Choose either ivory or beige. Yd. 1/11

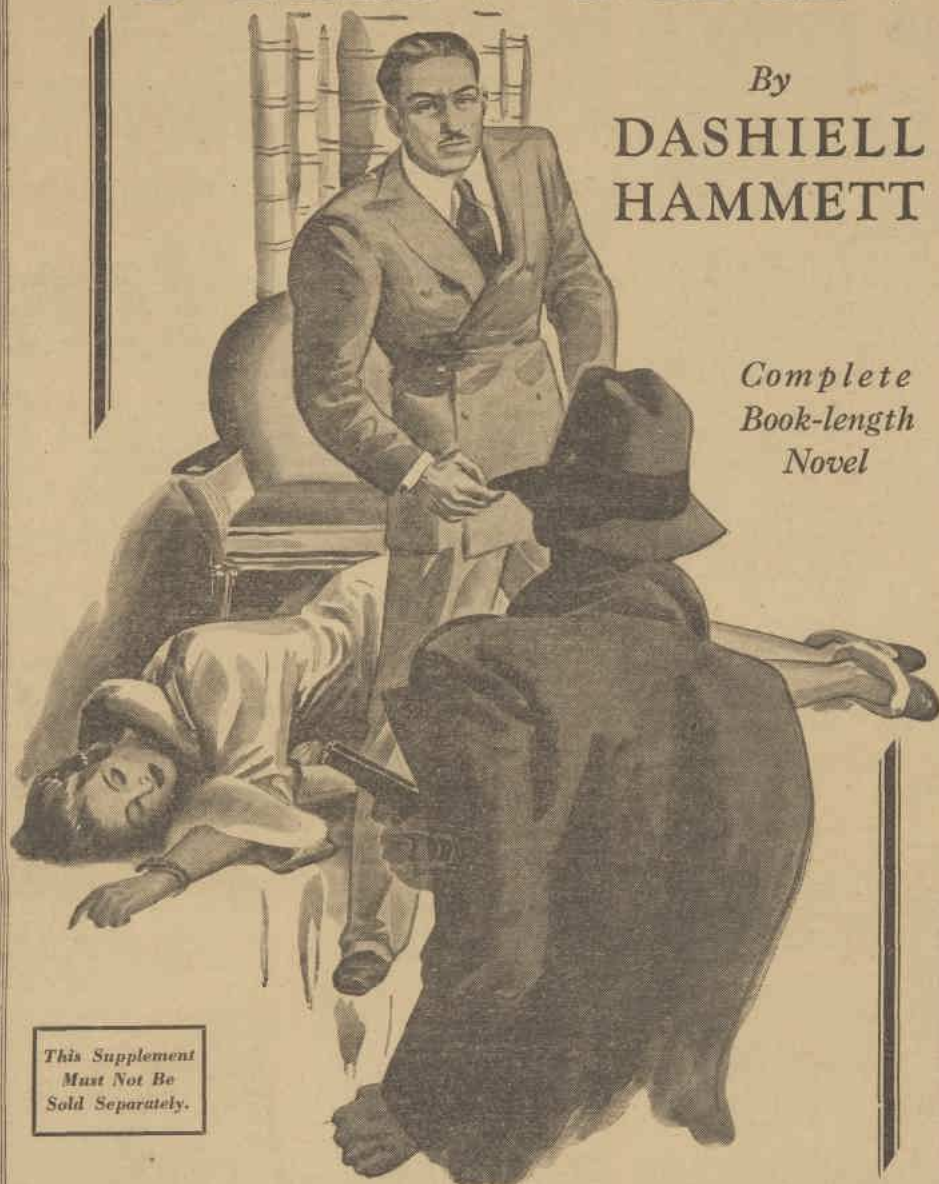


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# — THE — THIN MAN

By  
DASHIELL  
HAMMETT

*Complete  
Book-length  
Novel*



This Supplement  
Must Not Be  
Sold Separately.

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 15, 1936



# THE THIN MAN

By Dashiell Hammett



powder-blue sports clothes the result was satisfactory. "Aren't you Nick Charles?" she asked.

I said: "Yes."  
She held out her hand. "I'm Dorothy Wynant. You don't remember me, but you ought to remember my father, Clyde Wynant. You—"

"Sure," I said, "and I remember you now, but you were only a kid of eleven or twelve then, weren't you?"

"Yes, that was eight years ago. Listen: remember those stories you told me? Were they true?"

"Probably not. How is your father?"  
She laughed. "I was going to ask you. Mamma divorced him, you know, and we never hear from him—except when he gets in the newspapers now and then with some of his carryings on. Don't you ever see him?"

My glass was empty. I asked her what she would have to drink, she said Scotch and soda. I ordered two of them and said: "No, I've been living in San Francisco."  
She said slowly: "I'd like to see him. Mamma would raise Cain if she found it out, but I'd like to see him."

"Well?"  
"He's not where we used to live, on Riverside Drive, and he's not in the phone book or city directory."

"Try his 'wayer,'" I suggested.  
Her face brightened. "Who is he?"  
"It used to be a fellow named Mac-some-thing-or-other—Macaulay, that's it, Herbert Macaulay. He was in the Slinger Building."  
"Lend me a nickel," she said, and went out to the telephone. She came back smiling. "I found him. He's just round the corner on Fifth Avenue."

"Your father?"  
"The lawyer. He says my father's out of town. I'm going round to see him." She raised her glass to me. "Family reunions. Look, why don't—"

Asia, our dog, jumped up and punched me in the stomach with her front feet. Nora, at the other end of the leash, said: "She's had a swell afternoon—knocked over a table of toys at one departmental store, scared a fat woman silly by licking her leg in another, and's been patted by three policemen."

I made introduction: "My wife, Dorothy Wynant. Her father was once a client of mine, when she was only so high. A good guy, but screwy."

"I was fascinated by him," Dorothy said, meaning me, "a real live detective, and used to follow him around making him tell me about his experiences. He told me awful lies, but I believed every word."

I said: "You look tired, Nora."  
"I am. Let's sit down."

Dorothy Wynant said she had to go back to her table. She shook hands with Nora; we must drop in for cocktails, they were living at the Courtland, her mother's name was Jorgensen now. We would be glad to and she must come see us some time, we

were at the Normandie and would be in New York for another week or two. Dorothy patted the dog's head and left us.

We found a table. Nora said: "She's pretty."

"If you like them like that."  
She grinned at me. "You got type?"  
"Only you darling—lanky brunettes with wicked jaws."

THE next day Herbert Macaulay telephoned me. "Hello. I didn't know you were back in town till Dorothy Wynant told me. How about lunch?"

"What time is it?"  
"Half past eleven. Did I wake you up?"

"Yes," I said, "but that's all right. Suppose you come up here for lunch."  
I had a drink with Nora, who was going out to have her hair washed, then another after a shower, and was feeling better by the time the telephone rang again.

A female voice asked: "Is Mr. Macaulay there?"

"Not yet."  
"Sorry to trouble you, but would you mind asking him to call his office as soon as he gets there? It's important."

I promised to do that.  
Macaulay arrived about ten minutes later. He was a big, curly-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rather good-looking chap of about my age—forty-one—though he looked younger. He was supposed to be a pretty good lawyer. I had worked on several jobs for him when I was living in New York and we had always got along nicely.

Now we shook hands and patted each other's backs, and he asked me how the world was treating me, and I said, "Fine," and asked him and he said, "Fine," and I told him to call his office.

He came away from the telephone frowning. "Wynant's back in town," he said, "and wants me to meet him."  
I turned around with the drinks I had poured. "Well, the lunch can—"  
"Let him wait," he said, and took one of the glasses from me.

"Still as screwy as ever?"  
"That's no joke," Macaulay said solemnly. "You heard they had him in a sanatorium for nearly a year back in '29?"

"No."  
He nodded. He sat down, put his glass on a table beside his chair, and leaned towards me a little. "What's Mimi up to, Charles?"

"Mimi? Oh, the wife—the ex-wife. I don't know. Does she have to be up to something?"

"She usually is," he said dryly, and then very slowly, "and I thought you'd know."

So that was it. I said: "Listen, Mac, I haven't been a detective for six years, since 1927."

He stared at me.

"On the level," I assured him, "a year after I got married, my wife's father died and left her a lumber mill and a narrow-gauge railroad and some other things and I quit the Agency to look after them. Anyway, I wouldn't be working for Mimi Wynant, or Jorgensen, or whatever her name is—she never liked me and I never liked her."

"Oh, I didn't think you—," Macaulay broke off with a vague gesture and picked up his glass. When he took it away from his mouth, he said: "I was just wondering. Here Mimi phones me three days ago—Tuesday—trying to find Wynant; then

yesterday Dorothy phones, saying you told her to, and comes around, and—I thought you were still sleuthing, so I was wondering what it was all about."

"Didn't they tell you?"  
"Sure—they wanted to see him for old times' sake. That means a lot."

"You lawyers are a suspicious crew," I said. "Maybe they did—that and money. But what's the fuss about? Is he in hiding?"

Macaulay shrugged. "You know as much about it as I do. I haven't seen him since October."

NORA and I went to the opening of "Honeymoon" at the Little Theatre that night and then to a party given by some people named Freeman or Fielding or something. I felt pretty low when she called me the next morning. She gave me a newspaper, and a cup of coffee and said: "Read that."

I patiently read a paragraph or two, then put the paper down and took a sip of coffee. "Fun's fun," I said, "but right now I'd swap you all the interviews with Mayor-elect O'Brien ever printed—and throw in the Indian picture—for a slug of whiskey."

"Not that stupid," she put a finger on the paper. "That."

## INVENTOR'S SECRETARY MURDERED IN APARTMENT

JULIA WOLF'S BULLET-HIDDED BODY FOUND; POLICE SEEK HER EMPLOYER, CLYDE WYNANT.

The bullet-riddled body of Julia Wolf, thirty-two-year-old confidential secretary to Clyde Miller Wynant, well-known inventor, was discovered late yesterday afternoon in the dead woman's apartment at 411 East Fifty-fourth St. by Mrs. Christian Jorgensen, divorced wife of the inventor, who had gone there in an attempt to learn her former husband's present address.

Mrs. Jorgensen, who returned Monday after a six-year stay in Europe, told the police that she heard feeble groans when she rang the murdered woman's door-bell, whereupon she notified an elevator boy, Mervin Holly, who called Walter Meany, apartment-house superintendent. Miss Wolf was lying on the bedroom floor with four 32-calibre bullet-wounds in her chest when they entered the apartment, and died without having recovered consciousness before police and medical aid arrived.

Herbert Macaulay, Wynant's attorney, told the police that he had not seen the inventor since October. He stated that Wynant called him on the telephone yesterday and made an appointment, but failed to keep it; and disclaimed any knowledge of his client's whereabouts. Miss Wolf, Macaulay stated, had been in the inventor's employ for the past eight years. The attorney said he knew nothing about the dead woman's family or private affairs and could throw no light on her murder.

The bullet-wounds could not have been self-inflicted, according to . . .



The rest of it was the usual police department hand-out.

"Do you suppose he killed her?" Nora asked when I put the paper down again.

"Wynant? I wouldn't be surprised. He's mad enough."

"Did you know her?"

"Yes."

"What was she like?"

"Not bad," I said. "She wasn't bad-looking and she had a lot of sense and a lot of nerve—and it took both to live with that guy."

Nora returned with two drinks and another question: "What's he like?"

"Tall—over six feet—and one of the thinnest men I've ever seen. He must be about fifty now, and his hair was almost white when I knew him. Usually needs a hair-cut, ragged bristle moustache, bites his finger-nails."

"Sounds lovely. What were you doing with him?"

"A fellow who'd worked for him accused him of stealing some kind of idea or invention from him. Roseben was his name."

He tried to shake Wynant down by threatening to shoot him, bomb his house, kidnap his children, cut his wife's throat—I don't know what all—if he didn't come across. We never caught him—must've scared him off. Anyway the threats stopped and nothing happened."

Nora stopped drinking to ask: "Did Wynant really steal it?"

"Tch, tch, tch," I said. "This is Christmas Eve: try to think good of your fellow man."

THAT afternoon I took Asta for a walk, explained to two people that she was a Schnauzer and not a cross between a Scottie and an Irish terrier, stopped at Jim's for a couple of drinks, ran into Larry Crowley, and brought him back to the Normandie with me. Nora was pouring cocktails for the Quinns, Margot Innes, a man whose name I did not catch, and Dorothy Wynant.

Dorothy said she wanted to talk to me, so we carried our cocktails into the bedroom.

She came to the point right away. "Do you think my father killed her, Nick?"

"No," I said. "Why should I?"

"Well the police have—"

She stared at her glass while saying, "He's my father. I never liked him, I never liked Mamma." She looked up at me. "I don't like Gilbert." Gilbert was her brother.

"Don't let that worry you. Lots of people don't like their relatives."

"Do you like them?"

"My relatives?"

"Mine." She snowed at me. "And stop talking to me as if I was still twelve."

"It's not that," I explained. "I'm getting tight."

"Well, do you?"

I shook my head. "You were all right, just a spoiled kid. I could get along without the rest of them."

"What's the matter with us?" she asked, not argumentatively, but as if she really wanted to know.

"Different things. Yours—"

Harrison Quinn opened the door and said: "Come on over and play some ping-pong, Nick."

"In a little while."

"Bring beautiful along." He leered at Dorothy and went away.

She said: "I don't suppose you know Jorgensen."

"I know a Nels Jorgensen."

"Some people have all the luck. This one's named Christian. He's a honey. That's Mamma—divorces a lunatic and marries a gigolo." Her eyes became wet. She caught her breath in a sob and asked: "What am I going to do, Nick?" Her voice

was a frightened child's. I tried to comfort her.

Nora, coming in to answer the telephone, looked questioningly at me. I made a face at her over the girl's head.

When Nora said "Hello" into the telephone, the girl stepped back away from me and blushed. "I—I'm sorry," she stammered. "I didn't—"

Nora smiled sympathetically at her. I said, "Don't be a dope." The girl found her handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes with it.

Nora had Dorothy over in front of a looking-glass soothing her with powder and rouge.

Some more people had come in. I spoke to them. Harrison Quinn left the sofa where he had been sitting with Margot Innes and said "Now ping-pong." Asta jumped up and punched me in the stomach with her front feet. I shut off the radio and poured myself a cocktail.

Quinn came over to refill his glass. He looked towards the bedroom door. "Where'd you find the little blonde?"

"Used to bounce it on my knee."

Nora and Dorothy came out of the bedroom. I saw an afternoon paper on the radio and picked it up. Headlines said:

JULIA VOLE ONCE RACKETEER'S GIRL; ARTHUR NUNHEIM IDENTIFIES BODY; WYNANT STILL MISSING.

Nora, at my elbow, spoke in a low voice: "I asked her to have dinner with us. Be nice to the child"—Nora was twenty-six—"she's all upset."

"Whatever you say," I turned around. Dorothy, across the room, was laughing at something Quinn was telling her. "But if you get mixed up in people's troubles, don't expect me to kiss you where you're hurt."

"I won't. You're a sweet old dot. Don't read that here now." She took the newspaper away from me and stuck it out of sight behind the radio.

NORA could not sleep that night. She read Challapin's memoirs until 1 began to doze and then woke me up by asking: "Are you asleep?"

I said I was.

She lit a cigarette for me, one for herself. "Don't you ever think you'd like to go back to detecting once in a while just for the fun of it? You know when something special comes up, like the Lindbergh—"

"Darling," I said, "my guess is that Wynant killed her, and the police'll catch him without my help. Anyway, it's nothing in my life."

"I didn't mean just that, but—"

"But besides I haven't the time: I'm too busy trying to see that you don't lose any of the money I married you for." I kissed her. "Don't you think maybe a drink would help you to sleep?"

"No, thanks."

"Maybe it would if I took one." When I brought my Scotch and soda back to bed she was frowning into space. I said: "She's cute, but she's cuckoo. She wouldn't be his daughter if she wasn't. You can't tell how much of what she says is what she thinks and you can't tell how much of what she thinks ever really happened. I like her, but I think you're letting—"

"I'm not sure I like her," Nora said thoughtfully, "she's probably a little viper, but if a quarter of what she told us is true she's in a tough spot."

"There's nothing I can do to help her."

"She thinks you can."

"And so do you, which shows that no matter what you think, you can always get somebody else to go along with you."

Nora sighed. "I wish you were sober enough to talk to." She leaned over to take a sip of my drink.

"What's the wife like?"

"I don't know—a woman."

"Good-looking?"

"Used to be very."

"She old?"

"Forty, forty-two. Cut it out Nora. You don't want any part of it. Let the Charles' stick to the Charles' troubles and the Wynanta stick to the Wynanta's."

She pouted. "Maybe that drink would help me."

I got out of bed and mixed her a drink.

AS I brought it into the bedroom the telephone began to ring. I looked at my watch on the table. It was nearly five o'clock.

Nora was talking into the telephone: "Hello. Yes, speaking."

She looked aside at me. I shook my head no. "Yes."

Why, certainly. Yes, certainly."

She put the telephone down and grinned at me.

"You're wonderful," I said. "Now what?"

"Dorothy's coming up. I think she's drunk."

"That's great." I picked up my bathrobe.

"I was afraid I was going to have to go to sleep."

She was bending over looking for her slippers. "Don't be such an old fool. You can sleep all day."

She found her slippers and stood up in them. "Is she really as afraid of her mother as she says?"

"If she's got any sense. Mimi's poison."

Nora screwed up her dark eyes at me and asked slowly: "What are you holding out on me?"

"Oh, dear." I said, "I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell you. Dorothy is really my daughter. I didn't know what I was doing. Nora. It was spring in Venice, and I was so young and there was a moon over the—"

"Be funny. Don't you want something to eat?"

"If you do. What do you want?"

"Raw chopped beef sandwich with a lot of onion and some coffee."

DOROTHY arrived while I was telephoning an all-night delicatessen.

When I went into the living-room she stood up with an difficulty and said "I'm awfully sorry, Nick, to keep bothering you and Nora like this, but I can't go home this way to-night. I can't. I'm afraid to."

I don't know what'd happen to me, what I'd do. Please don't make me." She was very drunk. Asta sniffed at her ankles.

I said: "Sh-h-h. You're all right here. Sit down. There'll be some coffee in a little while. Where'd you get the snoutful?"

She sat down and shook her head stupidly. "I don't know. I've been everywhere since I left you. I've been everywhere except home because I can't go home this way. Look what I got."

She stood up again and took a battered automatic pistol out of her coat pocket. "Look at that."

She waved it at me while Asta, wagging her tail, jumped happily at it.

Nora made a noise with her breathing. The back of my neck was cold. I pushed the dog aside and took the pistol away from Dorothy. "What kind of clowning is this? Sit down." I dropped the pistol into a bathrobe pocket and pushed Dorothy down in her chair.

"Don't be mad at me, Nick," she whined.

"You can keep it. I don't want to make a nuisance of myself."

"Where'd you get it?" I asked.

"In a speakeasy on Tenth Avenue. I gave a man my bracelet—the one with the emeralds and diamonds—for it."

"And then won it back from him in a crap game?" I said. "You've still got it on."

She stared at her bracelet. "I thought I did."

I looked at Nora and shook my head.

Nora said: "Aw, don't bully her, Nick. She's—"

"He's not bullying me, Nora, he's really



not," Dorothy said quickly. "He—he's the only person I got in the world to turn to." I remembered Nora had not touched her Scotch and soda, so I went into the bedroom and drank it. When I came back Nora was sitting on the arm of Dorothy's chair with an arm around the girl. Dorothy was sniffling; Nora was saying: "But Nick's not mad, dear. He likes you." She looked up at me. "You're not mad, are you, Nicky?"

"No, I'm just hurt." I sat on the sofa. "Where'd you get the gun, Dorothy?" "From a man—I told you." "What man?" "I told you—a man in a speakeasy."

"And you gave him a bracelet for it?" "I thought I did, but—look—I've still got my bracelet."

"I noticed that." Nora patted the girl's shoulder. "Of course you've still got your bracelet."

I said: "When the boy comes with that coffee and stuff, I'm going to bribe him to stick around. I'm not going to stay alone with a couple of—"

Nora scowled at me, told the girl: "Don't mind him. He's been like that all night."

The girl said: "He thinks I'm a silly little drunken fool."

Nora patted her shoulder some more.

I asked: "But what'd you want a gun for?" Dorothy set up straight and stared at me with wide, drunken eyes. "Him," she whispered excitedly, "if he bothered me. I was afraid because I was drunk. That's what it was. And then I was afraid of that, too, so I came here."

"You mean your father?" Nora asked, trying to keep excitement out of her voice. The girl shook her head. "Clyde Wynant's my father. My stepfather." She leaned against Nora's breast.

Nora said, "Oh!" in a tone of very complete understanding. Then she said, "You poor child," and looked at me significantly.

I said: "Let's all have a drink."

"Not me," Nora was scowling at me again. "And I don't think Dorothy wants one."

"Yes," she does. It'll help her sleep."

I poured her a terrific dose of Scotch and saw that she drank it. It worked nicely; she was sound asleep by the time our coffee and sandwiches came.

We went back to our food. I took the pistol out of my pocket and examined it. It had been kicked around a lot. There were two cartridges in it, one in the chamber, one in the magazine.

"What are you going to do with it?" Nora asked.

"Nothing till I find out if it's the one Julia Wolf was killed with. It's a .32."

"But she said—"

"She got it in a speakeasy—from a man—for a bracelet. I heard her."

Nora leaned over her sandwich at me. Her eyes were very shiny and almost black. "Do you suppose she got it from her stepfather?"

"I do," I said, but I said it too earnestly.

see you after all these years. This is my husband, Mr. Charles, Chris."

I said, "I'm glad to see you, Mimi," and shook hands with Jorgensen. He was probably five years younger than his wife, a tall, thin, erect, dark man, carefully dressed and sleek, with smooth hair and a waxed moustache.

He bowed from the waist. "How do you do, Mr. Charles?" His accent was heavy, Teutonic, his hand was lean and muscular.

We went inside. Mimi, when the introductions were over, apologized to Nora for popping in on us. "But I did want to see your husband again, and then I knew the only way to get this brat of mine anywhere on time is to carry her off bodily." She turned her smile on Dorothy. "Better get dressed, honey."

Honey grumbled through a mouthful of toast that she didn't see why she had to waste an afternoon at Aunt Alice's even if it was Christmas. "I bet Gilbert's not going."

MIMI said Asta was a lovely dog, and asked me if I had any idea where that ex-husband of hers might be.

"No."

She went on playing with the dog. "He's crazy, absolutely crazy, to disappear at a time like this. No wonder the police at first thought he had something to do with it."

"What do they think now?" I asked. She looked up at me. "Haven't you seen the papers?"

"No."

"It's a man named Morelli—a gangster. He killed her. He was her lover."

"They caught him?"

"Not yet, but he did it. I wish I could find Clyde. Macaulay won't help me at all. He says he doesn't know where he is, but that's ridiculous. He has powers of attorney from him and everything and I know very well he's in touch with Clyde. Do you think Macaulay's trustworthy?"

"He's Wynant's lawyer," I said. "There's no reason why you should trust him."

"Just what I thought." She moved over a little on the sofa. "Sit down. I've got millions of things to ask you."

"How about a drink first?"

"Anything but egg-nog," she said. "It makes me lillous."

When I came out of the pantry Nora and Jorgensen were trying their French on each other. Dorothy was still pretending to eat, and Mimi was playing with the dog again. I distributed the drinks and sat down beside Mimi.

She said: "Your wife's lovely."

"I like her."

"Tell me the truth, Nick: do you think Clyde's really crazy? I mean crazy enough that something ought to be done about it?"

"How do I know?"

"I'm worried about the children," she said. "I've no claim on him any more—the settlement he made when I divorced him took care of all that—but the children have. We're absolutely penniless now and I'm worried about them. If he is crazy he's just as likely as not to throw away everything and leave them without a cent. What do you think I ought to do?"

"Thinking about putting him in the booby-hatch?"

"No—o—," she said slowly, "but I would like to talk to him." She put a hand on my arm. "You could find him."

I shook my head.

"Won't you help me, Nick? We used to be friends."

Her big blue eyes were soft and appealing. Dorothy, at the table, was watching us suspiciously.

"For the Lord's sake, Mimi," I said, "there's a thousand detectives in New York. Hire one of them. I'm not working at it any more."

"I know, but—Was Dorry very drunk last night?"

"Maybe I was. She seemed all right to me."

"Don't you think she's gotten to be a pretty little thing?"

"I always thought she was."

She thought that over for a moment, then said: "She's only a child, Nick."

"What's that got to do with what?" I asked.

She smiled. "How about getting some clothes on, Dorry?"

Dorothy sulkily repeated that she didn't see why she had to waste an afternoon at Aunt Alice's.

Jorgensen turned to address his wife: "Mrs. Charles has the great kindness to suggest that we do not—"

"Yea," Nora said, "why don't you stay awhile? There'll be some people coming in. It won't be very exciting, but—"

She waved her glass a little to finish the sentence.

"I'd love to," Mimi replied slowly, "but I'm afraid Alice—"

"Make our apologies to her by telephone," Jorgensen suggested.

"I'll do it," Dorothy said.

Mimi nodded. "Be nice to her."

Dorothy went into the bedroom. Everybody seemed much brighter. Nora caught my eye and winked merrily and I had to take it and like it because Mimi was looking at me then.

Mimi asked me: "You really didn't want us to stay, did you?"

"Of course."

"Chances are you're lying. Weren't you sort of fond of poor Julia?"

"Poor Julia! sounds well from you. I liked her all right."

Mimi put her hand on my arm again. "She broke up my life with Clyde. Naturally I hated her—then—but that's a long time ago. I had no feeling against her when I went to see her Friday. And, Nick, I saw her die. She didn't deserve to die. It was horrible. No matter what I'd felt, there'd be nothing left but pity now. I meant 'poor Julia' when I said it."

"I don't know what you're up to," I said. "I don't know what any of you are up to."

"Any of us," she repeated. "Has Dorry been—"

Dorothy came in from the bedroom. "I squared it." She kissed her mother on the mouth and sat down beside her.

Mimi, looking in her compact-mirror to see her mouth had not been smudged, asked: "She wasn't peevish about it?"

"No, I squared it. What do you have to do to get a drink?"

I said: "You have to walk over to that table where the ice and bottles are and pour it."

Mimi said: "You drink too much."

"I don't drink as much as Nick." She went over to the table.

Mimi shook her head. "These children!"

W

HEN I came out of the bathroom, Nora and Dorothy were in the bedroom, Nora combing her hair, Dorothy sitting on the side of the bed darning a stocking.

Nora made a kiss at me in the dressing-table mirror. She looked very happy.

"You like Nick a lot, don't you, Nora?" Dorothy asked.

"He's an old Greek fool, but I'm used to him."

"Charles isn't a Greek name."

"It's Charalambides," I explained. "When the old man came over, the mugg that put him through Ellis Island said Charalambides was too long—too much trouble to write—and whittled it down to Charles. It was all right with the old man; they could have called him X so they let him in."

Dorothy stared at me. "I never knew when you're lying." She started to put on



the stocking, stopped. "What's Mamma trying to do to you?"

"Nothing. Pump me. She'd like to know what you did and said last night."

"I thought so. What'd you tell her?"

"What could I tell her? You didn't do or say anything."

She wrinkled her forehead over that, but when she spoke again it was about something else: "I never knew there was anything between you and Mamma. Of course I was only a kid then and wouldn't have known what it was all about even if I'd noticed anything, but I didn't even know you called each other by your first names."

Nora turned from the mirror laughing. "Now we're getting somewhere." She waved the comb at Dorothy. "Go on, dear."

Dorothy said earnestly: "Well, I didn't know."

I was taking laundry pins out of a shirt. "What do you know now?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said slowly, and her face began to grow pink, "but I can guess." She bent over her stocking.

"Can and do," I growled. "You're a dope, but don't look so embarrassed. You can't help it if you've got a dirty mind."

She raised her head and laughed, but when she asked, "Do you think I take after Mamma much?" she was serious.

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"But do you?"

"You want me to say no. No."

"That's what I have to live with," Nora said cheerfully. "You can't do anything with him."

I finished dressing first and went out to the living-room. Mimi was sitting on Jorgensen's knees. She stood up and asked: "What'd you get for Christmas?"

"Nora gave me a watch." I showed it to her.

She said it was lovely, and it was. "What'd you give her?"

"Necklace."

Jorgensen said, "May I?" and rose to mix himself a drink.

The doorbell rang. I let the Quins and Margot Innes in, introduced them to the Jorgensens. Presently Nora and Dorothy finished dressing and came out of the bedroom, and Quinn attached himself to Dorothy. Larry Crowley arrived, with a girl named Denis, and a few minutes later the Edges. I won thirty-two dollars on the cuff—from Margot at backgammon. The Denis girl had to go into the bedroom and lie down awhile. Alice Quinn, with Margot's help, tore her husband away from Dorothy at a little after six and carried him off to keep a date they had. The Edges left. Mimi put on her coat, got her husband and daughter into their coats.

"It's awful short notice," she said, "but can't you come to dinner to-morrow night?"

Nora said: "Certainly."

We shook hands and made polite speeches all around, and they went away.

SO far I had known just where I stood on the Wolf-Wynant-Jorgensen troubles and what I was doing—the answers were, respectively, nowhere and nothing—but when we stopped at Reuben's for coffee on our way home at four the next morning, Nora opened a newspaper and found a line in one of the gossip columns: "Nick Charles, former Trans-American Detective Agency man, on frum coast to airt the Julia Wolf murder mystery." And when I opened my eyes and sat up in bed some six hours later Nora was shaking me and a man with a gun in his hand was standing in the bedroom doorway.

He was a plump, dark, youngish man of medium height, broad through the jaws, narrow between the eyes. He wore a black Derby hat, a black overcoat that

fitted him very snugly, a dark suit, and black shoes, all looking as if he had bought them within the past fifteen minutes. The gun, a blunt, black .38-calibre automatic, lay comfortably in his hand, not pointing at anything.

Nora was saying: "He made me let him in, Nick. He said he had to—"

"I got to talk to you," the man with the gun said. "That's all, but I got to do that." His voice was low, rasping.

I HAD blinked myself awake by then. I looked at Nora. She was excited, but apparently not frightened. She might have been watching a horse she had a bet on coming down the stretch with a nose lead.

I said: "All right, talk, but do you mind putting the gun away?"

He smiled with his lower lip. "You don't have to tell me you're tough. I heard about you." He put the pistol in his overcoat pocket. "I'm Shep Morell."

"I never heard about you," I said.

He took a step into the room and began to shake his head from side to side. "I didn't knock Julia off."

"Maybe you didn't, but you're bringing the news to the wrong place. I got nothing to do with it."

"I haven't seen her in three months," he said. "We were washed up."

"Tell the police."

"I wouldn't have any reason to hurt her. She was always on the up and up with me."

"That's all swell," I said, "only you're peddling your fish in the wrong market."

"Listen. He took another step towards the bed. "Studdy Burke tells me you used to be O.K. That's why I'm here. Do the—"

"How is Studdy?" I asked. "I haven't seen him since the time he went up the river in '23 or '24."

"He's all right. He'd like to see you. He's got a joint on West Forty-ninth, the Pigiron Club. But listen, what's the law doing to me? Do they think I did it? Or is it just something else to pin on me?"

I shook my head. "I'd tell you if I knew. Don't let newspaper fool you. I'm not in this. Ask the police."

"That'd be very smart." He smiled with his lower lip again. "That's the smartest thing I ever did. Me that a police captain's been in a hospital three weeks on account we had an argument. The boys would like me to come in and ask 'em questions. They'd like it right down to the end of their blackjacks." He turned a hand over, palm up. "I come to you on the level. Studdy says you're on the level. Be on the level."

"I'm being on the level," I assured him. "If I knew anything I'd—"

Knuckles drummed on the corridor door, three times sharply. Morell's gun was in his hand before the noise stopped. His eyes seemed to move in all directions at once. His voice was a metallic snarl deep in his chest: "Well?"

"I don't know." I sat up a little higher in bed and nodded at the gun in his hand. "That makes it your party." The gun pointed very accurately at my chest. I could hear the blood in my ears, and my lips felt swollen. I said: "There's no fire escape." I put my left hand out towards Nora, who was sitting on the far side of the bed.

The knuckles hit the door again, and a deep voice called: "Open up. Police."

MORELL'S lower lip crawled up to lap the upper, and the whites of his eyes began to show under the irises. "You cheap squaler," he said slowly, almost as if he were sorry for me. He moved his feet the least bit, flattening them against the floor.

A key touched the outer lock.

I hit Nora with my left hand, knocking her down across the room. The pillow I clucked with my right hand at Morell's gun seemed to have no weight. It drifted slow as a piece of tissue paper. No noise in the world, before or after, was ever as loud as Morell's gun going off. Something pushed my left side as I sprawled across the floor. I caught one of his ankles and rolled over with it, bringing him down on me, and he clubbed my back with the gun until I got a hand free and began to hit him.

Men came in and dragged us apart.

It took us five minutes to bring Nora to. She sat up holding her cheek and looked around the room until she saw Morell, nippers on one wrist, standing between two detectives. Morell's face was a mess. The coppers had worked him over a little just for the fun of it. Nora glared at me. "You damned fool," she said, "you didn't have to knock me cold. I knew you'd take him, but I wanted to see it."

One of the coppers laughed. "Wow!" he said, admiringly, "there's a woman with hair on her chest."

She smiled at him and stood up. When she looked at me she stopped smiling. "Nick, you're—"

I said I didn't think it was much and opened what was left of my pyjama-coat. Morell's bullet had scooped out a gutter perhaps four inches long under my left breast. A lot of blood was running out of it, but it was not very deep.

Morell said: "Tough luck. A couple of inches over would make a lot of difference the right way."

The copper who had admired Nora—he was a big sandy man of forty-eight or fifty in a grey suit that did not fit him very well—slapped Morell's mouth.

Keyser, the Normandle's manager, said he would get a doctor and went to the telephone. Nora ran to the bathroom for towels.

I PUT a towel over the wound and lay down on the bed. "I'm all right. Don't let's fuss over it till the doctor comes. How'd you people happen to pop in?"

The copper who had slapped Morell said: "We happen to hear this is getting to be kind of a meeting place for Wynant's family and his lawyer and everybody, so we think we'll kind of keep an eye on it in case he happens to show up, and this morning when Mack here, who was the eye we were kind of keeping on it at the time, sees this bird duck in, he gives us a ring and we get hold of Mr. Keyser and come on up, and pretty lucky for you."

"Yes, pretty lucky for me, or maybe I wouldn't 've got shot."

He eyed me suspiciously. His eyes were pale grey and watery. "This bird a friend of yours?"

"I never saw him before."

"What'd he want of you?"

"Wanted to tell me he didn't kill the Wolf girl."

"What's that to you?"

"Nothing."

"What's he think it was to you?"

"Ask him. I don't know."

"I'm asking you."

"Keep on asking."

"I'll ask you another one. You're going to swear to the complaint on him shooting you?"

"That's another one I can't answer right now. Maybe it was an accident."

"Oke. There's plenty of time. I guess we got to ask you a lot more things than we'd figured on." He turned to one of his companions. There were four of them. "We'll frisk the joint."

"Not without a warrant," I told him.

"So you say. Come on, Andy." They began to search the place.



The doctor—a colorless whisp of a man with the snuffles—came in, ducked and sniffed over my side, got the bleeding stopped and a bandage on, and told me I would have nothing to worry about if I lay still for a couple of days.

The big sandy man had returned from the living-room holding one hand behind him. He waited until the doctor had gone, then asked: "Have you got a pistol permit?"

"No."

"Then what are you doing with this?" He brought from behind him the gun I had taken from Dorothy Wynant.

"There was nothing I could say."

"You've heard about the Sullivan Act?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then you know where you stand. This gun yours?"

"No."

"Whose is it?"

"I'll have to try to remember."

He put the pistol in his pocket and sat down on a chair beside the bed. "Listen, Mr. Charles," he said. "I guess we're both of us doing this wrong. I don't want to get tough with you, and I don't guess you really want to get tough with me. That hole in your side can't be making you feel any too good, so I ain't going to bother you any more till you've had a little rest. Then maybe we can get together the way we ought to."

"Thanks," I said, and meant it. "We'll buy a drink."

Nora said, "Sure," and got up from the edge of the bed.

The big sandy man watched her go out of the room. He shook his head solemnly. His voice was solemn. "By God, sir, you're a lucky man." He suddenly held out his hand. "My name's Guild, John Guild."

"You know mine." We shook hands.

Nora came back with a siphon, a bottle of Scotch, and some glasses on a tray. She tried to give Morell a drink, but Guild stopped her. "It's mighty kind of you, Mrs. Charles, but it's against the law to give a prisoner drinks or drugs except on a doctor's say-so." He looked at me. "Ain't that right?"

I said it was. The rest of us drank.

Presently Guild set down his empty glass and stood up. "I got to take this gun along with me, but don't you worry about that. We got plenty of time to talk when you're feeling better." He took Nora's hand and made an awkward bow over it. "I hope you didn't mind what I said back there awhile ago, but I meant it in a—"

Nora can smile very nicely. She gave him one of her nicest smiles. "Mind? I liked it."

She let the policemen and their prisoner out.

NORA said, "You're just showing off, that's all it is. And what for? I know bullets bounce off you. You don't have to prove it to me."

"It's not going to hurt me to get up."

"And it's not going to hurt you to stay in bed at least one day. The doctor said—"

"If he knew anything he'd cure his own snuffles." I sat up and put my feet on the floor. Asta tickled them with her tongue.

Nora brought me slippers and robe. "All right, hard guy, get up and bleed on the rug."

I stood up cautiously and seemed to be all right as long as I went easy with my left arm and kept out of the way of Asta's front feet.

"Be reasonable," I said. "I don't want to get mixed up with these people—still don't—but a fat lot of good that's doing

me. Well, I can't just blunder out of it, I've got to see."

"Let's go away," she suggested. "Let's go to Bermuda or Havana for a week or two, or back to the Coast."

"I'D still have to tell the police some kind of story about that gun. And suppose it turns out to be the gun she was killed with? If they don't know already they're finding out."

"Do you really think it is?"

"That's guessing. We'll go there for dinner to-night and—"

"We'll do nothing of the kind. Have you gone completely mad? If you want to see anybody have 'em come here."

"It's not the same thing." I put my arms around her. "Stop worrying about this scratch. I'm all right."

"You're showing off," she said. "You want to let people see you're a hero who can't be stopped by bullets."

"Don't be nasty."

"I will be nasty. I'm not going to have you—"

I shut her mouth with a hand over it. "I want to see the Jorgensens together at home. I want to see Macaulay, and I want to see Studsy Burke. I've been pushed around too much. I've got to see about things."

"You're so damned pig-headed," she complained. "Well, it's only five o'clock. Lie down till it's time to dress."

I made myself comfortable on the living-room sofa. We had the afternoon papers sent up. Morell, it seemed, had shot me—twice for one of the papers and three times for another—when I tried to arrest him for Julia Wolf's murder, and I was too near death to see anybody or to be moved to a hospital. There were pictures of Morell and a thirteen-year-old one of me in a pretty funny-looking hat, taken, I remembered, when I was working on the Wall Street explosion. Most of the follow-up stories on the murder of Julia Wolf were rather vague. We were reading them when our little constant visitor, Dorothy Wynant, arrived.

I could hear her at the door when Nora opened it. "They wouldn't send my name up, so I sneaked up. Please don't send me away. I can help you nurse Nick. I'll do anything. Please, Nora."

Nora had a chance then to say: "Come on in."

Dorothy came in. She goggled at me. "B—but the paper said you—"

"Do I look like I'm dying? What's happened to you?" Her lower lip was swollen and cut near one corner, there was a bruise on one cheek-bone and two fingernail scratches down the other cheek, and her eyes were red and swollen.

"Mamma beat me," she said. "Look." She dropped her coat on the floor, tore off a button unbuttoning her dress, took an arm out of its sleeve, and pushed the dress down to show her back. There were dark bruises on her arm, and her back was crisscrossed by long red welts. She was crying now. "See?"

Nora put an arm around her. "You poor kid."

"What'd she beat you for?" I asked.

She turned from Nora and knelt on the floor beside my sofa. Asta came over and nuzzled her. "She thought I came—came to see you about Father and Julia Wolf." Sobs broke up her sentences. "That's why she came over her—to find out—and you made her think I didn't. You—you made her think you didn't care anything about what happened—just like you made me—and she was all right till she saw the papers this afternoon. Then she knew—she knew you been lying about not having anything to do with it. She beat me to try to make me tell her what I'd told you."

"What'd you tell her?"

"I couldn't tell her anything. I—I

couldn't tell her about Chris. I couldn't tell her anything."

"Was he there?"

"Yes."

"And he let her beat you like this?"

"But he—he never makes her stop."

I said to Nora: "For heaven's sake, let's have a drink."

Nora said, "Sure," picked up Dorothy's coat, laid it across the back of a chair, and went into the pantry.

Dorothy said: "Please let me stay here, Nick. I won't be any trouble, honest, and you told me yourself I ought to walk out on them. You know you did, and I've got nowhere else to go. Please."

"Take it easy. This thing needs a little figuring out. I'm as much afraid of Mimi as you are, you know. What did she think you'd told me?"

"She must know something—something about the murder that she thinks I know—but I don't, Nick. Honest to God, I don't."

"That helps a lot," I complained. "But listen, sister, there are things you know and we're going to start with those. You come clean at and from the beginning—or we don't play."

She made a movement as if she were about to cross her heart. "I swear I will," she said.

"That'll be swell. Now let's drink." We took a glass apiece from Nora. "Tell her you were leaving for good?"

"No, I didn't say anything. Maybe she doesn't know yet I'm not in my room."

"That helps some."

"You're not going to make me go back?" she cried.

Nora said over her glass: "The child can't stay and be beaten like that, Nick."

I said: "Sh-h-h. I don't know. I was just thinking that if we're going there for dinner maybe it's better for Mimi not to know—"

Dorothy stared at me with horrified eyes while Nora said: "Don't think you're going to take me there now."

THEN Dorothy spoke rapidly: "But Mamma doesn't expect you. I don't even know whether she'll be there. The papers said you were dying. She doesn't think you're coming."

"So much the better," I said. "We'll surprise them."

She put her face, white now, close to mine, spilling some of her drink on my sleeve in her excitement. "Don't go. You can't go there now. Listen to me. Listen to Nora. You can't go." She turned her white face around to look up at Nora. "Can he? Tell him he can't."

Nora, not shifting the focus of her dark eyes from my face, said: "Wait, Dorothy. He ought to know what's best. What is it, Nick?"

I made a face at her. "I'm just fumbling around. If you say Dorothy stays here, she stays. I guess she can sleep with Asta. But you've got to leave me alone on the rest of it. I don't know what I'm going to do because I don't know what's being done to me. I've got to find out. I've got to find out in my own way."

"We won't interfere," Dorothy said. "Will we, Nora?"

Nora continued to look at me, saying nothing.

I asked Dorothy: "Where'd you get that gun? And nothing out of books this time."

She moistened her lower lip and her face became pinker. She cleared her throat.

"Careful," I said. "If it's another piece of chewing-gum, I'll phone Mimi to come and get you."

"Give her a chance," Nora said.

Dorothy cleared her throat again. "Can—can I tell you something that happened to me when I was a little child?"

"Has it got anything to do with the gun?"



"Not exactly, but it'll help you understand why I—"

"Not now. Some other time. Where'd you get the gun?"

"I wish you let me." She hung her head.

"Where'd you get the gun?"

Her voice was barely audible. "From a man in a speakeasy."

I said: "I knew we'd get the truth at last." Nora frowned and shook her head at me. "All right, say you did. What speakeasy?"

Dorothy raised her head. "I don't know. It was on Tenth Avenue, I think. Your friend Mr. Quinn would know. He took me there."

"You met him after you left us that night?"

"Yes."

"By accident, I suppose."

SHE looked reproachfully at me. "I'm trying to tell you the truth, Nick. I'd promised to meet him at a place called the Palma Club. He wrote the address down for me. So after I said good-night to you and Nora I met him there and he went to a lot of places, winding up in this place where I got the gun. It was an awful tough place. You can ask him if I'm not telling the truth."

"Quinn got the gun for you?"

"No. He'd passed out then. He was sleeping with his head on the table. I left him there. They said they'd get him home all right."

"And the gun?"

"I'm coming to it." She began to blush. "He told me it was a gunman's hang-out. That's why I'd said let's go there. And after he went to sleep I got to talking to a man there, an awful tough-looking man. I was fascinated. And all the time I didn't want to go home, I wanted to come back here, but I didn't know if you'd let me." Her face was quite red now, and in her embarrassment she blurred her words. "So I thought perhaps if I—if you thought I was in a terrible fix—and, besides, that way I wouldn't feel so silly. Anyway, I asked this awful, tough-looking gangster, or whatever he was, if he would sell me a pistol or tell me where I could buy one. He thought I was kidding. So I laughed at first, but I told him I wasn't, and then he kept on gunning, but he said he'd see, and when he came back he said yes, he could get me one and asked how much I would pay for it. I didn't have much money, but I offered him my bracelet, but I guess he didn't think it was any good, because he said no, he'd have to have cash, so finally I gave him twelve dollars—all I had but a dollar for the taxi—and he gave me the pistol and I came over here and made up that about being afraid to go home because of Chris." She finished so rapidly her words ran together, and she sighed as if very glad to have finished.

"Then Chris hasn't been making passes at you?"

She bit her lip. "Yes, but not—not that bad."

She put both hands on my arm, and her face almost touched mine. "You've got to believe me. I couldn't tell you all that, couldn't make myself out such a cheap little lying fool, if it wasn't the truth."

"It makes more sense if I don't believe you," I said. "Twelve bucks isn't enough money. We'll let that rest for a minute, though. Did you know Mimi was going to see Julia Wolf that afternoon?"

"No. I didn't even know she was trying to find my father then. They didn't say where they were going that afternoon."

"They?"

"Yes. Chris left the apartment with her."

"What time was that?"

She wrinkled her forehead. "It must've been pretty close to three o'clock—after two-thirty, anyway—because I remember I was late for a date to go shopping with

Elsie Hamilton and was hurrying into my clothes."

"They come back together?"

"I don't know. They were both home before I came."

"What time was that?"

"Some time after six. Nick, you don't think they— Oh, I remember something she said while she was dressing. I don't know what Chris said, but she said: 'When I ask her she'll tell me.' In that Queen-of-France way she talks sometimes. You know, I didn't hear anything else. Does that mean anything?"

"What'd she tell you about the murder when you came home?"

"Oh, just about finding her and how upset she was and about the police and everything."

"She seem very shocked?"

Dorothy shook her head. "No, just excited. You know mamma." She stared at me for a moment, asked slowly: "You don't think she had anything to do with it?"

"What do you think?"

"I hadn't thought. I just thought about my father." A little later she said gravely: "If he did it, it's because he's crazy, but she'd kill somebody if she wanted to."

"It doesn't have to be either of them," I reminded her. "The police seem to have picked Morelli. What'd she want to find your father for?"

"For money. We're broke. Chris spent it all." She pulled down the corners of her mouth. "I suppose we all helped, but he spent most of it. Mamma's afraid he'll leave her if she hasn't any money."

"How do you know that?"

"I've heard them talk."

"Do you think he will?"

She nodded with certainty. "Unless she has money."

I looked at my watch and said: "The rest of it'll have to wait till we get back. You can stay here to-night, anyhow. Make yourself comfortable and have the restaurant send up your dinner. It's probably better if you don't go out."

She stared miserably at me and said nothing.

I called the desk on the telephone and asked them to send up our mail. There were a couple of letters for Nora, one for me, some belated Christmas cards, a number of telephone-call memoranda slips, and a telegram from Philadelphia:

"Nick Charles"

The Normandie New York N.Y. Will you communicate with Herbert Macaulay to discuss taking charge of investigation of Wolf murder stop Am giving him full instructions stop best regards Clyde Miller Wynant."

I put the telegram in an envelope with a note saying it had just reached me and sent it by messenger to the Police Department Homicide Bureau.

IN the taxicab Nora asked: "You're sure you feel all right?"

"Sure."

"And this isn't going to be too much for you?"

"I'm all right. What'd you think of the girl's story?"

She hesitated. "You don't believe her, do you?"

"God forbid—at least till I've checked it up."

"You know more about this kind of thing than I do," she said, "but I think she was at least trying to tell the truth."

"A lot of the fancier yarns come from people who are trying to do that. It's not easy once you're out of the habit."

She said: "I bet you know a lot about human nature, Mr. Charles. Now don't you? Some time you must tell me about your experiences as a detective."

I said: "Buying a gun for twelve bucks in a speakeasy. Well, maybe, but . . ."

We rode a couple of blocks in silence.

Then Nora asked: "What's really the matter with her?"

"Her old man's crazy; she thinks she is."

"How do you know?"

"You asked me. I'm telling you."

"You mean you're guessing?"

"I mean what's what's wrong with her."

When we stopped in front of the Courtland she said: "That's horrible, Nick. Somebody ought to—"

I said I didn't know; maybe Dorothy was right. "Likely as not she's making doll clothes for Asia right now."

We sent our names up to the Jorgensen and, after some delay, were told to go up. Mimi met us in the corridor when we stepped out of the elevator, met us with open arms and many words. "Those wretched newspapers. They had me frantic with their nonsense about your being at death's door. I phoned twice, but they wouldn't give me your apartment, wouldn't tell me how you were." She had both of my hands. "I'm so glad, Nick, that it was just a pack of lies, even if you will have to take pot luck with us to-night. Naturally I didn't expect you and— But you're pale. You really have been hurt."

"Not much," I said. "A bullet scraped my side, but it doesn't amount to anything."

"And you came to dinner in spite of that? That is flattering, but I'm afraid it's foolish, too." She turned to Nora. "Are you sure it was wise to let him—"

"I'm not sure," Nora said, "but he wanted to come."

"Men are such idiots," Mimi said. She put an arm around me. "They either make mountains out of nothing or utterly neglect things that may— But come in. Here, let me help you."

"It's not that bad," I assured her, but she insisted on leading me to a chair and packing me in with half a dozen cushions.

JORGENSEN came in, shook hands with me, and said he was glad to find me more alive than the newspapers had said. He bowed over Nora's hand. "If I may be excused one little little more I will finish the cocktails." He went out.

Gilbert Wynant came in. He was two years younger than his sister, a gangling, pale blond boy of eighteen with not too much chin under a somewhat slack mouth. The size of his remarkably clear blue eyes, and the length of the lashes, gave him a slightly effeminate look. I hope he had stopped being the whining little nuisance he was as a kid.

Jorgensen, brought in his cocktails and Mimi insisted on being told about the shooting. I told her, making it even more meaningless than it had been.

"But why should he have come to you?" she asked.

"God knows. I'd like to know. The police'd like to know."

Gilbert said: "I read somewhere that when habitual criminals are accused of things they didn't do—even little things—they're much more upset by it than other people would be. Do you think that's so, Mr. Charles?"

"It's likely."

Mimi said: "Don't be polite to Gil if he starts talking nonsense, Nick. His head's so cluttered up with reading. Get us another cocktail, darling."

He went over to get the shaker. Nora and Jorgensen were in a corner sipping phonograph records.

I said: "I had a wire from Wynant today."

Mimi looked warily around the room, then leaned forward, and her voice was almost a whisper: "What did he say?"

"Wanted me to find out who killed her. It was sent from Philadelphia this afternoon."

She was breathing heavily. "Are you going to do it?"

I shrugged. "I turned it over to the police."



GILBERT came back with the shaker. Jorgensen and Nora had put Bach's "Little Fugue" on the phonograph. Mimi quickly drank her cocktail and had Gilbert pour her another.

He sat down and said: "I want to ask you: can you tell dope-addicts by looking at them?" He was trembling.

"Very seldom. Why?"

"I was wondering. Even if they're confirmed addicts?"

"The further along they are the better the chances of noticing that something's wrong, but you can't often be sure it's dope."

Mimi drank her third cocktail and said: "I think you're both being indecently gruesome, especially after what happened to Nick to-day. Do try to find Dorry, Gil. You must know some of her friends. Phone them. I suppose she'll be along presently, but I worry about her."

"She's over at our place," I said.

"At your place?" Her surprise may have been genuine.

"She came over this afternoon and asked if she could stay with us awhile."

She smiled tolerantly and shook her head.

"These youngsters!" She stopped smiling.

"Awful!"

I nodded.

Gilbert, apparently waiting to ask me another question, showed no interest in this conversation between his mother and me.

Mimi smiled again and said: "I'm sorry she's bothering you and your wife, but it's a relief to know she's there instead of off the Lord only knows where. She'll have finished her pointing by the time you get back. Send her along home, will you?" She poured me a cocktail. "You've been awfully nice to her."

I did not say anything.

Gilbert began: "Mr. Charles, do criminals—"

"—I mean professional criminals—usually—"

"Don't interrupt, Gil," Mimi said. "You will send her along home, won't you?" She was pleasant, but she was Dorothy's Queen of France.

"She can stay if she wants. Nora likes her."

She shook a crooked finger at me. "But I won't have you spilling her like that. I suppose she told you all sorts of nonsense about me."

"She did say something about a beating."

"There you are," Mimi said complacently as if that proved her point. "No, you'll have to send her home, Nick."

I finished my cocktail.

"Well?" she asked.

"She can stay with us if she wants, Mimi. We like having her."

"That's ridiculous. Her place is at home. I want her here." Her voice was a little sharp. "She's only a baby. You shouldn't encourage her foolish notions."

"I'm not doing anything. If she wants to stay, she stays."

Anger was a very pretty thing in Mimi's blue eyes. "She's my child and she's a minor. You've been very kind to her, but this isn't being kind to her or to me and I won't have it. If you won't send her home, I'll take steps to bring her home. I'd rather not be disagreeable about it, but—"

she leaned forward and deliberately spaced her words—"she's coming home."

I said: "You don't want to pick a fight with me, Mimi."

SHE looked at me as if she were going to say I love you, and asked: "Is that a threat?"

"All right," I said, "have me arrested for kidnapping, contributing to the delinquency of a minor, and mopey."

She said suddenly in a harsh enraged voice: "And tell your wife to stop pawing my husband."

Nora, looking for another phonograph record with Jorgensen, had a hand on his sleeve. They turned to look at Mimi in surprise.

I said: "Nora, Mrs. Jorgensen wants you to keep your hands off Mr. Jorgensen."

"I'm awfully sorry," Nora smiled at Mimi, then looked at me, put a very artificial expression of concern on her face, and in a somewhat singsong voice, as if she were a schoolgirl reciting a piece, said: "Oh, Nick, you're pale. I'm sure you have exceeded your strength and will have a relapse. I'm sorry, Mrs. Jorgensen, but I think I should get him home and to bed right away. You will forgive us, won't you?"

Mimi said she would. Everybody was the soul of politeness to everybody else. We went downstairs and got a taxicab. When we got home Dorothy was not there.

MY side felt a lot better when Nora called me at noon the next day. "My nice policeman wants to see you," she said. "How do you feel?"

"Terrible. I must've gone to bed sober."

I pushed Asta out of the way and got up.

Guild rose with a drink in his hand when I entered the living-room, and smiled all across his broad sandy face. "Well, well, Mr. Charles, you look spunky enough this morning."

I shook hands with him and said, yes, I felt pretty good, and we sat down.

He frowned good-naturedly. "Just the same, you oughtn't've played that trick on me."

"Trick?"

"Sure, running off to see people when I'd put off asking you questions to give you a chance to rest up. I kind of figured that ought to give me first call on you, as you might say."

"I didn't think," I said. "I'm sorry. See that wire I got from Wynant?"

"Uh-huh. We're running it out in Philly."

"Now about that gun," I began. "I—"

He stopped me. "What gun? That ain't a gun any more. The firing pin's busted off, the guts are rusted and jammed. If anybody's fired it in six months—or could—I'm Napoleon. Don't let's waste any time talking about that piece of junk."

I laughed. "That explains a lot. I took it away from a drunk who said he'd bought it in a speakeasy for twelve bucks. I believe him now."

"Somebody'll sell him the City Hall one of these days. Man to man, Mr. Charles, are you working on the Wolf job or ain't you?"

"You saw the wire from Wynant?"

"I did. Then you ain't working for him. I'm still asking you."

"I'm not a private detective any more. I'm not any kind of a detective."

"I heard that. I'm still asking you."

"All right. No."

He thought for a moment, said: "Then let me put it another way: are you interested in the job?"

"I know the people, naturally. I'm interested."

"And that's all?"

"Yes."

"And you don't expect to be working on it?"

The telephone rang and Nora went to answer it.

"To be honest with you, I don't know. If people keep on pushing me into it, I don't know how far they'll carry me."

"Nora appeared in the doorway. "Telephone, Nick."

Herbert Macaulay was on the wire.

"Hello, Charles. How's the wounded?"

"I'm all right, thanks."

"Did you hear from Wynant?"

"Yes."

"I got a letter from him saying he had wired you. Are you too sick to—"

"No, I'm up and around. If you'll be in your office late this afternoon I'll drop in."

"Well," he said. "I'll be there till six."

I returned to the living-room. Nora was inviting Guild to have lunch while we had breakfast. He said it was mighty kind of

her. I said I ought to have a drink before breakfast. Nora went to order meals and poor drinks.

Guild shook his head and said: "She's a mighty fine woman, Mr. Charles."

I nodded solemnly.

He said: "Suppose you should get pushed into this thing, as you say, I'd like it a lot more to feel you were working with us than against us."

"So would I."

"That's a bargain then," he said. He hunched his chair around a little. "I don't guess you remember me, but back when you were working this town I was walking beat on Forty-third Street."

"Of course," I said, lying politely. "I knew there was something familiar about—"

Being out of uniform makes a difference."

"I guess it does. I'd like to be able to take it as a fact that you're not holding out anything we don't already know."

"I don't mean to. I don't know what you know. I don't know very much. I haven't seen Macaulay since the murder and I haven't even been following it in the newspapers."

The telephone was ringing again. Nora gave us our drinks and went to answer it.

"What we know ain't much of a secret," Guild said, "and if you want to take the time to listen I don't mind giving it to you."

He tasted his drink and nodded approvingly. "Only there's a thing I'd like to ask first. When you went to Mrs. Jorgensen's last night did you tell her about getting the telegram from him?"

"Yes, and I told her I'd turned it over to you."

"What'd she say?"

"Nothing. She asked questions. She's trying to find him."

He put his head a little to one side and partly closed one eye. "You don't think there's any chance of their being in cahoots, do you?" He held up a hand. "Understand I don't know why they would be or what it'd be all about if they were, but I'm just asking."

"Anything's possible," I said, "but I'd say it was pretty safe they aren't working together. Why?"

"I guess you're right." Then he added vaguely: "But there's a couple of points."

He sighed. "There always is. Well, Mr. Charles, here's just about all we know for certain, and if you can give us a little something more here and there as we go along I'll be mighty thankful to you."

I said something about doing my best.

WELL, along about the 3rd of last October Wynant tells Macaulay he's got to leave town for a while. He don't tell Macaulay where he's going or what for, but Macaulay gets the idea that he's off to work on some invention or other that he wants to keep quiet—and he gets it out of Julia Wolf later that he's right—and he guesses Wynant's gone off to hide somewhere in the Adirondacks, but when he asks her about that later she says she don't know any more about it than he does.

"She knows what the invention was?"

Guild shook his head. "Not according to Macaulay, only that it was probably something that he needed room for and machinery or things that cost money, because that's what he was fixing up with Macaulay. He was fixing it no Macaulay could get hold of his stocks and bonds and other things he owned and turn 'em into money when he wanted it and take care of his banking and everything just like Wynant himself."

"Power of attorney covering everything, huh?"

"Exactly. And listen, when he wanted money, he wanted it in cash."



"He was always full of screwy notions," I said.

"That's what everybody says. The idea seems to be he don't want to take any chances on anybody tracing him through cheques, or anybody up there knowing he's Wynant. That's why he didn't take the girl along with him—didn't even let her know where he was. If she was telling the truth—and let his whiskers grow? With his left hand he stroked an imaginary beard.

"Up there," I quoted. "So he was in the Adirondacks?"

**G**UILD moved one shoulder. "I just said that because that and Philadelphia are the only ideas anybody's give us. We're trying the mountains, but we don't know. Maybe Australia."

"And how much of this money in cash did Wynant want?"

"I can tell you that exactly." He took a wad of soiled, bent and dog-eared papers out of his pocket, selected an envelope that was a shade dirtier than most of the others, and stuffed the others back in his pocket.

"The day after he talked to Macaulay he drew five thousand out of the bank himself, in cash. On the 30th—this is October, you understand—he had Macaulay get another five for him, and twenty-five hundred on the 6th November, and a thousand on the 15th, and seventy-five hundred on the 30th, and fifteen hundred on the 6th—that would be December—and a thousand on the 18th, and five thousand on the 22nd, which was the day before she was killed."

"Nearly thirty thou," I said. "A nice bank balance he had."

"Twenty-eight thousand five hundred, to be exact." Guild returned the envelope to his pocket. "But you understand it wasn't all in there. After the first call Macaulay would sell something every time to raise the dough." He felt in his pocket again. "I got a list of the stuff he sold, if you want to see it."

"I said I didn't. How'd he turn the money over to Wynant?"

"Wynant would write the girl when he wanted it, and she'd get it from Macaulay. He's got her receipts."

"And how'd she get it to Wynant?"

Guild shook his head. "She told Macaulay she used to meet him places he told her, but he thinks she knew where he was, though she always said she didn't."

"And maybe she still had that last five thousand on her when she was killed, huh?"

"Which might make it robbery, unless—Guild's watery grey eyes were almost shut—"he killed her when he came there to get it."

"Or unless," I suggested, "somebody else who killed her for some other reason found the money there and thought they might as well take it along."

"Sure," he agreed. "Things like that happen all the time. It even happens sometimes that the first people that find a body like that pick up a little something before they turn in the alarm." He held up a big hand. "Of course, with Mrs. Jorgensen—a lady like that—I hope you don't think I'm—"

"Besides," I said, "she wasn't alone, was she?"

"For a little while. The phone in the apartment was out of order, and the elevator boy took the superintendent down to phone from the office. But get me right on this. I'm not saying Mrs. Jorgensen did anything funny. A lady like that wouldn't be likely—"

"What was the matter with the phone?" I asked.

The doorbell rang.

"Well," Guild said, "I don't know just what to make of it. The phone had—"

He broke off as a waiter came in and began to set a table.

"About the phone," Guild said when we were sitting at the table, "I don't know

just what to make of it, as I said. It had a bullet right smack through the mouthpiece of it."

"Accidental or—"

"I'd just as lief ask you. It was from the same gun as the four that hit her of course, but whether he missed her with that one or did it on purpose I don't know. It seems like a kind of noisy way to put a phone out of action."

"That reminds me," I said, "didn't anybody hear all this shooting? A .32's not a shotgun, but somebody ought to've heard it."

"Sure," he said disgustedly. "The place is full of people that think they heard things now, but nobody did anything about it then, and God knows they don't get together much on what they think they heard."

"It's always like that," I said sympathetically.

"Don't I know it." He put a forkful of food in his mouth. "Where was I? Oh, yes, about Wynant. He gave up his apartment when he went away, and put his stuff in storage. We've been looking through it—the stuff—but ain't found anything yet to show where he went, or even what he was working on, which we thought maybe might help. We didn't have any better luck in his shop on First Avenue. It's been locked up too since he went away, except that she used to go down there for an hour or two once or twice a week to take care of his mail and things. There's nothing to tell us anything in the mail that's come since she got knocked off. We didn't find anything in her place to help." He smiled at Nora. "I guess this must be pretty dull to you, Mrs. Charles."

"Dull?" She was surprised. "I'm sitting on the edge of my chair."

"Ladies usually like more color," he said, and coughed, "kind of glamor. Anyways, we got nothing to show where he's been only he phones Macaulay last Friday and says to meet him at two o'clock in the Plaza lobby. Macaulay wasn't in, so he just left the message."

"Macaulay was here," I said, "for lunch."

"He told me. Well, Macaulay don't get to the Plaza till nearly three, and he don't find any Wynant there, and Wynant ain't registered there. He tries describing him, with and without a beard, but nobody at the Plaza remembers seeing him. He phones his office, but Wynant ain't called up again. And then he phones Julia Wolf, and she tells him she don't even know Wynant's in town, which he figures is a lie, because he had just give her five thousand dollars for Wynant yesterday, and figures Wynant's come for it, but he just says all right and hangs up and goes on about his business."

"His business such as what?" I asked.

**G**UILD stopped chewing the piece of roll he had just bitten off. "I guess it wouldn't hurt to know, at that. I'll find out. There didn't seem to be anything pointing at him, so we didn't bother with that, but it don't ever hurt any to know who's got an alibi and who ain't."

I shook my head no at the question he had decided not to ask. "I don't see anything pointing at him except that he's Wynant's lawyer, and probably knows more than he's telling."

"Sure. I understand. Well, that's what people have lawyers for, I guess. Now about the girl, maybe Julia Wolf wasn't her real name at all. We ain't been able to find out for sure yet, but we have found out she wasn't the kind of dame you'd expect him to be trusting to handle all that dough—I mean if he knew about her."

"Had a record?"

He wagged his head up and down. "This is elegant stew. A couple of years before

she went to work for him she did six months on a charge out West, in Cleveland, under the name of Rhoda Stewart."

"You suppose Wynant knew that?"

"Search me. Don't look like he'd turned her loose with that dough if he did, but you can't tell. They tell me he was kind of mad about her, and you know how guys can go. She was running around off and on with this Shep Morelli and his boys, too."

"Have you really got anything on him?" I asked.

"Not on this," he said regretfully, "but we wanted him for a couple of other things." He drew his sandy brows together a little. "I wish I knew what sent him here to see you. Of course, these junkies are likely to do anything, but I wish I knew."

"I told you all I knew."

"I'm not doubting that," he assured me. He turned to Nora. "I hope you don't think we were too rough with him, but you see you got to—"

Nora smiled and said she understood perfectly, and filled his cup with coffee.

"Thank you, ma'am."

"What's a junkie?" she asked.

"Dope."

She looked at me. "Was Morelli—?"

"Primed to the ears," I said.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she complained. "I miss everything." She left the table to answer the telephone.

Guild asked: "You going to prosecute him for shooting you?"

"Not unless you need it."

He shook his head. His voice was casual, though there was some curiosity in his eyes. "I guess we got enough on him for a while."

"You were telling me about the girl."

"Yes," he said. "Well, we found out she's been spending a lot of nights away from her apartment—two or three days at a stretch sometimes. Maybe that's when she was meeting Wynant. I don't know. We ain't been able to knock any holes in Morelli's story of not seeing her for three months. What do you make of that?"

"The same thing you do," I replied. "It's just about three months since Wynant went off. Maybe it means something, maybe not."

**N**ORA came in and said Harrison Quinn was on the telephone. He told me he had sold some bonds I was writing off losses on and gave me the prices.

"Have you seen Dorothy Wynant?" I asked.

"Not since I left her in your place, but I'm meeting her at the Plaza for cocktails this afternoon."

A waiter was carrying away the table when I returned to the living-room. Guild had made himself comfortable on the sofa.

Guild looked at his watch. "I'm taking up a lot of you folks' time. I didn't mean to impose—"

I sat down and said: "We were just about up to the murder weren't we?"

"Just about." He relaxed on the sofa again. "That was on Friday the 22nd at some time before twenty minutes after three in the afternoon, which was the time Mrs. Jorgensen got there and found her. It's kind of hard to say how long she'd been laying there dying before she was found. The only thing we know is that she was all right—at about half-past two, when Mrs. Jorgensen called her up, and was still all right around three, when Macaulay phoned."

"I didn't know Mrs. Jorgensen phoned."

"It's a fact." Guild cleared his throat. "We didn't suspect anything there, you understand, but we checked it up just as a matter of course, and found out from the girl at the switchboard at the Courtland that she put the call through for Mrs. J. about two-thirty."

"What did Mrs. J. say?"

"She said she called up to ask where she could find Wynant, but this Julia



Wolf said she didn't know, so Mrs. J., thinking she's lying and maybe she can get her to tell the truth if she sees her, asks her if she can drop in for a minute, and she says sure. He trowped at my right knee. "Well, she went there and found her. The apartment-house people don't remember seeing anybody going in or out of the Wolf apartment, but that's easy. A dozen people could do it without being seen. The gun wasn't there. There wasn't any signs of anybody busting in, and things in the place hadn't been disturbed any more than I've told you. I mean the place didn't look like it had been fraked. She had on a diamond ring that must've been worth a few hundred and there was thirty-some bucks in her bag. The people there know Wynant and Morelli—both of 'em have been in and out enough—but claim they ain't seen either for some time. The fire-escape window was locked, and the fire-escape didn't look like it had been walked on recently." He turned his hands over, palms up. "I guess that's the crop."

"No fingerprints?"  
"Here, some belonging to the people that clean up the place, as near as we can figure. Nothing any good to us."

"Nothing out of her friends?"  
"She didn't seem to have any—not any close ones."

"How about the—what was his name?—Nunheim, who identified her as a friend of Morelli's?"

"He know her by sight through seeing her around with Morelli and recognised her picture when he saw it in the paper."

"Who is he?"

"He's all right. We know all about him."

"You wouldn't hold out on me, would you?" I asked, "after getting me to promise not to hold out on you?"

Gould said: "Well, if it don't go any further, he's a fellow that does some work for the department now and then."

"Oh."

He stood up. "I hate to say it, but that's just about as far as we've got. You got anything you can help with?"

"No."

He looked at me steadily for a moment.

"What do you think of it?"

"That diamond ring, was it an engagement ring?"

"She had it on that finger." After a pause he asked: "Why?"

"It might help to know who bought it for her. I'm going to see Macaulay this afternoon. If anything turns up I'll give you a ring. It looks like Wynant, all right, but—"

He growled good-naturedly, "Uh-huh, but," shook hands with Nora and me, thanked us for our whisky, our lunch, our hospitality, and kindness in general, and went away.

**M**ACAULAY'S letter from Clyde Wynant was quite a document. It was very badly typewritten on plain white paper and dated Philadelphia, Pa., December 28, 1932. It read:

Dear Herbert:

I am telegraphing Nick Charles who worked for me you will remember some years ago and who is in New York to get in touch with you about the terrible death of poor Julia. I want you to do everything in your power to see line had been x'd and n'd out here, so that it was impossible to make anything at all of it) persuade him to find her murderer. I don't care what it costs—pay him!

Here are some facts I want you to give him outside of all you know about it yourself. I don't think he should tell these facts to the police, but he will know what is best and I want him to have a completely free hand as I have got the utmost confidence in him. Perhaps you had better

just show him this letter, after which I must ask you to carefully destroy it. Here are the facts:

When I met Julia Thursday night to get that 1000 dollars from her she told me she wanted to quit her job. She said she hadn't been at all well for some time and her doctor had told her she ought to go away and rest and now that her uncle's estate had been settled she could afford to and wanted to do it. She had never said anything about bad health before and I thought she was hiding her real reason and tried to get it out of her, but she stuck to what she had said. I didn't know anything about her uncle dying either. She said it was her Uncle John in Chicago. I suppose that could be looked up if it's important. I couldn't persuade her to change her mind, so she was to leave the last day of the month. She seemed worried or frightened, but she said she wasn't. I was sorry at first that she was going, but then I wasn't, because I had always been able to trust her and now I wouldn't be if she was lying, as I thought she was.

**T**HE next fact I want Charles to know is that whatever anybody may think or whatever was true some time ago Julia and I ("are now" was x'd out lightly) were at the time of her murder and had been for more than a year not anything more to each other than employee and employer. This relationship was the result of mutual agreement.

Next, I believe some attempt should be made to learn the present whereabouts of the Victor Roseben with whom we had trouble some years ago, inasmuch as the experiments I am now engaged in are in line with those he claimed I cheated him out of, and I consider him quite insane enough to have killed Julia in a rage at her refusal to tell him where I could be found.

Fourth, and most important, has my divorced wife been in communication with Roseben? How did she learn I was carrying out the experiments with which he once assisted me?

Fifth, the police must be convinced at once that I can tell them nothing about the murder so that they will take no steps to find me—steps that might lead to a discovery of and a premature exposure of my experiments, which I would consider very dangerous at this time. This can best be avoided by clearing up the mystery of her murder immediately, and that is what I wish to have done.

I will communicate with you from time to time and if in the meanwhile anything should arise to make communication with me imperative insert the following advertisement in the "Times".

Abner. Yes. Bunny.

I will thereupon arrange to get in touch with you. I hope you sufficiently understand the necessity of persuading Charles to act for me, since he is already acquainted with the Roseben trouble and knows most of the people concerned.

Yours, truly,

Clyde Miller Wynant

I put the letter down on Macaulay's desk and said: "It makes a lot of sense. Do you remember what his row with Roseben was about?"

"Something about changes in the structure of crystals. I can look it up." Macaulay picked up the first sheet of the letter and frowned at it. "He says he got a thousand dollars from her that night. I gave her five thousand for him; she told me that's what he wanted."

"Four thousand from Uncle John's estate?" I suggested.

"Looks like it. That's funny; I never thought she'd gyp him. I'll have to find out about the other money I turned over to her."

"Did you know she'd done a pool sentence in Cleveland on a badger-game charge?"

"No. Had she really?"

"According to the police—under the name of Rhoda Stewart. Where'd Wynant find her?"

He shook his head. "I've no idea."

"Know anything about where she came from originally, relatives, things like that?"

He shook his head again.

"Who was she engaged to?" I asked.

"I didn't know she was engaged."

"She was wearing a diamond ring on that finger."

"That's news to me," he said. He shut his eyes and thought. "No, I can't remember ever noticing an engagement ring." He put his forearms on his desk and grinned over them at me. "Well, what are the chances of getting you to do what he wants?"

"Slim."

"I thought so." He moved a hand to touch the letter. "You know as much about how he feels as I do. What would make you change your mind?"

"I don't—"

"Would it help any if I could persuade him to meet you? Maybe if I told him that was the only way you'd take it—"

"I'm willing to talk to him," I said, "but he'd have to talk a lot straighter than he's writing."

Macaulay asked slowly: "You mean you think he may have killed her?"

"I don't know anything about that." I said. "I don't know as much as the police do, and it's a cinch they haven't got enough on him to make the pinch even if they could find him."

Macaulay sighed. "Being a goof's lawyer is not much fun. I'll try to make him listen to reason, but I know he won't."

"I meant to ask, how are his finances these days? Is he as well fixed as he used to be?"

"Almost. The depression's hurt him some, along with the rest of us, and the royalties from his smelting process have gone pretty much on the rocks now that the metals are dead, but he can still count on fifty or sixty thousand a year from his glassine and sound-proofing patents, with a little more coming in from odds and ends like—"

He broke off to ask: "You're not worrying about his ability to pay whatever you'd ask?"

"No, I was just wondering." I thought of something else: "Has he any relatives outside of his ex-wife and children?"

"A sister, Alice Wynant, that hasn't been on speaking terms with him for—it must be four or five years now."

**I** SUPPOSED that was the Aunt Alice the Jorgensons had not gone to see Christmas afternoon. "What'd they fall out about?" I asked.

"He gave an interview to one of the papers saying he didn't think the Russian Five Year Plan was necessarily doomed to failure. Actually he didn't make it much stronger than that."

I laughed. "They're a—"

"She's even better than he is. She can't remember things. The time her brother had his appendix out, she and Mimi were in a taxi going to see him the first afternoon and they passed a hearse coming from the direction of the hospital. Miss Alice turned pale and grabbed Mimi by the arm and said: 'Oh, dear! If that should be what's-his-name!'"

"Where does she live?"

"On Madison Avenue. It's in the phone book." He hesitated. "I don't think—"

"I'm not going to bother her." Before I could say anything else his telephone began to ring.

He put the receiver to his ear and said: "Hello. . . . Yes, speaking. . . . Who? . . . Oh, yes. . . ." Muscles tightened around his mouth, and his eyes opened a little wider. "Where?" He listened some more. "Yes, surely. Can I make it?" He looked at the watch on his left wrist. "Right. See



you on the train." He put the telephone down. "That was Lieutenant Guild," he told me. "Wynant's tried to commit suicide in Allentown, Pennsylvania."

Dorothy and Quinn were at the bar when I went into the Palma Club. They did not see me until I came up beside Dorothy and said: "Hello, folks." Dorothy had on the same clothes I had last seen her in.

She looked at me and at Quinn and her face flushed. "You had to tell him."

"The girl's in a pet," Quinn said cheerfully. "You're a swell guest—ducking out without leaving a word behind you."

Dorothy looked at me again. The scratches on her face were pale, the bruise barely showed, and her mouth was no longer swollen. "I trusted you," she said. She seemed about to cry.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know what I mean. Even when you went to dinner at Mamma's I trusted you."

"And why not?"

Quinn said: "She's been in a pet all afternoon. Don't bait her." He put a hand on one of hers. "There, there, darling, don't you—"

"Please shut up," she took her hand away from him. "You know very well what I mean," she told me. "You and Nora both made fun of me to Mamma and—"

I BEGAN to see what had happened. "She told you that and you believed it?" I laughed. "After twenty years you're still a sucker for her lies? I suppose she phoned you after we left. We had a row and didn't stay long."

She hung her head and said, "Oh, I am a fool," in a low miserable voice. Then she grabbed me by both arms and said: "Listen, let's go over and see Nora. I've got to square myself with her. I'm such an ass. It'd serve me right if she never—"

"Sure. There's plenty of time. Let's have this drink first."

Quinn said: "Brother Charles, I'd like to shake your hand. You've brought sunshine back into the life of our little lot and joy to—"

He emptied his glass. "Let's go over and see Nora. The booze there is just as good and costs us less."

"Why don't you stay here?" she asked him.

He laughed and shook his head. "Not me. Maybe you can get Nick to stay here, but I'm going with you. I've put up with your diodes all afternoon; now I'm going to bask in the sunshine."

Gilbert Wynant was with Nora when we reached the Normandie. He kissed his sister and shook hands with me and Harrison Quinn.

Dorothy immediately began to make long and earnest and none too coherent apologies to Nora.

Nora said: "Stop it. There's nothing to forgive. If Nick's told you I was sore or hurt or anything of the sort he's just a natural liar. Let me take your coat."

Quinn turned on the radio. At the stroke of the gong it was five thirty-one and one quarter, Eastern Standard time.

Nora told Quinn, "Play bar-tender; you know where the stuff is," and followed me into the bathroom. "Where'd you find her?"

"In a speakeasy. What's Gilbert doing here?"

"He came over to see her, so he said. She didn't go home last night and he thought she was still here." She laughed. "He wasn't surprised at not finding her, though. He said she was always wandering off somewhere, she has dromomania, which comes from a mother fixation and is very interesting. He said Stekel claims people who have it usually show kleptomaniac

impulses, too, and he's left things around to see if she'd steal them, but she never has yet that he knows of."

"He's quite a lad. Did he say anything about his father?"

"No."

"Maybe he hadn't heard. Wynant tried to commit suicide down in Allentown. Guild and Macaulay have gone down to see him. I don't know whether to tell the youngsters or not. I wonder if Mimi had a hand in his coming over here."

"I wouldn't think so, but if you do—"

"I'm just wondering," I said. "Has he been here long?"

"About an hour. He's a funny kid. He's studying Chinese and writing a book on Knowledge and Belief."

WHEN we returned to the living-room, Dorothy and Quinn were dancing to "Eadie Was a Lady."

Gilbert put down the magazine he was looking at and politely said he hoped I was recovering from my injury.

I said I was.

"Mr. Charles, if you're too busy or don't want to, I hope you'll say so, but I'd appreciate it very much if you'd let me talk to you some time when there aren't a lot of people around to interrupt us. There are so many things I'd like to ask you, things I don't know anybody else could tell me and—"

"I'm not so sure about that," I said, "but I'll be glad to try any time you want."

"You really don't mind? You're not just being polite?"

"No, I mean it, only I'm not sure you'll get as much help as you expect. It depends on what you want to know."

"Well, things like cannibalism," he said. "I don't mean in places like Africa and New Guinea—in the United States, say. Is there much of it?"

"Not nowadays. Not that I know of."

"Then there was once?"

"I don't know how much, but it happened now and then before the country was completely settled. There's a book on it in my library."

While Gilbert was reading, I got myself a drink. Dorothy stopped dancing to join me. "Do you like him?" she asked, jerking her head to indicate Quinn.

"He's all right."

"Maybe, but he can be terribly silly. You didn't ask me where I stayed last night. Don't you care?"

"It's none of my business."

"But I found out something for you."

"What?"

"I stayed at Aunt Alice's. She's not exactly right in the head, but she's awfully sweet. She told me she had a letter from my father to-day warning her against mamma."

"Warning her how? Just what did he say?"

"I didn't see it. Aunt Alice has been mad with him for several years and she tore it up. She says he's become a Communist and she's sure the Communists killed Julia Wolf and will kill him in the end. She thinks it's all over some secret they betrayed."

I said: "Oh, my God!"

"Well, don't blame me. I'm just telling you what she told me. I told you she wasn't exactly right in the head."

"Did she tell you that junk was in the letter?"

Dorothy shook her head. "No. She only said the warning was. As near as I remember she said he wrote her not to trust mamma under any circumstances and not to trust anybody connected with her, which I suppose means all of us."

"Try to remember more."

"But there wasn't any more. That's all she told me."

"Where was the letter from?" I asked.

"She didn't know—except that it had come air mail. She said she wasn't interested."

"What did she think of it? I mean, did she take the warning seriously?"

"She said he was a dangerous radical—they're her very words—and she wasn't interested in anything he had to say."

"How seriously do you take it?"

She stared at me for a long moment and she moistened her lips before she spoke.

"I think he—"

Gilbert, book in hand, came over to us. He seemed disappointed in the story I had given him. "It's very interesting," he said, "but, if you know what I mean, it's not a pathological case." He put an arm around his sister's waist. "It was more a matter of that or starving."

"Not unless you want to believe him," I said.

Dorothy asked: "What is it?"

"A thing in the book," Gilbert replied.

"Tell him about the letter your aunt got," I said to Dorothy.

She told him.

When she had finished, he grimaced impatiently. "That's silly. Mamma's not really dangerous. She's just a case of arrested development."

Nora and Quinn were dancing.

"And what do you think of your father?" I asked.

Gilbert shrugged. "I haven't seen him since I was a child. I've got a theory about him, but a lot of it's guess-work."

I said: "He tried to kill himself to-day, down in Allentown."

Dorothy cried, "He didn't," so sharply that Quinn and Nora stopped dancing, and she turned and thrust her face up at her brother's. "Where's Chris?" she demanded.

Gilbert looked from her face to mine and quickly back to hers. "Don't be an ass," he said coldly. "He's off with that girl of his, that Fenton girl."

Dorothy did not look as if she believed him.

"She's jealous of him," he explained to me. "It's that mother fixation."

I asked: "Did either of you ever see the Victor Roseben your father had trouble with back when I first knew you?"

Dorothy shook her head. Gilbert said: "No. Why?"

"Just an idea I had. I never saw him, either, but the description they gave me, with some easy changes, could be made to fit your Chris Jorgensen."

THAT night Nora and I went to the opening of the Radio City Music Hall, decided we had had enough of the performance after an hour, and left. "Where to?" Nora asked.

"I don't care. Want to hunt up that Pigeon Club that Morell told us about? You'll like Studsy Burke. He used to be a safe-burglar. He claims to've cracked the safe in the Hagerstown jail while he was doing thirty days for disorderly conduct."

"Let's," she said.

We went down to Forty-ninth Street and, after asking two taxi-drivers, two newsboys, and a policeman, found the place. The doorman said he didn't know about any Burkes, but he'd see. Studsy came to the door. "How are you, Nick?" he said. "Come on in."

He was a powerfully-built man of medium height, a little fat now, but not soft. He must have been at least fifty, but looked ten years younger than that. He had a broad, pleasantly ugly, pock-marked face under not much hair of no particular color, and even his baldness could not make his forehead seem large. His voice was a deep bass growl.

I shook hands with him and introduced him to Nora.

"A wife," he said. "Think of that. By



Gosh, you'll drink champagne or you'll fight me."

I said we wouldn't fight and we went inside. His place had a comfortably shabby look. It was between hours; there were only three customers in the place. We sat at a table in a corner and Studsy told the waiter exactly which bottle of wine to bring. Then he examined me carefully and nodded. "Marriage done you good." He scratched his chin. "It's a long time I don't see you."

"A long time," I agreed. "He sent me up the river," he told Nora. She chuckled sympathetically. "Was he a good detective?"

Studsy wrinkled what forehead he had. "Polka say, but I don't know. The once he caught me was a accident! I led with my right."

"How come you fooled this wild man Morelli on me?" I asked. "You know how foreigners are," he said; "they're hysterical."

"He let himself be spotted speaking in and then blamed me for it. How'd he find me?"

"He's got friends and you wasn't hiding, was you?"

"I'd only be in town a week and there was nothing in the paper saying where I was staying."

"Is that so?" Studsy asked with interest. "Where you been?"

"I live in San Francisco now. How'd he find me?"

"That's a swell town. I ain't been there in years, but it's one swell town. I oughtn't tell you, Nick. Ask him. It's his business."

"Except that you sent him to me."

"Well, yes," he said, "except that, of course, but then, see, I was putting in a boost for you." He said it seriously.

I said: "My pal."

"How did I know he was going to blow his top? Anyways, he didn't hurt you much, did he?"

"Maybe not, but it didn't do me any good and I— I stopped as the waiter arrived with the champagne. We tasted it and said it was good. It was pretty bad. "Think he killed the girl?" I asked.

Studsy shook his head sideways with certainty. "No chance."

"I think you got the boy wrong," Studsy said. "I know the dame. She used to come in here with him sometimes. They was just playing. He wasn't mad enough about her that he'd have any reason for weighting her down like that. On the level."

"Was she on the drug, too?"

"I don't know. I seen her take it sometimes, but maybe she was just being sociable, taking a shot because he did."

"Who else did she play around with?"

"Nobody I know," Studsy replied indifferently. "There was a rat named Nunheim used to come in here that was on the make for her, but he didn't get nowhere that I could see."

"So that's where Morelli got my address."

"Don't be silly. All Morelli'd want of him would be a crack at him. What's it to him telling the police Morelli knew the dame? A friend of yours?"

I THOUGHT it over and said: "I don't know him. I hear he does chores for the police now and then."

"M-m-m. Thanks."

"Thanks for what? I haven't said anything."

"Fair enough. Now you tell me something: what's all this addled about, huh? That guy Wynant killed her, didn't he?"

"A lot of people think so," I said, "but fifty bucks'll get you a hundred he didn't."

He shook his head. "I don't bet with you in your own racket," his face brightened—"but I tell you what I will do and we can put some dough on it if you want. You know that time you copped me, I did lead with my right, like I said, and I always wondered if you could do it again. Some

time when you're feeling well I'd like—"

I laughed and said: "No, I'm all out of condition."

"I'm hog-fat myself," he insisted.

"Besides, that was a fluke: you were off balance and I was set."

"You're just trying to let me down, easy," he said, and then more thoughtfully, "though I guess you did get the breaks at that. Well, if you won't— Here, let me fill your glasses."

Nora decided that she wanted to go home early and sober, so we left Studsy and his Pigiron Club at a little after eleven o'clock. At the Normandie there was a telegram for me from Macaulay in Allentown:

"Man here is not Wynant and did not try to commit suicide."

I HAD a stenographer in the next morning and got rid of most of the mail that had been accumulating; had a telephone conversation with our lawyer in San Francisco—we were trying to keep one of the mill's customers from being thrown into bankruptcy; spent an hour going over a plan we had for lowering our State taxes; was altogether the busy business man, and felt pretty virtuous by two o'clock, when I knocked off work for the day and went out to lunch with Nora.

She had a date to play bridge after lunch. I went down to see Guild: I had talked to him on the telephone earlier in the day.

"So it was a false alarm?" I said after we had shaken hands and made ourselves comfortable in chairs.

"That's what it was. He wasn't any more Wynant than I am. You know how it is: we told the Philly police he'd sent a wire from there and broadcasted his description, and for the next week anybody that's skinny and maybe got whiskers is Wynant to half of the State of Pennsylvania. This was a fellow named Barlow, a carpenter out of work as near as we can figure out, that got shot by a colored fellow trying to stick him up. He can't talk much yet."

"He couldn't've been shot by somebody who made the same mistake the Allentown police did?" I asked.

"You mean thought he was Wynant? I guess that could be—if it helps any. Does it?"

I said I didn't know. "Did Macaulay tell you about the letter he got from Wynant?"

"He didn't tell me what was in it."

I told him. I told him what I knew about Roseben.

He said: "Now, that's interesting."

I told him about the letter Wynant had sent his sister.

He said: "He writes a lot of people, don't he?"

"I thought of that," I told him Roseben's description with a few easy changes would fit Christian Jorgensen.

He said: "It don't hurt any to listen to a man like you. Don't let me stop you."

I told him that was the crop.

He rocked back in his chair and screwed his pale grey eyes up at the ceiling. "There's some work to be done there," he said presently.

"Was this fellow in Allentown shot with a .22?" I asked.

Guild stared curiously at me for a moment, then shook his head. "A .44. You got something on your mind?"

"No. Just chasing the set-up around in my head."

He said, "I know what that is," and leaned back to look at the ceiling some more. When he spoke again it was as if he was thinking of something else. "That alibi of Macaulay's you were asking about is all right. He was late for a date then and we know for a fact he was in a fellow's office named Hermann on Fifty-seventh Street from five minutes after three till twenty after, the time that counts."

"What's the five minutes after three?"

"That's right, you don't know about that. Well, we found a fellow named Caross with a cleaning and dyeing place on First Avenue that called her up at five minutes after three to ask her if she had any work for him, and she said 'no,' and told him she was liable to go away. So that narrows the time down to from three five to three twenty. You ain't really suspicious of Macaulay?"

"I'm suspicious of everybody," I said. "Where were you between three five and three twenty?"

He laughed. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm just about the only one of the lot that ain't got an alibi. I was at the moving-pictures."

"The rest of them have?"

He wagged his head up and down. "Jorgensen left his place with Mrs. Jorgensen—that was about five minutes to three—and sneaked over on West Seventy-third Street to see a girl named Olga Fenton—we promised not to tell his wife—and stayed there till about five. We know what Mrs. Jorgensen did. The daughter was dressing when they left and she took a taxi at a quarter past and went straight to Bergdorf-Goodman's. The son was in the Public Library all the afternoon—he reads funny books. Morelli was in a joint over in the Forties." He laughed. "And where was you?"

"I'm saving mine till I really need it. None of those look too all-right, but legitimate alibis seldom do. How about Nunheim?"

Guild seemed surprised. "What makes you think of him?"

"I hear he had a crush on the girl."

"And where'd you hear it?"

"I heard it."

He scowled. "Would you say it was reliable?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said slowly, "he's one guy we can check up on. But, look here, what do you care about these people? Don't you think Wynant done it?"

I gave him the same odds I had given Studsy: "Twenty-five'll get you fifty he didn't."

HE scowled at me over that for a long, silent moment, then said: "That's an idea, anyways. Who's your candidate?"

"I haven't got that far yet. Understand, I don't know anything. I'm not saying Wynant didn't do it. I'm just saying everything doesn't point at him."

"And saying it two to one. What does point at him?"

"Call it a hunch," I said, "but—"

"I don't want to call it anything," he said. "I think you're a smart detective. I want to listen to what you got to say."

"Mostly I've got questions to say. For instance, how long was it from the time the elevator boy let Mrs. Jorgensen off at the Wolf girl's floor until she rang for him and said she heard groans?"

Guild pursed his lips, opened them to ask, "You think she might've—?" and left the rest of the question hanging in the air.

"I think she might've. I'd like to know where Nunheim was. I'd like to know the answers to the questions in Wynant's letter. I'd like to know where the four-thousand-dollar difference between what Macaulay gave the girl and what she seems to have given Wynant went. I'd like to know where her engagement ring came from."

"We're doing the best we can," Guild said. "Me—just now I'd like to know why, if he didn't do it, Wynant don't come in and answer questions for us."

"One reason might be that Mrs. Jorgensen'd like to slam him in the squirrel cage again." I thought of something. "Herbert Macaulay's working for Wynant: you didn't just take Macaulay's word for it that the man in Allentown wasn't him?"

"No. He was a younger man than Wynant, with dammed little grey in his hair and no dye, and he didn't look like the pic-



turns we got." He seemed positive. "You got anything to do the next hour or so?"

"No."

"That's fine." He stood up. "I'll get some of the boys working on these things we been discussing and then maybe me and you will pay some visits."

"Good," I said, and he went out of the office.

There was a copy of the "Times" in his waste-basket. I fished it out and turned to the Public Notices columns. Macaulay's advertisement was there:

"Answer. Yes, Bunny."

When Guild returned I asked: "How about Wynant's help, whoever he had working in the shop? Have they been looked up?"

"Uh-huh, but they don't know anything. They was laid off at the end of the week that he went away—there's two of them—and haven't seen him since."

"What were they working on when the shop was closed?"

"Some kind of paint or something—something about a permanent green. I don't know. I'll find out if you want."

"I don't suppose it matters. Is it much of a shop?"

"Looks like a pretty good lay-out, far as I can tell. You think the shop might have something to do with it?"

"Anything might."

"Uh-huh. Well, let's run along."

## F

IRST thing, Guild said as we left his office, "we'll go see Mr. Nunheim. He ought to be home: I told him to stick around till I phoned him."

Mr. Nunheim's home was on the fourth floor of a dark, damp, and smelly building made noisy by the Sixth Avenue elevated. Guild knocked at the door.

There were sounds of hurried movement inside, then a voice asked: "Who is it?" The voice was a man's, nasal, somewhat irritable.

Guild said: "John."

The door was hastily opened by a small, sallow man of thirty-five or six whose visible clothes were an undershirt, blue pants, and black silk stockings. "I wasn't expecting you, Lieutenant," he whined. "You said you'd phone." He seemed frightened. His dark eyes were small and set close together; his mouth was wide, thin, and loose; and his nose was peculiarly lumber—a long, drooping nose, apparently boneless.

Guild touched my elbow with his hand and we went in. Through an open door to the left an unmade bed could be seen. The room we entered was a living-room, shabby and dirty, with clothing, newspapers, and dirty dishes sitting around. In an alcove to the right there was a sink and a stove. A woman stood between them holding a sizzling skillet in her hand. She was a big-boned, full-figured, red-haired woman of perhaps twenty-eight, handsome in a rather brutal, sloppy way. She wore a rumpled pink kimono and frayed pink mules with lopsided bows on them. She stared sullenly at us.

Guild did not introduce me to Nunheim and he paid no attention to the woman. "Sit down," he said, and pushed some clothing out of the way to make a place for himself on an end of the sofa.

I removed part of a newspaper from a rocking-chair and sat down. Since Guild kept his hat on I did the same with mine.

Nunheim went over to the table, where there was about two inches of whisky in a pint bottle, and a couple of tumblers, and said: "Have a shot?"

Guild made a face. "Not that stuff. What's the idea of telling me you just knew the Wolf girl by sight?"

"That's all I did, Lieutenant, that's the sober truth." Twice his eyes slid sidewise

towards me and he jerked them back. "Maybe I said hello to her or how are you or something like that when I saw her, but that's all I knew her. That's the truth."

The woman in the alcove laughed, once, derisively, and there was no merriment in her face.

Nunheim twisted himself around to face her. "All right," he told her, his voice shrill with rage, "put your mouth in and I'll pop a tooth out of it."

She swung her arm and let the skillet go at his head. It missed, crashing into the wall. Grease and egg-yolks made fresher stains on wall, floor, and furniture.

He started for her. I did not have to rise to put out a foot and trip him. He tumbled down on the floor. The woman had picked up a paring-knife.

## C

UT it out," Guild growled. He had not stood up, either. "We come here to talk to you, not to watch this rough-house comedy. Get up and behave yourself."

Nunheim got slowly to his feet. "She drives me mad when she's drinking," he said. "She been ragging me all day." He moved his right hand back and forth. "I think I sprained my wrist."

The woman walked past us without looking at any of us, went into the bedroom, and shut the door.

Guild said: "Maybe if you'd quit hanging around after other women you wouldn't have so much trouble with this one."

"What do you mean, Lieutenant?" Nunheim was surprised and innocent, and perhaps pained.

"Julia Wolf."

The little sallow man was indignant now. "That's a lie, Lieutenant. Anybody that say I ever—"

Guild interrupted him by addressing me. "If you want to take a poke at him, I wouldn't stop on account of his wrist: he couldn't ever hit hard, anyhow."

Nunheim turned to me with both hands out. "I didn't mean you were a liar. I meant maybe somebody made a mistake if they—"

Guild looked sourly at him. "Where were you the afternoon she was knocked out?"

The little man jumped as if he had been stuck with a pin. "You don't think I had anything to do with that. What would I want to hurt her for?"

"Where were you?"

Nunheim's loose lips twitched nervously. "What day was she—?" He broke off as the bedroom door opened.

The big woman came out carrying a suitcase. She had put on street clothes.

"Miriam," Nunheim said.

She stared at him dully and said: "I don't like crooks, and even if I did, I wouldn't like crooks that are stool-pigeons, and if I liked crooks that are stool-pigeons, I still wouldn't like you." She turned to the outer door.

Guild, catching Nunheim's arm to keep him from following the woman, repeated: "Where were you?"

Nunheim called: "Miriam. Don't go. I'll behave. I'll do anything. Don't go, Miriam."

She went out and shut the door.

"Let me go," he begged Guild. "Let me bring her back. I can't get along without her. I'll bring her right back and tell you anything you want to know. Let me go. I've got to have her."

Guild said: "Sit down."

Nunheim put his hands over his face and began to cry.

"Keep on stalling," Guild said, "and I'm going to slap you silly."

I poured some whisky in a tumbler and gave it to Nunheim.

"Thank you, sir, thank you." He drank it, coughed, and brought out a dirty hand-

kerchief to wipe his face with. "I can't remember offhand, Lieutenant," he whined. "Maybe I was over at Charlie's shooting pool, maybe I was here. Miriam would remember if you'll let me go bring her back."

"Just give me a minute. I'll remember. I'm not stalling, Lieutenant. You know I always come clean with you. I'm just upset now. Look at my wrist." He held up his right wrist to let us see it was swelling. "Just one minute." He put his hands over his face again.

Guild winked at me and we waited for the little man's memory to work.

Suddenly he took his hands down from his face and laughed. "Holy mackerel! It would serve me right if you had pinched me. That's the afternoon I was— Wait, I'll show you." He went into the bedroom.

After a few minutes Guild called: "Hey, we haven't got all night. Shake it up."

There was no answer.

The bedroom was empty when we went into it and when we opened the bathroom door the bathroom was empty. There was an open window and a fire-escape.

I said nothing, tried to look nothing.

Guild pushed his hat back a little from his forehead and said: "I wish he hadn't done that." He went to the telephone in the living-room.

While he was telephoning, I poked around in drawers and closets, but found nothing. My search was not very thorough and I gave it up as soon as he had finished putting the police machinery in action.

"I guess we'll find him, all right," he said. "I got some news. We've identified Jorgensen as Rosenberg."

"Who made the identification?"

"I sent a man over to talk to the girl that gave him his alibi, this Olga Fenton, and he finally got it out of her. He says he couldn't shake her on the alibi, though. I'm going over and have a try at her. Want to come along?"

I looked at my watch and said: "I'd like to, but it's too late. Picked him up yet?"

"The order's out." He looked thoughtfully at me. "And will that baby have to do some talking?"

## H

OME, I delivered Guild's message to Nora and told her the day's news.

"I've got a message for you, too," she said. Gilbert Wynant dropped in and was quite disappointed at missing you. He asked me to tell you he has something of the 'utmost importance' to tell you."

"He's probably discovered that Jorgensen has a mother fixation."

"Do you think Jorgensen killed her?" she asked.

"I thought I knew who did it," I said, "but it's too mixed up right now for anything but guesses."

"And what's your guess?"

"Mimi Jorgensen, Wynant, Nunheim, Gilbert, Dorothy, Aunt Alice, Morelli, you, me, or Guild. Maybe Studay did it. How about shaking up a drink?"

She mixed some cocktails. I was on my second or third when she came back from answering the telephone and said: "Your friend Mimi wants to talk to you."

I went to the telephone. "Hello Mimi."

"I'm awfully sorry, I was rude the other night, Nick, but I was so upset and I just simply lost my temper and made a show of myself. Please forgive me." She ran through this very rapidly, as if anxious to get it over with.

"That's all right," I said.

She hardly let me get my three words out before she was speaking again, but slower and more earnestly now: "Can I see you, Nick? Something horrible has happened, something—I don't know what to do, which way to turn."

"What is it?"

"I can't tell you over the phone, but you've got to tell me what to do. I've got



to have somebody's advice. Can't you come over?"

"You mean now?"

"Yes, please."

I said, "All right," and went back to the living-room. "I'm going to run over and see Mimi. She says she's in a jam and needs help."

Nora laughed. "Keep your fingers crossed. She apologises to you? She did to me."

"Yes, all in one breath. Is Dorothy home or still at Aunt Alice's?"

"Still at Auntie's, according to Gilbert. How long will you be?"

"No longer than I have to. The chances are they've copped Jorgensen and she wants to know if it can be fixed."

"Can they do anything to him? I mean if he didn't kill the Wolf girl?"

"I suppose the old charges against him—threats by mail, attempted extortion—could be raked up." I stopped drinking to ask Nora and myself a question: "I wonder if he and Nunheim know each other." I thought that over, but could make nothing more than a possibility of it. "Well, I'm on my way."

MIMI received me with both hands. "It's awfully, awfully nice of you to forgive me, Nick, but then you've always been awfully nice. I don't know what got into me Monday night."

I said: "Forget it."

Her face was somewhat plinker than usual and the firmness of its muscles made it seem younger. Her blue eyes were very bright. Her hands had been cold on mine. She was tense with excitement, but I could not figure out what kind of excitement it was.

She said: "It was awfully sweet of your wife, too, to—"

"Forget it."

"Nick, what can they do to you for concealing evidence that somebody's guilty of murder?"

"Make you an accomplice—accomplice after the fact is the technical term—if they want."

"Even if you voluntarily change your mind and give them the evidence?"

"They can. Usually they don't."

She looked round the room as if to make sure there was nobody else there and said: "Clyde killed Julia. I found the proof and hid it. What'll they do to me?"

"Probably nothing except give you hell—if you turn it in. He was once your husband; you and he are close enough together that no jury'd be likely to blame you for trying to cover him up—unless, of course, they had reason to think you had some other motive."

She asked coolly, deliberately: "Do you?"

"I don't know," I said. "My guess would be that you had intended to use this proof of his guilt to shake him down for some dough as soon as you could get in touch with him, and that now something else has come up to make you change your mind."

She made a claw of her right hand and struck at my face with her pointed nails. Her teeth were together, her lips drawn far back over them.

I caught her wrist. "Women are getting tough," I said, trying to sound wiseful. "I just left one that heaved a skillet at a guy."

She laughed, but her eyes did not change. "You're such a beast. You always think the worst of me, don't you?"

I took my hand away from her wrist and she rubbed the marks my fingers had left on it.

"Who was the woman who threw the skillet?" she asked. "Anyone I know?"

"It wasn't Nora, if that's what you mean. Have they arrested Victor-Christian Roseben-Jorgensen yet?"

"What?"

I believed in her bewilderment, though both it and my belief in it surprised me.

"Jorgensen is Roseben," I said. "You remember him. I thought you knew."

"You mean that horrible man who—?"

"Yes."

"I won't believe it." She stood up working her fingers together. "I won't. I won't." Her face was sick with fear, her voice strained, unreal as a ventriloquist's. "I won't believe it."

"That'll help a lot," I said.

She was not listening to me. She turned her back to me and went to a window where she stood with her back to me.

I said: "There's a couple of men in a car out front who look like they might be coppers waiting to pick him up when he—"

She turned around and asked sharply: "Are you sure he's Roseben?" Most of the fear had already gone out of her face and her voice was at least human again.

"The police are."

We stared at each other, both of us busy thinking. I was thinking she had not been afraid that Jorgensen killed Julia Wolf, or even that he might be arrested; she was afraid his only reason for marrying her had been as a move in some plot against Wynant.

When I laughed—not because the idea was funny, but because it had come to me so suddenly—she stared and smiled uncertainly. "I won't believe it," she said, and her voice was very soft now, "until he tells me himself."

"And when he does—then what?"

She moved her shoulders a little, and her lower lip quivered. "He is my husband."

THAT should have been funny, but it annoyed me. I said: "Mimi, this is Nick. You remember me, N-i-c-k."

"I know you never think any good of me," she said gravely. "You think I'm—"

"All right. All right. Let it pass. Let's get back to the dope on Wynant you found."

"Yes, that," she said, and turned away from me. When she turned back her lip was quivering again. "That was a lie, Nick. I didn't find anything." She came close to me. "Clyde had no right to send those letters to Alice and Macaulay trying to make everybody suspicious of me, and I thought it would serve him right if I made up something against him, because I really did think—I mean, I do think—he killed her and it was only—"

"What'd you make up?" I asked.

"I—I hadn't made it up yet. I wanted to find out about what they could do—you know, the things I asked you—first. I might've pretended she came to a little when I was alone with her, while the others were phoning, and told me he did it."

"You didn't say you heard something and kept quiet, you said you found something and hid it."

"But I hadn't really made up my mind what I—"

"When'd you hear about Wynant's letter to Macaulay?"

"This afternoon," she said, "there was a man here from the police."

"Didn't he ask you anything about Roseben?"

"He asked me if I knew him or had ever known him, and I thought I was telling the truth when I said no."

"Maybe you did," I said, "and for the first time I now believe you were telling the truth when you said you found some sort of evidence against Wynant."

She opened her eyes wider. "I don't understand."

"Neither do I, but it could be like this: you could've found something and decided to hold it out, probably with the idea of selling it to Wynant; then when his letters started people looking you over, you decided to give up the money idea and both pay

him back and protect yourself by turning it over to the police; and, finally, when you learn that Jorgensen is Roseben, you make another about-face and hold it out, not for money this time, but to leave Jorgensen in as bad a spot as possible as punishment for having married you as a trick in his game against Wynant and not for love."

She smiled calmly and asked: "You really think me capable of anything, don't you?"

"That doesn't matter," I said. "What ought to matter to you is that you'll probably wind up your life in prison somewhere."

Her scream was not loud, but it was horrible, and the fear that had been in her face before was as nothing to that there now. She caught my lapels and clung to them, babbling: "Don't say that, please don't. Say you don't think it." She was trembling so I put an arm around her to keep her from falling.

WE did not hear Gilbert until he coughed and asked: "Aren't you well, Mamma?"

She slowly took her hands down from my lapels and moved back a step and said: "Your mother's a silly woman." She was still trembling, but she smiled at me and she made her voice playful: "You're a brute to frighten me like that."

I said I was sorry.

Gilbert put his coat and hat on a chair and looked from one to the other of us with polite interest. When it became obvious that neither of us was going to tell him anything he coughed again, said, "I'm awfully glad to see you," and came over to shake hands with me.

I said I was glad to see him.

Mimi said: "Your eyes look tired. I bet you've been reading all afternoon without your glasses again." She shook her head and told me: "He's as unreasonable as his father."

"Is there any news of father?" he asked. "Not since that false alarm about his suicide," I said. "I suppose you heard it was a false alarm."

"Yes," he hesitated. "I'd like to see you for a few minutes before you go."

"Sure."

"But you're seeing him now, darling," Mimi said. "Are there secrets between you that I'm not supposed to know about?" Her tone was light enough. She had stopped trembling.

"It would bore you." He picked up his hat and coat, nodded at me, and left the room.

Mimi shook her head again and said: "I don't understand that child at all. I wonder what he made of our tableau." She did not seem especially worried. Then, more seriously: "What made you say that, Nick?"

"About you winding up in—"

"No, never mind." She shuddered. "I don't want to hear it. Can't you stay for dinner? I'll probably be all alone."

"I'm sorry I can't. Now how about this evidence you found?"

"I didn't really find anything. That was a lie." She frowned earnestly. "Don't look at me like that. It really was a lie."

"So you sent for me just to lie to me?" I asked. "Then why'd you change your mind?"

She chuckled. "You must really like me, Nick, or you wouldn't always be so disagreeable."

I could not follow that line of reasoning. I said: "Well, I'll see what Gilbert wants and run along."

"I wish you could stay."

"I'm sorry I can't," I said again. "Where'll I find him?"

"The second door to the— Will they arrest Chris?"

"That depends," I told her, "on what



kind of answers he gives them. He'll have to talk pretty straight to stay out."

"Oh, he'll—," she broke off, looked sharply at me, asked, "You're not playing a trick on me? He's really that Roseben?"

"The police are sure enough of it."

"But the man who was here this afternoon didn't ask a single question about Chris," she objected. "He only asked me if I knew—"

"They weren't sure then," I explained. "It was just a half-idea."

"But they're sure now?"

I nodded.

"How'd they find out?"

"From a girl he knows," I said.

"Who?" Her eyes darkened a little, but her voice was under control.

"I can't remember her name." Then I went back to the truth. "The one that gave him his alibi for the afternoon of the murder."

"Alibi?" she asked indignantly. "Do you mean to tell me the police would take the word of a girl like that?"

"Like what?"

"You know what I mean?"

"I don't. Do you know the girl?"

"No," she said as if I had insulted her. She narrowed her eyes and lowered her voice until it was not much more than a whisper. "Nick, do you suppose he killed Julia?"

"What would he do that for?"

"Suppose he married me to get revenge on Clyde," she said, "and—you know he did urge me to come over here and try to get some money from Clyde. Maybe I suggested it—I don't know—but he did urge me. And then suppose he happened to run into Julia. She knew him, of course, because they worked for Clyde at the same time. And he knew I was going over to see her that afternoon and was afraid if I made her mad she might expose him to me and so—"

"That doesn't make any sense at all. Besides you and he left here together that afternoon. He wouldn't've had time to—"

"But my taxicab was awfully slow," she said, "and then I may have stopped somewhere on—I think I did. I think I stopped at a drug store to get some aspirin." She nodded energetically. "I remember I did."

"And he knew you were going to stop, because you had told him," I suggested. "You can't go on like this, Mimi. Murder's serious. It's nothing to frame people for just because they played tricks on you."

"I WAS listening," Gilbert told me as we left the building. "I think it's silly not to listen whenever you get a chance if you're interested in studying people, because they're never exactly the same as when you're with them. People don't like it when they know about it, of course, but—he smiled—"I don't suppose birds and animals like having naturalists spying on them either."

"Hear much of it?" I asked.

"Oh, enough to know I don't miss any of the important part."

"And what'd you think of it?"

He pursed his lips, wrinkled his forehead, said judiciously: "It's hard to say exactly Mamma's good at hiding things sometimes, but she's never much good at making them up. It's a funny thing—I suppose you've noticed it—the people who lie the most are nearly always the clumsiest at it, and they're easier to fool with lies than most people, too. You'd think they'd be on the look-out for lies, but they seem to be the very ones that will believe almost anything at all. I suppose you've noticed that, haven't you?"

"Yes."

He said: "What I wanted to tell you, Chris didn't come home last night. That's why Mamma's more upset than usual, and when I got the mail this morning there was a letter for him that I thought might have something in it, so I steamed it open."

He took a letter from his pocket and held it out to me. "You'd better read it and then I'll seal it again and put it with tomorrow's mail in case he comes back, though I don't think he will."

"Why don't you?" I asked as I took the letter.

"Well, he's really Roseben—"

"You say anything to him about it?"

"I didn't have a chance. I haven't seen him since you told me."

I LOOKED at the letter in my hand. The envelope was postmarked Boston, Massachusetts, December 27, 1932, and addressed in a slightly childish feminine hand to Mr. Christian Jorgensen, Courtland Apts., New York, N.Y. "How'd you happen to open it?" I asked, taking the letter out of the envelope.

"I don't believe in intuition," he said, "but there are probably odors, sounds, maybe something about the handwriting, that you can't analyze, maybe aren't even conscious of, that influence you sometimes. I don't know what it was: I just felt there might be something important in it."

"You often feel that way about the family's mail?"

He glanced quickly at me as if to see whether I was spoofing, then said: "Not often, but I have opened their mails before. I told you I was interested in studying people."

I read the letter:

Dear Vic—Oleg wrote me about you being back in the U.S. married to another woman and using the name of Christian Jorgensen. That is not right Vic as you very well know the name as leaving me without word of any kind all these years. And no money. I know that you had to go away on account of that trouble you had with Mr. Wynant but am sure he has long since forgot all about that and I do think you might have written to me as you know very well I have always been your friend and am willing to do anything within my power for you at any time. I do not want to avoid you Vic but I have to see you. I will be off from the store Sunday and Monday on account of New Year's and will come down to N.Y. Saturday night and must have a talk with you. Write me where you will meet me and what time as I do not want to make any trouble for you. Be sure and write me right away so I will get it in time.

Your true wife,  
Georgia.

There was a street address.

I said, "Well, well, well," and put the letter back in its envelope. "And you resisted the temptation to tell your mother about this?"

"Oh, I know what her reaction would be. You saw how she carried on with just what you told her. What do you think I ought to do about it?"

"You ought to let me tell the police."

He nodded immediately. "If you think that's the best thing. You can show it to them if you want."

I said, "Thanks," and put the letter in my pocket.

He said: "Now there's another thing: I had some morphine I was experimenting with and somebody stole it, about twenty grains."

"Experimenting how?"

"Taking it. I wanted to study the effects."

"And how'd you like them?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't expect to like it. I just wanted to know about it. I don't like things that dull my mind! That's why I don't very often drink, or even smoke. I want to try cocaine, though, because that's supposed to sharpen the brain, isn't it?"

"It's supposed to. Who do you think copped the stuff?"

"I suspect Dorothy, because I have a theory about her. That's why I'm going over to Aunt Alice's for dinner: Dorothy's still there and I want to find out. I can make her tell me anything."

"Well, if she's been over there," I asked, "how could she—"

"She was home for a little while last night," he said, "and, besides, I don't know exactly when it was taken. To-day was the first time I opened the box it was in for three or four days."

"Did she know you had it?"

"Yes. That's one of the reasons I suspect her. I don't think anybody else did. I experimented on her, too."

"How'd she like it?"

"Oh, she liked it all right, but she'd have taken it anyhow. But what I want to ask you is could she have become an addict in a little time like that?"

"Like what?"

"A week—no—ten days."

"Hardly, unless she thought herself into it. Did you give me much?"

"No."

"Let me know if you find out," I said. "I'm going to grab a taxi here. Be seeing you."

"You're coming over later to-night, aren't you?"

"If I can make it. Maybe I'll see you then."

"Yes," he said, "and thanks awfully."

At the first drug store I stopped to telephone Guild, not expecting to catch him in his office, but hoping to learn how to reach him at his home. He was still there, though.

"Working late," I said.

His "That's what" sounded very cheerful. I read Georgia's letter to him, gave him her address.

"Good pickings," he said.

I told him Jorgensen had not been home since the day before.

"Think we'll find him in Boston?" he asked.

"Either there," I guessed, "or as far south as he could manage to get by this time."

"We'll try 'em both," he said, still cheerful.

"Now I got a bit of news for you. Our friend Nunheim was filled full of 32s just about an hour after he copped the snark on us—dead-end hell. The pills look like they come from the same gun that cut down the Wolf dame. The experts are matching 'em up now. I guess he wishes he'd stayed and talked to us."

NORA was eating a piece of cold duck with one hand and working on a jig-saw puzzle with the other when I got home.

"You used to be a detective: find me a brownish piece shaped something like a snail with a long neck."

"Piece of duck or puzzle? Don't let's go to the Edges to-night: they're dull folk."

"All right, but they'll be sore."

"We wouldn't be that lucky," I complained.

I found the piece she wanted and told her almost word for word what had been done and said at Mimi's.

"I don't believe it," she said. "You made it up. There aren't any people like that. What's the matter with them? Are they the first of a new race of monsters?"

"I just tell you what happens: I don't explain it."

"How would you explain it? There doesn't seem to be a single one in the family—now that Mimi's turned against her Chris—who has even the slightest reasonably friendly feeling for any of the others, and yet there's something very alike in all of them."

"Maybe that explains it," I suggested.

"I'd like to see Aunt Alice," she said.

"Are you going to turn that letter over to the police?"

"I've already phoned Guild," I replied, and told her about Nunheim.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"For one thing, if Jorgensen's out of town, as I think he is, and the bullets are from the same gun that was used on Julia Wolf, and they probably are, then the



police'll have to find his accomplice if they want to hang anything on him."

"I'm sure if you were a good detective you'd be able to make it much clearer to me than it is." She went to work on her puzzle again. "Are you going back to see Mimi?"

"I doubt it. How about letting that dodo rest while we get some dinner?"

The telephone rang. It was Dorothy Wynant. "Hello, Nick?"

"The same. How are you, Dorothy?"

"Gil just got here and asked me about that you-know, and I wanted to tell you I did take it, but I only took it to try to keep him from becoming a dope fiend."

"What'd you do with it?" I asked.

"He made me give it back to him and he doesn't believe me, but, honestly, that's the only reason I took it."

"I believe you."

"Will you tell Gil, then? If you believe me, he will, because he thinks you know all about things like that."

"I'll tell him as soon as I see him," I promised.

There was a pause, then she asked: "How's Nora?"

"Looks all right to me. Want to talk to her?"

"Well, yes, but there's something I want to ask you. Did—did mamma say anything about me when you were over there today?"

"Not that I remember. Why?"

"And did Gil?"

"Only about the morphine."

"Are you sure?"

"Pretty sure," I said. "Why?"

"It's nothing, really—if you're sure. It's just silly."

"Right. I'll call Nora." I went into the living-room. "Dorothy wants to talk to you. Don't ask her to eat with us."

W

HEN Nora returned from the telephone she had a look in her eye.

"Now what's up?" I asked.

"Nothing. Just 'How are you' and all that."

I said: "If you're lying to the old man, God'll punish you."

We went over to a Japanese place on Fifty-eighth Street for dinner and then I let Nora talk me into going to the Edges' after all.

Quinn and Dorothy arrived later. Quinn was drunk as a lord and Dorothy seemed to have something better than a glow.

She came over to me and whispered: "I want to leave when you and Nora do."

I said: "You won't be here for breakfast."

Tip said, "Sh-h-h," in my direction.

We listened to some more music.

Dorothy fidgeted beside me for a minute and whispered again: "Gil says you're going over to see mamma later. Are you?"

"I doubt it."

Quinn came unsteadily around to us.

"How're you, boy? How're you, Nora?"

"Where'd you get the skidful?"

"It's Alice. She's been sulking for a week. If I didn't drink I'd be crazy."

"What's she sulking about?"

"About my drinking. She thinks—"

He leaned forward and lowered his voice confidentially. "Listen. You're all my friends and I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to get a divorce and marry—"

He had tried to put an arm around Dorothy. She pushed it away and said: "You're silly and you're tiresome. I wish you'd leave me alone."

"She thinks I'm silly and tiresome," he told me. "You know why she don't want to marry me? I bet you don't. It's because she's in—"

"Shut up! Shut up, you drunken fool!" Dorothy began to beat his face with both hands. Her face was red, her voice shrill.

"If you say that again I'll kill you!" I pulled Dorothy away from Quinn; Larry caught him, kept him from falling. He

whimpered: "She hit me, Nick." Tears ran down his cheeks.

Dorothy had her face against my coat and seemed to be crying. Later we took Quinn home.

N

ORA made a place for me between her and Dorothy in the taxi-cab. "I want some coffee," she said.

"Reuben's?"

I said, "All right," and gave the driver the address.

Dorothy asked timidly: "Did Quinn's wife say anything?"

"She sent her love to you."

Nora said: "Stop being nasty."

Dorothy said: "I don't really like him, Nick. I won't ever see him again—honestly." She seemed pretty sober now.

"It was—well, I was lonesome and he was somebody to run around with."

I started to say something, but stopped when Nora poked me in the side.

Nora said: "Don't worry about it. Harrison's always been a simpleton."

"I don't want to stir things up," I said, "but I think he's really in love with the girl."

Nora poked me in the side again.

Dorothy peered at my face in the dim light. "You're—you're not—you're not making fun of me, Nick?"

"I ought to be."

Herbert Macaulay was in the restaurant, sitting at a table with a plump, dark-haired girl in red. I waved at him and, after we had ordered some food, went over to speak to him.

"Nick Charles, Louise Jacobs," he said.

"Sit down. What's news?"

"Jorgensen's Husbands," I told him.

"The dickens he is!"

I nodded. "And he seems to have a wife in Boston."

"I'd like to see him," he said slowly. "I knew Roseben. I'd like to make sure."

"The police seem sure enough. I don't know whether they've found him yet. Think he killed Julia?"

Macaulay shook his head with emphasis. "I can't see Roseben killing anybody—not as I knew him—in spite of those threats he made. You remember I didn't take them very seriously at the time. What else has happened?"

When I hesitated, he said: "Louise is all right. You can talk."

"It's not that. I've got to go back to my folks and food. I came over to ask you if you'd got an answer to your ad in this morning's 'Times'."

"Not yet. Sit down, Nick, there's a lot I want to ask you. You told the police about Wynant's letter, didn't—"

"Come up to lunch to-morrow and we'll bat it around. I've got to get back to my folks."

"Who is the little blonde girl?" Louise Jacobs asked. "I've seen her placed with Harrison Quinn."

"Dorothy Wynant."

"You know Quinn?" Macaulay asked me.

"Ten minutes ago I was putting him to bed."

O

N returning to my table, Dorothy said: "It's not midnight yet, and Mamma said she'd be expecting you. Why don't we all go to see her?"

Nora was very carefully pouring coffee into her cup.

"What for?" I asked. "What are you two up to now?"

"It would have been hard to find two more innocent faces than theirs."

"Nothing, Nick," Dorothy said. "We thought it would be nice. It's early and—"

"And we all love Mimi."

"No-o, but—"

"It's too early to go home," Nora said.

"There are speakeasies," I suggested, "and nightclubs and Harlem."

Nora made a face. "All your ideas are alike."

"Want to go over to Barry's and try our luck at faro?"

Dorothy started to say yes, but stopped when Nora made another face.

"That's the way I feel about seeing Mimi again," I said. "I've had enough of her for one day."

Nora sighed to show she was being patient. "Well, if we're going to wind up in a speakeasy as usual, I'd rather go to your friend Studay's, if you won't let him give us any more of that awful champagne. He's cute."

"I'll do my best," I promised and asked Dorothy, "Did Gilbert tell you he caught Mimi and me in a compromising position?"

She tried to exchange glances with Nora, but Nora's glance was occupied with a cheese blintz on her plate. "He—he didn't exactly say that."

"Did he tell you about the letter?"

"From Chris's wife? Yes." Her blue eyes glittered. "Won't mamma be furious!"

"You like it, though?"

"Suppose I do? What of it? What did she ever do to make me—"

Nora said: "Nick, stop bullying that child."

I stopped.

B

USINESS was good at the Pigiron Club. The place was full of people, noise, and smoke.

Studay came from behind the cash register to greet us. "I was hoping you'd come in." He shook my hand and Nora's and grinned broadly at Dorothy.

"Anything special?" I asked.

He made a bow. "Everything's special with ladies like these."

I introduced him to Dorothy.

He bowed to her and said something elaborate about any friend of Nick's, and stopped a waiter. "Pete, put a table up here for Mr. Charles."

"Pack them in like this every night?" I asked.

"I got no kick," he said. "They come once, they come back again. Maybe I ain't got no black marble cuspidors, but you don't have to spit out what you buy here. Want to lean against the bar whilst they're putting up that table?"

We said we did and ordered drinks.

"Hear about Nunheim?" I asked.

He looked at me for a moment before making up his mind to say: "Uh-huh, I heard. His girl's down there"—he moved his head to indicate the other end of the room—"celebrating, I guess."

I looked past Studay down the room and presently picked out big, red-haired Miriam sitting at a table with half a dozen men and women. "Hear who did it?" I asked.

"She says the police done it—he knew too much."

"That's a laugh," I said.

"That's a laugh," he agreed. "There's your table. Set right down. I'll be back in a minute."

We carried our glasses over to a table that had been squeezed in between two tables which had occupied a space large enough for one, and made ourselves as nearly comfortable as we could.

Nora tasted her drink and shuddered. "Do you suppose this could be the 'bitter vetch' they used to put in crossword puzzles?"

Dorothy said: "Oh, look."

We looked and saw Shep Morelli coming towards us. His face had attracted Dorothy's attention. Where it was not dented it was swollen and its coloring ranged from deep purple around one eye to the pale pink of a piece of court-plaster on his chin.

He came to our table and leaned over a little to put both fists on it. "Listen," he said, "Studay says I ought to apologise."

Nora murmured, "Old Emily Post Studay," while I asked, "Well?"

Morelli shook his battered head. "I don't apologise for what I do—people've got to take it or leave it—but I don't mind telling you I'm sorry I lost my noodle and cracked



down on you and I hope it ain't bothering you much and if there's anything I can do to square it I—

"Forget it. Sit down and have a drink. This is Mr. Morelli, Miss Wynant."

Dorothy's eyes became wide and interested.

Morelli found a chair and sat down. "I hope you won't hold it against me, neither," he told Nora.

Studdy came over to us carrying a chair. "They lifted his face, huh?" he said, nodding at Morelli. We made room for him and he sat down. He grinned complacently at Nora's drink and at Nora. "I guess you don't get no better than that in your fancy Park Avenue joints—and you pay four bits a slug for it here."

Nora's smile was weak, but it was a smile. She put her foot on mine under the table. I asked Morelli: "Did you know Julia Wolf in Cleveland?"

He looked sideways at Studdy, who was leaning back in his chair, gazing around the room, watching his profits mount.

"When she was Rhoda Stewart," I added. He looked at Dorothy.

I said: "You don't have to be cagey. She's Clyde Wynant's daughter."

Studdy stopped gazing around the room and beamed on Dorothy. "So you are? And how is your puppy?"

"But I haven't seen him since I was a little girl," she said.

Morelli wet the end of a cigarette and put it between his swollen lips. "I come from Cleveland," he struck a match. His eyes were dull—he was trying to keep them dull. "She wasn't Rhoda Stewart except once—Nancy Kane." He looked at Dorothy again. "Your father knows it."

"Do you know my father?"

"We had some words once."

"What about?" I asked.

"Her." The match in his hand had burned down to his fingers. He dropped it, struck another, and lit his cigarette. He raised his eyebrows at me, wrinkling his forehead. "Is this O.K.?"

"Sure. There's nobody here you can't talk in front of."

"O.K. He was jealous as hell. I wanted to take a poke at him, but she wouldn't let me. That was all right: he was her bank-roll."

"How long ago was this?"

"Six months, eight months."

"Have you seen him since she got knocked off?"

He shook his head. "I never seen him but a couple of times, and this time I'm telling you about it to the last."

"Was she gyping him?"

"She don't say she is. I figure she is."

"Why?"

"She's a wise head—plenty smart. She was getting dough somewhere. Once I wanted five grand." He snapped his fingers. "Cash."

I decided against asking if he had paid her back. "Maybe he gave it to her."

"Sure—maybe."

"Did you tell any of this to the police?" I asked.

HE laughed once, contemptuously. "They thought they could smack it out of me. Ask 'em what they think now."

"I ought to have a drink." He twisted himself around in his chair and called: "Hey, garson—you with the boy on your back!"

The somewhat hunchbacked waiter Studdy had called Pete pushed through people to our table and grinned affectionately down at Morelli. "What'll it be?" He sucked a tooth noisily.

We gave our orders and the waiter went away.

Morelli said: "Me and Nancy lived in the same block. Old man Kane had a candy store on the corner. She used to pinch cigarettes for me." He laughed. "Her old man kicked hell out of me once for show-

ing her how to get nickels out of the telephone with a piece of wire. You know, the old style ones. We couldn't've been more than in the third grade." He laughed again, low in his throat. "I wanted to take some fixtures from a row of houses they were building around the corner and plant 'em in his cellar and tell Schultz, the cop on the beat, to pay him back, but she wouldn't let me."

Nora said: "You must've been a little darling."

"I was that," he said fondly. "Listen. Once when I was no more'n five or—"

A feminine voice said: "I thought that was you."

I looked up and saw it was red-haired Miriam speaking to me. I said: "Hello."

SHE put her hands on her hips and stared solemnly at me. "So he knew too much for you?"

"Maybe, but he took it on the lam down the fire-escape with his shoes in his hand before he told us any of it."

"Blah!"

"All right. What do you think he knew that was too much for us?"

"Where Wynant is," she said.

"So? Where is he?"

"I don't know. Art knew."

"I wish he'd told us. We—"

"You know and the police know. Who do you think you're kidding?"

"I'm not kidding. I don't know where Wynant is."

"You're working for him and the police are working with you. Don't kid me. Art thought knowing was going to get him a lot of money, poor sap. He didn't know what it was going to get him."

"Did he tell you he knew?" I asked.

"I'm not as dumb as you think. He told me he knew something that was going to get him big dough and I've seen how it worked out. I guess I can put two and two together."

"Sometimes the answer's four," I said, "and sometimes it's twenty-two. I'm not working for Wynant. Do you want to help me?"

"No. He was a rat and he held out on the people he was ratting for. He asked for what he got, only don't expect me to forget that I left him with you and Guild, and the next time anybody saw him he was dead."

"I don't want you to forget anything. I'd like you to remember whether—"

She walked away. Her carriage was remarkably graceful.

"I don't know as I'd want to be mixed up with that dame," Studdy said thoughtfully. "She's mean medicine."

Morelli winked at me.

Dorothy touched my arm. "I don't understand, Nick."

I told her that was all right. I addressed Morelli: "You were telling us about Julia Wolf."

"Uh-huh. Well, old man Kane booted her out when she was fifteen or sixteen and got in some kind of a jam with a high-school teacher and she took up with a guy called Face Peppier, a smart kid if he didn't talk too much. I remember once me and Face were—"

He broke off and cleared his throat. "Anyways, Face and her stunk together—at must be five, six years, throwing out the time he was in the army and she was with some guy that I can't remember his name—a cousin of Dick O'Brien's, a skinny, dark-headed guy that liked his liquor. But she went back to Face when he come out of the army, and they stuck together till they got nailed trying to shake down some bird from Toronto. Face took it and got her off with six months—they give him a long term. Last I heard he was still in. I say her when she came out—she toughed me for a couple hundred to spend, I hear from her once, when she sends it back to me and tells me Julia Wolf's her name now and she likes the big city fine, but I know Face is hearing from

her right along. So when I move here in '28, I look her up. She's—"

Miriam came back and stood with her hands on her hips as before. "I've been thinking over what you said. You must think I'm pretty dumb."

"No," I said, not very truthfully.

"It's a cinch I'm not dumb enough to fall for that song and dance you tried to give me. I can see things when they're right in front of me."

"All right."

"It's not all right. You killed Art and—"

"Not so loud, girle." Studdy rose and took her arm. His voice was soothing. "Come along. I want to talk to you." He led her towards the bar.

Morelli winked again. "He likes that. Well, I was saying I looked her up when I moved here, and she told me she had this job with Wynant and he was mad about her and she was sitting pretty. It seems they learned her shorthand in Ohio when she was doing her six months and she figures maybe it'll be a lead to something—you know, maybe she can get a job somewhere where they'll go out and leave the safe open. A agency had sent her over to do a couple days' work for Wynant and she figured maybe he'd be worth more for a long pull than for a quick tap and a get-away, so she give him the business and wound up with a steady connection. She was smart enough to tell him she had a record and was trying to go straight now and all that, so's not to have the racket spoiled if he found out anyway, because she said his lawyer was a little leery of her and might have her looked up. I don't know just what she was doing, you understand, because it's her game and she don't need my help, and even if we are pals in a way, there's no sense in telling me anything I might want to go to her boss with. Understand, she wasn't my girl or anything—we was just a couple old friends, been kids playing together. Well, I used to see her ever once in a while—we used to come here a lot—till he kicked up too much of a fuss and then she said she was going to cut it out, she wasn't going to lose a soft place over a few drinks with me. So that was that. That was October, I guess, and she stuck to it. I haven't seen her since."

IT was about two o'clock when we said good-night to Studdy and Morelli and left the Pignon Club.

Dorothy slumped down in her corner of the taxicab and said: "I'm going to be sick. I know I am." She sounded as if she was telling the truth.

Nora said: "That booze." She put her head on my shoulder. "Your wife is drunk, Nicky. Listen, you've got to tell me what happened—everything. Not now, tomorrow. I don't understand a thing that was said or a thing that was done. They're marvellous."

Dorothy said: "Listen, I can't go to Aunt Alice's like this. She'd have a fit. I suppose I'd better go to mamma's."

Dorothy said: "Aunt Alice would have to see me because I forgot the key and I'd have to wake her up."

Nora said: "I love you, Nicky, because you smell nice and know such fascinating people."

Dorothy said: "It's not much out of your way to drop me at mamma's, is it?"

I said, "No," and gave the driver Mimi's address.

Nora said: "Come home with us."

Dorothy said: "No-o, I'd better not."

Nora asked, "Why not?" and Dorothy said, "Well, I don't think I ought to," and that kind of thing went on until the taxicab stopped at the Courtland.

I got out and helped Dorothy out. She leaned heavily on my arm. "Please come up, just for a minute."

Nora said, "Just for a minute," and got out of the taxicab.



I told the driver to wait. We went upstairs. Dorothy rang the bell. Gilbert in pyjamas and bathrobe, opened the door. He raised one hand in a warning gesture and said in a low voice: "The police are here."

Mimi's voice came from the living-room. "Who is it, Gil?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles and Dorothy." Mimi came to meet us as we went in. "I never was so glad to see anybody. I just didn't know which way to turn." She had on a pinkish satin robe over a pinkish silk nightgown, and her face was pink and by no means unhappy. She ignored Dorothy squeezed one of Nora's hands, one of mine. "Now I'm going to stop worrying and leave it all up to you, Nick. You'll have to tell the foolish little woman what to do."

**D**OROTHY, behind me, said, "Blah!" under her breath, but with a lot of feeling.

Mimi did not show that she had heard her daughter. Still holding our hands, she drew us back towards the living-room, chattering: "You know Lieutenant Guild. He's been very nice, but I'm sure I must have tried his patience. I've been so—well—I mean I've been so bewildered. But now you're here and—"

We went into the living-room. Guild said, "Hello," to me and. "Good evening, ma'am," to Nora. The man with him, the one he had called Andy and who had helped him search our rooms the morning of Morrell's visit, nodded and grunted at us.

"What's up?" I asked. Guild looked at Mimi out of the corners of his eyes, then at me, and said: "The Boston police found Jorgensen or Roschen or whatever you want to call him at his first wife's place and asked him some questions for us. The chief answer seems to be he don't have anything to do with Julia Wolf getting killed or not getting killed and Mrs. Jorgensen can prove it because she's been holding out what amounts to the goods on Wyant." His eyes slid sideways in their sockets to focus on Mimi again. "The lady kind of don't want to say yes and kind of don't want to say no. To tell you the truth, Mr. Charles, I don't know what to make of her in a lot of ways."

I could understand that. I said, "She's probably frightened," and Mimi tried to look frightened. "Has he been divorced from the first wife?"

"Not according to the first wife." Mimi said: "She's lying, I bet."

I said: "Sh-h-h. Is he coming back to New York?"

"It looks like he's going to make us extradite him if we want him. Boston says he's squawking his head off for a lawyer."

"Do you want him that bad?" Guild moved his big shoulders. "If bringing him back'll help us on this murder, I don't care much about any of the old charges or the bigamy. I never believe in hounding a man over things that are none of my business."

I asked Mimi: "Well?"

"Can I talk to you alone?"

I looked at Guild, who said: "Anything that'll help."

Dorothy touched my arm. "Nick, listen to me first, I—". She broke off. Everybody was staring at her.

"What?" I asked.

"I—I want to talk to you first."

"Go ahead."

"I mean alone," she said.

I patted her hand. "Afterwards."

Mimi led me into her bedroom and carefully shut the door. I sat on the bed and lit a cigarette. Mimi leaned back against the door and smiled at me very gently and trustingly. Half a minute passed that way.

Then she said, "You do like me, Nick."

and when I said nothing she asked, "Don't you?"

"No."

She laughed and came away from the

door. "You mean you don't approve of me." She sat on the bed beside me. "But you do like me well enough to help me?"

"That depends."

"Depends on what?"

The door opened and Dorothy came in. Nick, I've got to—

Mimi jumped up and confronted her daughter. "Get out of here," she said through her teeth.

Dorothy dashed, but she said: "I won't. You're not going to make a—"

Mimi slashed Dorothy across the mouth with the back of her right hand. "Get out of here."

Dorothy screamed and put a hand to her mouth. Holding it there, holding her wide, frightened eyes on Mimi's face, she backed out of the room.

Mimi shut the door again.

I said: "You must come over to our place some time and bring your little white whips."

She did not seem to hear me. Her eyes were heavy, brooding, and her lips were thrust out a little in a half-smile, and when she spoke, her voice seemed heavier, throatier, than usual. "My daughter's in love with you."

"Nonsense."

"She is and she's jealous of me. She has absolute spasms whenever I get within ten feet of you." She spoke as if thinking of something else.

"Nonsense. Maybe she's got a little hang-over from that crush she had on me when she was twelve, but that's all it is."

**M**IMI shook her head.

"You're wrong, but never mind." She sat down on the bed beside me again. "You've got to help me out of this. I—"

"Sure," I said. "You're a delicate flower that needs great big man's protection."

She waved a hand.

"Stop being so coquettish," she said.

"You know what I mean. You understand me as well as I understand you."

"Just about, but you've been doing the coquetting ever since—"

"I know. That was a game. I'm not playing now. That rat made a fool of me. Nick, an out and out fool. And now he's in trouble and expects me to help him. I'll help him." She put a hand on my knee and her pointed nails dug into my flesh. "The police, they don't believe me. How can I make them believe that he's lying, that I know nothing more than I've told them about the murder?"

"You probably can't," I said slowly, "especially since Jorgensen's only repeating what you told me a few hours ago."

She caught her breath, and her nails dug into me again. "Did you tell them that?"

"Not yet." I took her hand off my knee.

She sighed with relief. "And of course you won't tell them now, will you?"

"Why not?"

"Because it's a lie. He lied and I lied. I didn't find anything, anything at all."

I said: "We're back where we were earlier, and I believe you just as much now as I did then. What happened to those new terms we were on? You understanding me, me understanding you, no coquetting, no games, no playing."

She slapped my hand lightly. "All right. I did find something—not much, but something—and I'm not going to give it up to help that rat. You can understand how I feel about it, Nick. You'd feel the same."

"Maybe," I said, "but the way it stands, I've got no reason for putting in with you. Your Chris is no enemy of mine. I've got nothing to gain by helping you frame him."

She sighed. "I've been thinking about that a lot. I don't suppose what money I could give you would mean much to you

now"—she smiled crookedly—"but aren't you interested in saving Clyde?"

"Not necessarily."

She laughed at that. "I don't know what that means."

"It might mean I don't think he needs saving. The police haven't got much on him. He's screwy, he was in town the day Julia was killed, and she had been eying him. That's not enough to arrest him on."

She laughed again. "But with my contribution?"

"I don't know. What is it?" I asked, and went on without waiting for the answer I did not expect. "Whatever it is, you're being a sap, Mimi. You've got Chris cold on bigamy. Sock that to him. There's no—"

She smiled sweetly and said: "But I am holding that in reserve to use after this if he—"

"If he gets past the murder charge, huh? Well, it won't work out that way, lady. You can get him about three days in gaol. By that time the District Attorney will have questioned him and checked up on him enough to know that he didn't kill Julia and that you've been making a chump of the department, and when you spring your little bigamy charge the D.A. will tell you to go jump in the lake, and he'll refuse to prosecute."

"But he can't do that, Nick."

"Can and will," I assured her, "and if he can dig up proof that you're holding out something he'll make it as tough for you as he can."

She chewed her lower lip, asked: "You're being honest with me?"

"I'm telling you exactly what'll happen, unless district attorneys have changed a lot since my day."

She chewed her lip some more. "I don't want him to get off," she said presently, "and I don't want to get into any trouble myself." She looked up at me. "If you're lying to me, Nick . . ."

"There's nothing you can do about it except believe me or disbelieve me."

She smiled and put a hand on my cheek and kissed me on the mouth and stood up. "You're such a rascal. Well, I'm going to believe you." She walked down to the other end of the room and back again. Her eyes were shiny, her face pleasantly excited.

"I'll call Guild," I said.

"No wait. I'd rather—I'd rather see what you think of it first."

"All right, but no clowning."

"You're certainly afraid of your shadow," she said, "but don't worry, I'm not going to play any tricks on you."

I said that would be great and how about showing me whatever she had to show me.

"The others will be getting restless."

**S**HE went around the bed to a closet, opened the door, pushed some clothes aside and put a hand among other clothes behind them. "That's funny," she said.

"Funny?" I stood up. "It's a panic. It'll have Guild rolling on the floor." I started towards the door.

"Don't be so bad-tempered," she said.

"I've got it." She turned to me holding a wadded handkerchief in her hand. As I approached, she opened the handkerchief to show me a three-inch length of watch-chain, broken at one end, attached at the other to a small gold knife. The handkerchief was a woman's and there were brown stains on it.

"Well?" I asked.

"It was in her hand and I saw it when they left me with her and I knew it was Clyde's, so I took it."

"You're sure it's his?"

"Yes," she said impatiently. "See, they're gold, silver, and copper links. He had it made out of the first belches of metal that came through that smelting process he invented. Anybody who knows him at all well can identify it—there can't be another like it." She turned the knife over to let



me see the C M W engraved in it. "They're his initials. I never saw the knife before, but I'd know the chain anywhere. Clyde's worn it for years."

"Did you remember it well enough that you could've described it without seeing it again?"

"Of course."

"Is that your handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"And the stain on it's blood?"

"Yes. The chain was in her hand—I told you—and there was some blood on them." She frowned at me. "Don't you— You act as if you don't believe me."

"Not exactly," I said, "but I think you ought to be sure you're telling your story straight this time."

She stamped her foot. "You're— She laughed and anger went out of her face. "You can be the most annoying man. I'm telling the truth now, Nick. I've told you everything that happened exactly as it happened."

**N**ORA, looking a little sleepy, was entertaining Guild and Andy in the living-room. The Wynant offspring were not in sight.

"Go ahead," I told Guild. "First door to the left. I think she's readied up for you."

"Question her?" he asked.

I nodded.

"What'd you get?"

"See what you get and we'll put them together and see how they add up," I suggested.

"OK. Come on, Andy." They went out.

"Where's Dorothy?" I asked.

Nora yawned. "I thought she was with you and her mother. Gilbert's around somewhere. He was here till a few minutes ago. Do we have to hang around long?"

"Not long." I went back down the passageway past Mimi's door to another bedroom door, which was open, and looked in. Nobody was there. A door facing it was shut. I knocked on it.

Dorothy's voice: "What is it?"

"Nick," I said, and went in.

She was lying on her side on a bed, dressed except for her slippers. Gilbert was sitting on the bed beside her. Her mouth seemed a little puffy, but it may have been from crying: her eyes were red.

She raised her head to stare silently at me. "Still want to talk to me?" I asked.

Gilbert got up from the bed. "Where's Mamma?"

"Talking to the police."

He said something I did not catch and left the room.

Dorothy shuddered. "He gives me the creeps," she said, and then remembered to stare silently at me again.

"Still want to talk to me?"

"What made you turn against me like that?"

"You're being silly." I sat down where Gilbert had been sitting. "Do you know anything about this knife and chain your mother's supposed to have found?"

"No. Where?"

"What'd you want to tell me?"

"Nothing—now," she said disagreeably, "except you might at least wipe her lipstick off your mouth."

I wiped it off. She snatched the handkerchief from my hand and rolled over to pick up a package of matches from the table on that side of the bed. She struck a match.

"Don't do that."

She said, "I don't care," but she blew out the match. I took the handkerchief, went to a window, opened it, dropped the handkerchief out, shut the window, and went back to my seat on the bed. "If that makes you feel any better."

"What did mamma say—about me?"

"She said you're in love with me."

She sat up abruptly. "What did you say?"

"I said you just liked me from when you were a kid."

Her lower lip twitched. "Do—do you think that's what it is?"

"What else could it be?"

"I don't know." She began to cry. "Everybody's made so much fun of me about it—mamma and Gilbert and Harrison—I—"

I put my arms around her. "To Hades with them."

After a while she asked: "Is mamma in love with you?"

"Good God, no! She hates men."

She had stopped crying. She wrinkled her forehead and said: "I don't understand. Do you hate her?"

"Not as a rule."

"Now?"

"I don't think so. She's being stupid and she's sure she's being very clever, and that's a nuisance, but I don't think I hate her."

"I do," Dorothy said.

"So you told me last week. Something I meant to ask you: did you know or did you ever see the Arthur Nunheim we were talking about in the speakeasy to-night?"

She looked sharply at me. "You're just trying to change the subject."

"I want to know. Did you?"

"No."

"He was mentioned in the newspapers." I reminded her. "He was the one who told the police about Morelli knowing Julia Wolf."

"I didn't remember his name," she said. "I don't remember ever having heard it until to-night."

I described him. "Ever see him?"

"No."

"He may have been known as Albert Norman sometimes. Does that sound familiar?"

"No."

"Know any of the people we saw at Studsy's to-night? Or anything about them?"

"No. Honestly, Nick, I'd tell you if I knew anything at all that might help you."

"No matter who it hurt?"

"Yes," she said immediately, then, "What do you mean?"

"You know damned well what I mean." She put her hands over her face, and her words were barely audible: "I'm afraid, Nick. I—"

She jerked her hands down as someone knocked on the door.

"All right," I called.

Andy opened the door far enough to stick his head in. He tried to keep curiosity from showing in his face while saying: "The Lieutenant wants to see you."

"Be right out," I promised.

He opened the door wider. "He's waiting." He gave me what was probably meant to be a significant wink, but a corner of his mouth moved more than his eye did, and the result was a fairly startling face.

"I'll be back," I told Dorothy, and followed him out.

He shut the door behind me and put his mouth close to my ear. "The kid was at the keyhole," he muttered.

"Gilbert?"

"Yep. He had time to get away from it when he heard me coming, but he was there, right enough."

"That's mild for him," I said. "How'd you all make out with Mrs. J.?"

He puckered his thick lips up in an "o" and blew breath out noisily. "What a dame!"

**W**E went into Mimi's bedroom. She was sitting in a deep chair by a window looking very pleased with herself. She smiled gayly at me and said: "My soul is spotless now. I've confessed everything."

Guild stood by a table wiping his face with a handkerchief. There were still some drops of sweat on his temples, and his face seemed old and tired. The knife

and chain, and the handkerchief they had been wrapped in were on the table.

"Finished?" I asked.

"I don't know, and that's a fact," he said. He turned his head to address Mimi: "Would you say we were finished?"

Mimi laughed. "I can't imagine what more there would be."

"Well," Guild said slowly, somewhat reluctantly, "in that case I guess I'd like to talk to Mr. Charles, if you'll excuse us for a couple of minutes." He folded his handkerchief carefully and put it in his pocket.

"You can talk here." She got up from the chair. "I'll go out and talk to Mrs. Charles till you're through." She tapped my cheek playfully with the tip of a forefinger as she passed me. "Don't let them say too horrid things about me, Nick."

Andy opened the door for her, shut it behind her, and made the "o" and the blowing noise again.

I lay down on the bed. "Well," I asked, "what's what?"

Guild cleared his throat. "She told us about finding this here chain and knife on the floor where the Wolf dame had most likely broke it off fighting with Wynant, and she told us the reasons why she'd hid it till now. Between me and you, that don't make any too much sense, looking at it reasonably, but maybe that ain't the way to look at it this case. To tell you the plain truth, I don't know what to make of her in a lot of ways, I don't for a fact."

"The chief thing," I advised them, "is not to let her fire you out. When you catch her in a lie, she admits it and gives you another lie to take its place and when you catch her in that one admits it and gives you still another, and so on."

**G**UILD said: "Hm-m-m. Maybe." He put a finger inside his collar. He seemed very uncomfortable. "Look here, do you think she killed that dame?"

I discovered that Andy was staring at me so intently that his eyes bulged. I sat up and put my feet on the floor. "I wish I knew. That chain business looks like a plant, all right, but . . . We can find out whether he had a chain like that, maybe whether he still has it. If she remembered the chain as well as she said she did there's no reason why she couldn't have told a jeweller how to make one, and anybody can buy a knife and have any initials they want engraved on it. There's plenty to be said against the probability of her having gone that far. If she did plant it, it's more likely she had the original chain—maybe she's had it for years—but all that's something for you folks to check up."

"We're doing the best we can," Guild said patiently. "So you do think she did it?"

"The murder?" I shook my head. "I haven't got that far yet. How about Nunheim? Did the bullets hit him?"

"They did—from the same gun as was used on the dame—all five of them."

"He was shot five times?"

"He was, and close enough to burn his clothes."

"I saw his girl, the big redhead, to-night in a speak," I told him. "She's saying you and I killed him because he knew too much."

He said: "Hm-m-m. What speak was that? I might want to talk to her."

"Studsy Burke's Pigiron Club," I said, and gave him the address. "Morelli hangs out there, too. He tells me Julia Wolf's real name is Nancy Kean and she has a boy friend doing time in Ohio—Face Peppler."

From the tone of Guild's "Yes?" I imagined he had already found out about Peppler and about Julia's past. "And what else did you pick up in your travels?"

"A friend of mine—Larry Crowley, a press agent—saw Jorgensen coming out of



a book-shop on Sixth near Forty-sixth yesterday afternoon."

"Yes?"

"You don't seem to get excited about my news, I'm—"

Mimi opened the door and came in with glasses, whiskey and mineral water on a tray. "I thought you'd like a drink," she said cheerfully.

We thanked her.

She put the tray on the table, said, "I don't mean to interrupt," smiled at us with that air of amused tolerance which women like to affect towards male gatherings, and went out.

"You were saying something," Guild reminded me.

"Just that if you people think I'm not coming clean with you, you ought to say so. We've been playing along together so far, and I wouldn't want—"

"No, no," Guild said hastily. "It's nothing like that, Mr. Charles." His face reddened a little. "I been— The fact is the Commissioner's been riding us for action, and I guess I been kind of passing it on. This second murder's made things tough." He turned to the tray on the table. "How'll you have yours?"

"Straight, thanks. No leads on it?"

"Well, the same gun and a lot of bullets, same as with her, but that's about all. It was a rooming-house hallway in between a couple stories. Nobody there claims they know Nunheim or Wynant, or anybody else we can connect. The door's left unlocked, anybody could walk in, but that don't make too much sense when you come to think of it."

"Nobody saw or heard anything?"

"Sure, they heard the shooting; but they didn't see anybody doing it." He gave me a glass of whiskey.

"Find any empty shells?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Neither time. Probably a revolver."

"And he emptied it both times—counting the shot that hit her telephone—if, like a lot of people, he carried an empty chamber under the hammer."

Guild lowered the glass he was raising towards his mouth. "You're not trying to find a Chinese angle on it, are you?" he complained, "just because they shoot like that."

"No, but any kind of angle would help some. Find out where Nunheim was the afternoon the girl was killed?"

"Uh-huh. Hanging around the girl's building—part of the time, anyhow. He was seen in front, and he was seen in back, if you're going to believe people that didn't think much of it at the time and haven't got any reason for lying about it. And the day before the killing he had been up to her apartment, according to an elevator boy. The boy says he came down right away, and he don't know whether he got in or not."

I SAID: "So. Maybe Miriam's right, maybe he did know too much. Find out anything about the four thousand difference between what Macaulay gave her and what Clyde Wynant says he got from her?"

"No."

"Morell says she always had plenty of money. He says she once lent him five thousand in cash."

Guild raised his eyebrows. "Yes?"

"Yes. He also says Wynant knew about her record."

"Seems to me," Guild said slowly, "Morell did a lot of talking to you."

"He likes to talk. Find out anything more about what Wynant was working on when he left, or what he was going away to work on?"

"No. You're kind of interested in that shop of his."

"Why not? He's an inventor, the shop's his place. I'd like to have a look at it sometime."

Guild said: "Oh." He scratched his chin with a thumb-nail, looked at his watch.

"It's getting kind of late. Suppose you drop in and see me sometime to-morrow— to-day."

I said, "Sure." Instead of the things I was thinking, nodded at him and Andy, and went out to the living-room.

Nora was sleeping on the sofa. Mimi put down the book she was reading and asked: "Is the secret session over?"

"Yes." I moved toward the sofa.

Mimi said: "Let her sleep awhile. Nick. You're going to stay till after your police friends have gone, aren't you?"

"All right. I want to see Dorothy again."

"But she's asleep."

"That's all right. I'll wake her up."

"But—"

Guild and Andy came in, said their good-nights, Guild looked regretfully at the sleeping Nora, and they left.

Mimi sighed. "I'm tired of policemen," she said. "You remember that story?"

"Yes."

Gilbert came in. "Do they really think Chris did it?"

"No," I said.

"Who do they think?"

"I could have told you yesterday. I can't to-day."

"That's ridiculous," Mimi protested. "They know very well and you know very well that Clyde did it." When I said nothing she repeated, more sharply: "You know very well that Clyde did it."

"He didn't," I said.

An expression of triumph brightened Mimi's face. "You are working for him, now aren't you?"

My "No" bounced off her with no effect whatever.

GILBERT asked, not argumentatively, but as if he wanted to know: "Why couldn't he?"

"He couldn't, but he didn't. Would he have written those letters throwing suspicion on Mimi, the one person who's helping him by hiding the chief evidence against him?"

"But maybe he didn't know that. Maybe he thought the police were simply not telling all they knew. They often do that, don't they? Or maybe he thought he could discredit her, so they wouldn't believe her if—"

"That's it," Mimi said. "That's exactly what he did, Nick."

I said to Gilbert: "You don't think he killed her?"

"No, I don't think he did, but I'd like to know why you don't think so—you know—your method."

"And I'd like to know yours."

His face flushed a little, and there was some embarrassment in his smile. "Oh, but I—It's different."

"He knows who killed her," Dorothy said from the doorway. She was still dressed. She stared at me fixedly, as if afraid to look at anybody else. Her face was pale, and she held her small body stiffly erect.

Nora opened her eyes, pushed herself up on an elbow, and asked, "What?" sleepily. Nobody answered her.

Mimi said: "Now, Dorry, don't let's have one of those idiotic dramatic performances."

Dorothy said: "You can beat me after they've gone. You will." She said it without taking her eyes off mine.

Mimi tried to look as if she did not know what her daughter was talking about. "Who does he know killed her?" I asked.

Gilbert said: "You're making an ass of yourself, Dorry, you're—"

I interrupted him: "Let her. Let her say what she's got to say. Who killed her, Dorothy?"

She looked at her brother, and lowered

her eyes and no longer held herself erect. Looking at the floor, she said indistinctly: "I don't know. He knows." She raised her eyes to mine and began to tremble.

"Can't you see I'm afraid?" she cried. "I'm afraid of them. Take me away and I'll tell you, but I'm afraid of them."

Mimi laughed at me. "You asked for it. It serves you right."

Gilbert was blushing. "It's so silly," he mumbled.

I said: "Sure, I'll take you away, but I'd like to have it out now while we're all together."

DOROTHY shook her head. "I'm afraid."

Mimi said: "I wish you wouldn't baby her so, Nick. It only makes her worse. She—"

I asked Nora: "What do you say?" She stood up and stretched without lifting her arms. Her face was pink and lovely, as it always is when she has been sleeping. She smiled drowsily at me and said: "Let's go home. I don't like these people. Come on, get your hat and coat, Dorothy."

Mimi said to Dorothy: "Go to bed."

Dorothy put the tips of the fingers of her left hand to her mouth and whimpered through them: "Don't let her beat me, Nick."

I was watching Mimi, whose face wore a placid half-smile, but her nostrils moved with her breathing and I could hear her breathing.

Nora went around to Dorothy. "Come on, we'll wash your face and—"

Mimi made an animal noise in her throat, muscles thickened on the back of her neck, and she put her weight on the balls of her feet.

Nora stepped between Mimi and Dorothy. I caught Mimi by a shoulder as she started forward, put my other arm around her waist from behind, and lifted her off her feet. She screamed and hit back at me with her fists and her hard, sharp, high heels made dents in my shins.

Nora pushed Dorothy out of the room and stood in the doorway watching us. Her face was very live. I saw it clearly, sharply—everything else was blurred. When clumsy, ineffectual blows on my back and shoulder brought me around to find Gilbert pommeling me, I could see him but dimly, and I hardly felt the contact when I shoved him aside. "Get it out, I don't want to hurt you, Gilbert." I carried Mimi over to the sofa, and dumped her on her back on it, sat on her knees, got a wrist in each hand.

Gilbert was at me again. I tried to pop his kneecap, but kicked him too low, kicked his leg from under him. He went down on the floor in a tangle. I kicked at him again, missed, and said: "We can fight afterwards. Get some water."

Mimi's face was becoming purple. Her eyes protruded, glassy, senseless enormous. Saliva bubbled and hissed between clenched teeth with her breathing, and her red throat—her whole body—was a squirming mass of veins and muscles swollen until it seemed they must burst. Her wrists were hot in my hands and sweat made them hard to hold.

Nora beside me with a glass of water was a welcome sight. "Chuck it in her face," I said.

Nora chuckled it. Mimi separated her teeth to gasp and she shut her eyes. She moved her head violently from side to side, but there was less violence in the squirming of her body.

"Do it again," I said.

The second glass of water brought a spluttering protest from Mimi and the fight went out of her body. She lay still, limp, panting.

I took my hands away from her wrists and stood up. Gilbert, standing on one



foot, was leaning against a table nursing the leg I had kicked. Dorothy, big-eyed and pale, was in the doorway, undecided whether to come in or run off and hide. Nora, beside me, holding the empty glass in her hand, asked: "Think she's all right?"

"Sure."

Presently Mimi opened her eyes, tried to blink the water out of them. I put a handkerchief in her hand. She wiped her face, gave a long shivering sigh, and sat up on the sofa. She looked around the room, still blinking a little. When she saw me she smiled feebly. There was guilt in her smile, but nothing you could call remorse. She touched her hair with an unsteady hand and said: "I've certainly been drowned."

I said: "Some day you're going into one of those things and not come out of it."

She looked past me at her son. "Gil. What's happened to you?" she asked.

HE hastily took his hand off his leg and put his foot down on the floor. "I—uh—nothing," he stammered. "I'm perfectly all right." He smoothed his hair, straightened his necktie.

She began to laugh. "Oh, Gil, did you really try to protect me? And from Nick?" Her laughter increased. "It was awfully sweet of you, but awfully silly. Why, he's a monster, Gil. Nobody could—"

She put my handkerchief over her mouth and rocked back and forth.

I looked aside at Nora. Her mouth was set and her eyes were almost black with anger. I touched her arm. "Let's blow. Give your mother a drink, Gilbert. She'll be all right in a minute or two."

Dorothy, hat and coat in her hands, tiptoed to the outer door. Nora and I found our hats and coats and followed her out, leaving Mimi laughing into my handkerchief on the sofa.

None of the three of us had much to say in the taxi-cab that carried us over to the Normandie. Nora was brooding. Dorothy seemed still pretty frightened, and I was tired—it had been a full day.

Dorothy spoke in a whisper loud enough for anybody in the room to hear: "Gil's been seeing my father and he saw him today and my father told him who killed Miss Wolf."

"Who?"

She shook her head. "He wouldn't tell me. He'd just tell me that."

"And that's what you were afraid to say in front of Gil and Mimi?"

"Yes. You'd understand that if you'd let me tell you—"

"Something that happened when you were a little child. Well, I won't. Stop it. What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing about Nunheim?"

"No, nothing."

"Where is your father?"

"Gil didn't tell me."

"When did he meet him?"

"He didn't tell me. Please don't be mad, Nick. I've told you everything he told me."

"And a fat lot it is," I growled. "When'd he tell you this?"

"To-night. He was telling me when you came in my room, and, honest, that's all he told me."

I said: "It'd be swell if just once one of you people would make a clear and complete statement about something—it wouldn't matter what."

Nora came in with the coffee. "What's worrying you now, son?" she asked.

"Things," I said, "riddles, lies, and I'm too old and too tired for them to be any fun. Let's go back to San Francisco."

"Before New Year's?"

"To-morrow, to-day."

"I'm willing." She gave me a cup. "We can fly back, if you want, and be there for New Year's Eve."

Dorothy said tremulously: "I didn't lie to you, Nick. I told you everything I—Please, please, don't be mad with me. I'm so—"

She stopped talking to sob.

I rubbed Asta's head and groaned.

Nora said: "We're all worn out and jumpy. Let's send the pup downstairs for the night and turn in and do our talking after we've had some rest. Come on, Dorothy, I'll bring your coffee into the bedroom and give you some night-clothes."

Dorothy got up, said, "Good night," to me, "I'm sorry I'm so silly," and followed Nora out.

When Nora returned she sat down on the floor beside me. "Our Dorry does her share of weeping and whining," she said.

"Admitting life's not too pleasant for her just now, still..." She pawned. "What was her fearsome secret?"

I told her what Dorothy had told me.

"It sounds like a lot of hokey."

"Why?"

"Why not? Everything else we've got from them has been hokey."

Nora yawned again. "That may be good enough for a detective, but it's not convincing enough for me. Listen, why don't we make a list of all the suspects and all the motives and clues, and check them off against—"

"You do it. I'm going to bed. What's a clue, Mamma?"

"It's like when Gilbert tiptoed over to the phone to-night when I was alone in the living-room, and he thought I was asleep, and told the operator not to put through any in-coming calls until morning."

"Well, well."

"And," she said, "it's like Dorothy discovering that she had Aunt Alice's key all the time."

"Well, well."

"And it's like Studay nudging Morelli under the table when he started to tell you about the drunken cousin of—what was it—Dick O'Brien's that Julia Wolf knew?"

NORA shook me awake at quarter past ten. "The telephone," she said. "It's Herbert Macaulay, and he says it's important."

I went into the bedroom—I had slept in the living-room—to the telephone. Dorothy was sleeping soundly. I mumbled, "Hello," into the telephone.

Macaulay said: "It's too early for that lunch, but I've got to see you right away. Can I come up now?"

"Sure. Come up for breakfast."

"I've had it. Get yours and I'll be up in fifteen minutes."

I looked through the morning papers. They had the news of Jorgensen's being picked up by the Boston police and of Nunheim's murder, but further developments of what the tabloids called "The Hell's Kitchen Gang War," the arrest of "Prince Mike" Gergason, and an interview with the "Jafie" of the Lindbergh kidnapping negotiations got more space.

Macaulay and the bellboy who brought Asta up arrived together. Asta liked Macaulay because when he patted her he gave her something to set her weight against; she was never fond of gentlemen.

He had lines around his mouth this morning, and some of the roteness was gone from his cheeks.

"Where'd the police get this new line?" he asked. "Do they think—" He broke off as Nora came in. She had dressed.

"Nora, this is Herbert Macaulay," I said.

"My wife."

They shook hands, and Nora said: "Nick would only let me order some coffee for you. Can't I—"

"No, thanks, I've just finished breakfast."

I said: "Now what's this about the police?"

He hesitated.

"Nora knows practically everything I know," I assured him, "so unless it's something you'd rather not—"

"No, no, nothing like that," he said. "It's—well—for Mrs. Charles' sake. I don't want to cause her anxiety."

"Then out with it. She only worries about things she doesn't know. What's the new police line?"

"Lieutenant Guild came to see me this morning," he said. "First he showed me a piece of watch-chain with a knife attached to it and asked me if I'd ever seen them, before. I had; they were Wynant's."

I told him I thought I had; I thought they looked like Wynant's. Then he asked me if I knew of any way in which they could have come into anybody else's possession and, after some beating about the bush, I discovered that by anybody else he meant you or Mimi. I told him certainly—Wynant could have given them to either of you, you could have stolen them or found them on the street or have been given them by somebody who stole them or found them on the street, or you could have got them from somebody Wynant gave them to. There were other ways, too, for you to have got them. I told him, but he knew I was kidding him, so he wouldn't let me tell him about them."

There were spots of color in Nora's cheeks and her eyes were dark. "The idiot!"

"Now, now," I said, "Maybe I should have warned you—he was heading in that direction last night. I think it's likely my old pal Mimi gave him a prod or two. What else did he turn the searchlight on?"

"He wanted to know about—what he asked was: 'Do you figure Charles and the Wolf came was still playing around together? Or was that all washed up?'"

"That's the Mimi touch, all right," I said. "What'd you tell him?"

"I told him I didn't know whether you were still playing around together because I didn't know that you had ever played around together, and reminded him that you hadn't been living in New York for a long time, anyway."

Nora asked me: "Did you?"

I said: "Don't try to make a liar out of Mac. What'd he say to that?"

"NOTHING. He asked me if I thought Jorgensen knew about you and Mimi and, when I asked him what about you and Mimi, he accused me of acting the innocent—they were his words—so we didn't get very far. He was interested in the times I had seen you, also where and when to the exact inch and second."

"That's nice," I said. "I've got rotten slibs."

A waiter came in with our breakfast. We talked about this and that until he had set the table and gone away.

Then Macaulay said: "You've nothing to be afraid of. I'm going to turn Wynant over to the police." His voice was unsteady and a little choked.

"Are you sure he did it?" I asked. "I'm not."

He said simply: "I know." He cleared his throat. "Even if there was a chance in a thousand of my being wrong—and there isn't—he's a madman, Charles. He shouldn't be loose."

"That's probably right enough," I began, "and if you know—"

"I know," he repeated. "I saw him the afternoon he killed her; it couldn't've been half an hour after he'd killed her, though I didn't know that didn't even know she'd been killed. I—well—I know it now."

"You met him in Hermann's office?"

"What?"

"You were supposed to have been in the office of a man named Hermann, on Fifty—"



seventh Street, from around three o'clock till around four that afternoon. At least, that's what the police told me."

"That's right," he said. "I mean, that's the story they got. What really happened after I failed to find Wynant or any news of him at the Plaza and phoned my office and Julia with no better results, I gave him up and started walking down to Hermann's. He's a mining engineer, a client of mine; I had just finished drawing up some articles of incorporation for him, and there were some minor changes to be made in them. When I got to Fifty-seventh Street I suddenly got a feeling that I was being followed—you know the feeling. I couldn't think of any reason for anybody shadowing me, but still, I'm a lawyer and there might be. Anyway, I wanted to find out, so I turned east on Fifty-seventh and walked over to Madison and still wasn't sure. There was a small, sallow man, I thought I'd seen around the Plaza, but—the quickest way to find out seemed to be by taking a taxi, so I did that and told the driver to drive east. There was too much traffic there for me to see whether this small man or anybody else took a taxi after me, so I had my driver turn south at Third, east again on Fifty-sixth, and south again on Second Avenue, and by that time I was pretty sure a yellow taxi was following me. I couldn't see whether my small man was in it, of course; it wasn't close enough for that. And at the next corner, when a red light stopped us, I saw Wynant. He was in a taxicab going west on Fifty-fifth Street. Naturally, that didn't surprise me very much; we were only two blocks from Julia's, and I took it for granted she hadn't wanted me to know he was there when I phoned, and that he was now on his way over to meet me at the Plaza. He was never very punctual. So I told my driver to turn west, but at Lexington Avenue—we were half a block behind him—Wynant's taxicab turned south. That wasn't the way to the Plaza, and wasn't even the way to my office, so I said to hell with him and turned my attention back to the taxi following me—and it wasn't there any more. I kept a look-out behind all the way over to Hermann's and saw no sign at all of anybody following me."

"What time was it when you saw Wynant?" I asked.

"It must've been fifteen or twenty minutes past three. It was twenty minutes to four when I got to Hermann's, and I imagine that was twenty or twenty-five minutes later. Well, Hermann's secretary—Louise Jacobs—the girl I was with when I saw you last night—told me he had been locked up in a conference all afternoon, but would probably be through in a few minutes, and he was, and I got through with him in ten or fifteen minutes and went back to my office."

"I take it you weren't close enough to Wynant to see whether he looked excited, was wearing his watchchain, smelled of gunpowder—things like that."

"THAT'S right. All I saw was his profile going past, but don't think I'm not sure it was Wynant."

"I won't. Go ahead," I said.

"He didn't phone again. I'd been back about an hour when the police phoned—Julia was dead. Now you must understand that I didn't think Wynant had killed her—not for a minute. You can understand that—you still don't think he did. So when I went over there and the police began to ask me questions about him, and I could see they suspected him, I did what ninety-nine out of a hundred lawyers would have done for their clients—I said nothing about having seen him in that neighborhood at about the time that the murder must have been committed. I told them what I told you—about having the

date with him and him not showing up—and let them understand that I had gone over to Hermann's straight from the Plaza."

"That's understandable enough," I agreed. "There was no sense in your saying anything until you had heard his side of the story."

"Exactly and, well, the catch is I never heard his side of the story. I'd expected him to show up, phone me, something, but he didn't—until Tuesday, when I got that letter from him from Philadelphia, and there was not a word in it about his failure to meet me Friday, nothing about—but you saw the letter. What'd you think of it?"

"You mean did it sound guilty?"

"Yes."

"Not particularly," I said. "It's about what could be expected from him if he didn't kill her—no great alarm over the police suspecting him, except as it might interfere with his work, a desire to have it all cleaned up with no inconvenience to him—not too bright a letter to have come from anybody else, but in line with his particular form of goodness. I can see him sending it off without the faintest notion that the best thing he could do would be to account for his own actions on the day of the murder. How sure are you he was coming from Julia's when you saw him?"

"I'm sure now. I thought it likely at first. Then I thought he may have been to his shop. It's on First Avenue, just a few blocks from where I saw him, and though it's been closed since he went away, we renewed the lease last month, and everything's there waiting for him to come back to it, and he could have been there that afternoon. The police couldn't find anything there to show whether he had or hadn't."

"I meant to ask you: there was some talk about his having grown whiskers. Was he—"

"No—the same long, bony face, with the same ragged near-white moustache."

"Another thing: there was a fellow named Nunhelm killed yesterday, a small—"

"I'm coming to that," he said.

"I was thinking about the little fellow you thought might be shadowing you."

MACAULAY stared at me. "You mean that might've been Nunhelm?"

"I don't know. I was wondering."

"And I don't know," he said. "I never saw Nunhelm, far as I—"

"He was a little fellow, not more than five feet three, and would weigh maybe a hundred and twenty. I'd say he was thirty-five or six. Sallow, dark hair and eyes, with the eyes set pretty close together, big mouth, long limp nose, bat-wing ears—shift-looking."

"That could easily be him," he said, "though I didn't get too close a view of my man. I suppose the police would let me see him"—he shrugged—"not that it matters now. Where was I? Oh, yes, about not being able to get in touch with Wynant. That put me in an uncomfortable position, since the police clearly thought I was in touch with him and lying about it. So did you, didn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"And you also, like the police, probably suspected that I had met him, either at the Plaza or later, on the day of the murder."

"It seemed possible."

"Yes. And, of course, you were partly right. I had at least seen him, and seen him at a place and time that would've spelled guilty with a capital G to the police, so, having lied instinctively and by inference, I now lied directly and deliberately. Hermann had been tied up in a conference all that afternoon and didn't know how long I had been waiting to see

him. Louise Jacobs is a good friend of mine. Without going into details, I told her she could help me help a client by saying I had arrived there at a minute or two after three o'clock, and she agreed readily enough. To protect her in case of trouble, I told her that if anything went wrong she could always say that she hadn't remembered what time I arrived, but that I, the next day, had casually mentioned my arrival at that time and she had no reason for doubting me—throwing the whole thing on me." Macaulay took a deep breath. "None of that's important now. What's important is that I heard from Wynant this morning."

"Another one of those screwy letters?" I asked.

"No, he phoned. I made a date with him for to-night—for you and me. I told him you wouldn't do anything for him unless you could see him, so he promised to meet us to-night. I'm going to take the police, of course. I can't go on justifying my shielding him like this. I can get him an acquittal on grounds of insanity and have him put away. That's all I can do, all I want to do."

"Have you told the police yet?"

"No. He didn't phone till just after they'd left. Anyway, I wanted to see you first. I wanted to tell you I hadn't forgotten what I owed you and—"

"Nonsense," I said.

"It's not." He turned to Nora. "I don't suppose he ever told you he saved my life once in a shell-hole in—"

"He's mad," I told her. "He fired at a fellow and missed, and I fired at him and didn't, and that's all there was to it." I addressed him again: "Why don't you let the police wait awhile? Suppose you and I keep this date to-night and hear what he's got to say. We can sit on him and blow whistles when the meeting's about to break up if we're convinced he's the murderer."

Macaulay smiled wearily. "You're still doubtful, aren't you? Well, I'm willing to do it that way if you want, though it seems like a— But perhaps you'll change your mind when I tell you about our telephone conversation."

Dorothy, wearing a nightgown and a robe of Nora's, both much too long for her, came in yawning. "Oh!" she exclaimed when she saw Macaulay, and then, when she had recognised him, "Oh, hello, Mr. Macaulay. I didn't know you were here. Is there any news of my father?"

He looked at me. I shook my head. He told her: "Not yet, but perhaps we'll have some to-day."

I said: "Dorothy's had some, indirectly. Tell Macaulay about Gilbert."

"You mean about—about my father?" she asked hesitantly, staring at the floor.

"Oh, dear me, no," I said.

Her face flushed, and she glanced reproachfully at me; then, hastily, she told Macaulay: "Gil saw my father yesterday, and he told Gil who killed Miss Wolf."

"What?"

She nodded four or five times, earnestly.

MACAULAY looked at me with puzzled eyes.

"This doesn't have to've happened," I reminded him. "It's what Gil says happened."

"I see. Then you think he might be—?"

"You haven't done much talking to that family since hell broke loose, have you?" I asked.

"No."

"It's an experience. They're all crazy, I think. They start off—"

Dorothy said angrily: "I think you're horrid. I've done my best to—"

"What are you kicking about?" I demanded. "I'm giving you the break this time: I'm willing to believe Gil did tell you that. Don't expect too much of me."



Macaulay asked: "And who killed her?"  
"I don't know. Gill wouldn't tell me."  
"Had your brother seen him often?"  
"I don't know how often. He said he had been seeing him."  
"And was anything said—well—about the man Nunheim?"  
"No. Dick asked me that. He didn't tell me anything else at all."  
I caught Nora's eye and made signals. She stood up saying: "Let's go into the other room. Dorothy, and give these lads a chance to do whatever it is they think they're doing."

Dorothy went reluctantly, but she went out with Nora.

Macaulay said: "She's grown up to be something to look at." He cleared his throat. "I hope your wife won't—"  
"Forget it. Nora's all right. You started to tell me about your conversation with Wynant."

"He phoned right after the police left, and said he'd seen the ad in the 'Times' and wanted to know what I wanted. I told him you weren't anxious to get yourself mixed up in his troubles and had said you wouldn't touch it at all without talking it over with him first, and we made the date for to-night. Then he asked if I'd seen Mimi, and I told him I'd seen her once or twice since her return from Europe and had also seen his daughter. And then he said this: 'If my wife should ask for money, give her any sum in reason.'"

"I'll be damned," I said.  
Macaulay nodded. "That's the way I felt about it. I asked him why and he said what he'd read in the morning papers had convinced him that she was Rosenberg's dupe, not his confederate, and he had reason to believe she was 'kindly disposed' towards him. Wynant. I began to see what he was up to, then, and I told him she had already turned the knife and chain over to the police. And try to guess what he said to that."

"I give up."  
"He bemoaned and hawed a bit—not much, mind you—and then as smooth as you like asked: 'You mean the chain and knife on the watch I left with Julia to be repaired?'"

"I laughed. 'What'd you say?'"  
"That stumped me. Before I could think up an answer he was saying: 'However, we can discuss that more fully to-night.' I asked him where and when we'd meet him, and he said he'd have to phone me. He didn't know where he'd be. He's to phone me at my house at ten o'clock. He was in a hurry now, though he had seemed leisurely enough before, and hadn't time to answer any of the things I wanted to ask, so he hung up and I phoned you. What do you think of his innocence now?"

"Not as much as I did," I replied slowly. "How sure are you of hearing from him at ten to-night?"

**M**ACAULAY shrugged. "You know as much about that as I do."

"Then if I were you I wouldn't bother the police till we've grabbed our wild man and can turn him over to them. This story of yours isn't going to make them exactly love you and, even if they don't throw you in prison right away, they'll make things pretty disagreeable for you if Wynant gives us a run-around to-night."

"I know, but I'd like to get the load off my shoulders."

"A few hours more oughtn't to matter much," I said. "Did either of you say anything about his not keeping the date at the Plaza?"

"No. I didn't get a chance to ask him. Well, if you say wait, I'll wait, but—"

"Let's wait till to-night, anyhow, till he phones you—if he does—and then we can make up our minds whether to take the police along."

"You don't think he'll phone?"

"I'm not too sure," I said. "He didn't keep his last date with you, and he seems

to have gone pretty vague on you as soon as he learned that Mimi had turned in the watch-chain and knife. I wouldn't be too optimistic about it. We'll see, though. I'd better get out to your house at about nine o'clock, hadn't I?"

"Come for dinner."

"I can't, but I'll make it as early as I can, in case he's ahead of time. We'll want to move fast. Where do you live?"

Macaulay gave me his address, in Scarsdale, and left the flat.

**I** WENT to see Guild early in the afternoon and went to work on him as soon as we had shaken hands. "I didn't bring my lawyer along. I thought it looked better if I came by myself."

He wrinkled his forehead and shook his head as if I had hurt him. "Now it was nothing like that," he said patiently. "It was too much like that."

He sighed. "I wouldn't've thought you'd make the mistake that a lot of people make thinking just because we—You know we got to look at every angle, Mr. Charles."

"That sounds familiar. Well, what do you want to know?"

"All I want to know is who killed her—and him."

"Try asking Gilbert," I suggested.

Guild pursed his lips. "Why him exactly?"

"He told his sister he knew who did it, told her he got it from Wynant."

"You mean he's been seeing the old man?"

"So she says he said. I haven't had a chance to ask him about it."

He called in Andy and a swarthy bow-legged man named Kline. "Get me that Wynant kid—the punk—I want to talk to him." They went out. He said: "See, I want people to talk to."

I said: "Your nerves are in pretty bad shape this afternoon, aren't they? Are you bringing Jorgensen down from Boston?"

He shrugged his big shoulders. "His story beats all right to me. I don't know. Want to tell me what you think of it?"

"Sure."

"Well, along about 27 or 28 Jorgensen's in Milan—that's a city in Italy—and he sees in the Paris 'Herald' where this Mimi, recently divorced wife of Clyde Miller Wynant, has arrived in Paris. He don't know her personally, and she don't know him, but he knows she's a dinky blonde that likes men and fun, and hasn't got much sense. He figures a bunch of Wynant's dough must've come to her with the divorce, and the way he looks at it, any of it he could take away from her wouldn't be any more than what Wynant had gyped him out of—he'd only be getting some of what belonged to him. So he scrapes up the fare to Paris and goes up there. All right so far?"

"Sounds all right."

"That's what I thought. Well, he don't have any trouble getting to know her in Paris—either picking her up or getting somebody to introduce him, or whatever happened—and the rest of it's just as easy. She goes for him in a big way—bing, according to him—right off the bat, and the first thing you know she's one jump ahead of him, she's thinking about marrying him. Naturally he don't try to talk her out of that. She'd gotten a lump sum—two hundred thousand dollars—out of Wynant instead of alimony, so her marrying again wasn't stopping any payments and it'll put him right in the middle of the cash-drawer. So they do it. According to him, it was a trick marriage up in some mountains he says are between Spain and France, and was done by a Spanish priest on what was really French soil, which don't make it

legal, but I figure he's just trying to discourage a bigamy charge. Personally, I don't care one way or the other. The point is he got his hands on the dough and kept them on it till there wasn't any more dough. And all this time, understand, he says she didn't know he was anybody but Christian Jorgensen, a fellow she met in Paris, and still didn't know it up to the time we grabbed him in Boston. Still sound all right?"

"Still sounds all right," I said, "except, as you say, about the marriage, and even that could be all right."

"Uh-huh, and what difference does it make anyway? So comes the winter and the bankroll's getting skinny, and he's getting ready to take a run-out on her with the last of it, and then she says maybe they could come back to America and tap Wynant for some more. He thinks that fair enough if it can be done, and she thinks it can be done, so they get on a boat and—"

"The story cracks a little there," I said.

**W**HAT makes you think so? He's not figuring on going to Boston, where he knows his first wife is, and he's figuring on keeping out of the way of the few people that know him, including especially Wynant, and somebody's told him there's a statute of limitation making everything just lovely after seven years. He don't figure he's running much risk. They ain't going to stay here long."

"I still don't like that part of his story," I insisted, "but go ahead."

"Well, the second day's he's here—while they're still trying to find Wynant—he gets a bad break. He runs into a friend of his first wife's—this Olga Fenton—on the street and she recognises him. He tries to talk her out of tipping off the first wife and does manage to stall her along a couple of days with a moving-picture story he makes up—what an imagination that guy's got!—but he don't fool her long, and she goes to her person and tells him about it and asks him what she ought to do, and he says she ought to tell the first wife, and so she does, and the next time she sees Jorgensen she tells him what she'd done, and he lights out for Boston to try to keep his wife from kicking up trouble and we pick him up there."

"How about his visit to the hook shop?" I asked.

"That was part of it. He says there was a train for Boston leaving in a few minutes, and he didn't have any dough with him and didn't have time to go home for some—besides not being anxious to face the second wife till he had the first one quieted down—and the banks were closed, so he soaked his watch. It checks up."

"Did you see the watch?"

"I can. Why?"

"I was wondering. You don't think it was once on the other end of that piece of chain Mimi turned over to you?"

He sat up straight. "By God! Then he squinted at me suspiciously and asked: 'Do you know anything about it, or are you—'"

"No. I was just wondering. What does he say about the murders now? Who does he think did them?"

"Wynant. He admits for a while he thought Mimi might've, but he says she convinced him different. He claims she wouldn't tell him what she had on Wynant. He might be just trying to cover himself up on that. I don't guess there's any doubt about them meaning to use it to shake him down for that money they wanted."

"Then you don't think she planted the knife and chain?"

Guild pulled down the ends of his mouth.



"She could've planted them to shake him down with. What's wrong with that?"

"It's a little complicated for a fellow like me," I said. "Find out if Face Peppier's still in the Ohio pen?"

"Uh-huh. He gets out next week. That accounts for the diamond ring. He had a pal of his on the outside send it to her for him. Seems they were planning to get married and go straight together after he got out, or some such. Anyways, the warden says he saw letters passing between them reading like that. This Peppier won't tell the warden that he knows anything that'll help us, and the warden don't call to mind anything that was in their letters that's any good to us. Of course, even this much helps some, with the motive. Say Wynant's jealous, and she's wearing this other guy's ring and getting ready to go away with him. That'll—"

He broke off to answer his telephone. "Yes," he said into it. "Yes. . . . What? . . . Sure. . . . Sure, but leave somebody there. That's right." He pushed the telephone aside. "Another steer on that West Twenty-Ninth Street killing yesterday."

His telephone rang again, and he said into it: "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . That's all right. Come on in."

The door opened and a fat red-haired man brought Gilbert Wynant in. One of Gilbert's eyes was completely shut by swollen flesh around it and his left knee showed through a tear in his pants-leg.

I SAID to Guild: "When you say bring 'em in, they bring 'em in, don't they?"

"Wait," he told me. "This is more'n you think." He addressed the fat red-haired man: "Go ahead, Flint, let's have it."

Flint wiped his mouth with the back of a hand. "He's a wildcat for fair, the young fellow. He don't look tough, but, haired man: 'Go ahead, Flint, let's have man, he didn't want to come along, I can tell you that. And can he run!'"

Guild growled: "You're a hero and I'll see the Commissioner about your medal right away, but never mind that now. Talk business."

"I wasn't saying I did anything great," Flint protested. "I was just—"

"I don't give a damn what you did," Guild said. "I want to know what he did."

"Yes, sir, I was getting to that. I relieved Morgan at eight o'clock this morning and everything went along smooth and quiet as per usual, with not a creature was stirring, as the fellow says, till about ten minutes after two, and then what do I hear but a key in the lock." He sucked in his lips and gave us a chance to express our amazement.

"The Wolf dam's apartment," Guild explained to me. "I had a hunch."

"And what a hunch!" Flint exclaimed, practically top-heavy with admiration. "Man, what a hunch!" Guild glared at him and he went on hastily: "Yes, sir, a key, and then the door opens and this young fellow comes in." He grained proudly, affectionately, at Gilbert. "Seemed stiff, he looked, and when I went for him he was out and away like a streak and it wasn't till the first floor that I caught him; and then, by jolly, he put up a tussle and I had to bat him in the eye to tone him down. He don't look tough, but—"

"What'd he do in the apartment?" Guild asked.

"He didn't have a chance to do nothing. I—"

"You mean you jumped him without waiting to see what he was up to?" Guild's

neck bulged over the edge of his collar, and his face was as red as Flint's hair.

"I thought it was best not to take no chances."

Guild stared at me with angry, incredulous eyes. I did my best to keep my face blank. He said in a choking voice: "That'll do, Flint. Wait outside."

The red-haired man seemed puzzled. He said, "Yes, sir," slowly. "Here's his key." He put the key on Guild's desk and went to the door. There he twisted his head over a shoulder to say: "He claims he's Clyde Wynant's son." He laughed merrily.

Guild still having trouble with his voice said: "Oh, he does, does he?"

"Yeah, I seen him somewhere before. I got an idea he used to belong to big Shorty Dolan's mob. Seems to me I used to see him around—"

"Get out!" Guild snarled, and Flint got out. Guild groaned from deep down in his big body. "That mug gets me. Big Shorty Dolan's mob." He shook his head hopelessly and addressed Gilbert: "Well, son?"

Gilbert said: "I know I shouldn't've done it."

"That's a fair start," Guild said genially. His face was becoming normal again. "We all make mistakes. Pull yourself up a chair and let's see what we can do about getting you out of the soup. Want anything for that eye?"

"No, thank you, it's quite all right," Gilbert moved a chair two or three inches towards Guild and sat down.

"Did that goat smack you just to be doing something?"

"No, no, it was my fault, I—I did re-sist."

"Oh, well," Guild said, "nobody likes to be arrested, I guess. Now what's the trouble?"

Gilbert looked at me with his one good eye.

"You're in as bad a hole as Lieutenant Guild wants to put you," I told him. "You'll make it easy for yourself by making it easy for him."

Guild nodded earnestly. "And that's a fact." He settled himself comfortably in his chair and asked in a friendly tone: "Where'd you get the key?"

"My father sent it to me in his letter."

He took a white envelope from his pocket and gave it to Guild.

I went around behind Guild and looked at the envelope over his shoulder. The address was typewritten, "Mr. Gilbert Wynant, The Courtland," and there was no postage stamp stuck on it.

"WHEND you get it?" I asked.

"It was at the desk when I got in last night, around ten o'clock. I didn't ask the clerk how long it had been there, but I don't suppose it was there when I went out with you, or they'd have given it to me."

Inside the envelope were two sheets of paper covered with the familiar unskillful typewriting. Guild and I read together: Dear Gilbert:

If all these years have gone by without my having communicated with you, it is only because your mother wished it so, and if now I break this silence with a request for your assistance it is because only great need could make me go against your mother's wishes. Also you are a man now and I feel that you yourself are the one to decide whether or not we should go on being strangers or whether we should act in accordance with our ties of blood. That I am in an embarrassing situation now in connection with Julia Wolf's so-called murder I think you know, and I trust that you still have remaining enough affection for me to at least hope that I am in all ways guiltless of any complicity therein, which is indeed the case. I turn to you now for help in demonstrating my innocence once and for all to the police and

to the world with every confidence that even could I not count on your affection for me I nevertheless could count on your natural desire to do anything within your power to keep unblemished the name that is yours and your sister's as well as your father's. I turn to you also because while I have a lawyer who is able and who believes in my innocence and who is leaving no stone unturned to prove it, and have hopes of engaging Mr. Nick Charles to assist him, I cannot ask either of them to undertake what is after all a patently illegal act, nor do I know anybody else except you that I dare confide in. What I wish you to do is this, to-morrow go to Julia Wolf's apartment at 411 East 54th St., to which the enclosed key will admit you, and between the pages of a book called "The Grand Manner" you will find a certain paper or statement which you are to read and destroy immediately. You are to be sure you destroy it completely, leaving not so much as an ash, and when you have read it you will know why this must be done and will understand why I have entrusted this task to you. In the event that something should develop to make a change in our plans advisable I will call you on the telephone late to-night. If you do not hear from me I will telephone you to-morrow evening to learn if you have carried out my instructions and to make arrangements for a meeting. I have every confidence that you will realize the tremendous responsibility I am placing on your shoulders and that my confidence is not misplaced.

Affectionately,  
Your Father.

WYNANT'S sprawling signature was written in ink beneath "Your Father."

Guild waited for me to say something. I waited for him. After a little of that he asked Gilbert: "And did he phone?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know?" I asked. "Didn't you tell the operator not to put any calls through?"

"I—yes, I did. I was afraid you'd find out who it was if he called up while you were there, but he'd've left some kind of message with the operator, I think, and he didn't."

"Then you haven't been seeing him?"

"No."

"And he didn't tell you who killed Julia Wolf?"

"No."

"You were lying to Dorothy?"

He lowered his head and nodded at the floor. "I was—it was—I suppose it was jealousy really." He looked up at me now and his face was pink. "You see, Dorry used to look up to me and think I knew more than anybody else about almost everything."

I outwaited Guild again until presently he said: "Well, I guess there ain't been a great deal of harm done, sonny, if you're sure you ain't doing harm by holding back some other things we ought to know."

The boy shook his head. "No, sir, I'm not holding back anything."

"You don't know anything about that knife and chain your mother gave us?"

"No, sir, and I didn't know a thing about it till after she had given it to you."

Guild said, "Hm-m-m," and scratched his chin.

"Was Flint right in saying you didn't get a chance to hunt for your paper?" I asked the boy.

"Yes, I hadn't even had time to shut the door when he ran at me."

"They're grand detectives I got working for me," Guild growled.

Guild's face cleared slowly. "All right then, son, suppose I put you on a kind of parole. If your father or anybody else asks you to do anything, will you promise to tell them you can't because you give me your word of honor you wouldn't?"



The boy looked at me. I said: "That sounds reasonable." Gilbert said: "Yes, sir, I'll give you my word."

Gilbert made a large gesture with one hand. "Oke, Run along."

The boy stood up saying: "Thank you very much, sir." He turned to me. "Are you going to be—"

"Wait for me outside," I told him. "If you're not in a hurry."

"I will. Good-bye, Lieutenant Guild, and thank you." He went out.

Guild grabbed his telephone and ordered "The Grand Manner" and its contents found and brought to him. That done, he clasped his hands behind his head and rocked back in his chair.

He sighed. "Well, maybe that paper he sent the kid for will tell us something."

But the paper told us nothing that afternoon. Guild's men could not find it, could not find a copy of "The Grand Manner" in the dead woman's rooms.

**G**UILD had red-haired Flint in again, and put the thumb-screws on him. The red-haired man sweated away ten pounds, but he stuck to it that Gilbert had no opportunity to disturb anything in the apartment, and throughout Flint's guardianship nobody hadn't touched nothing. He did not remember having seen a book called "The Grand Manner," but he was not a man you would expect to memorise book titles. He tried to be helpful and made idiotic suggestions until Guild chased him out.

"The kid's probably waiting for me outside," I said. "If you think talking to him again will do any good."

"Do you?"

"No."

"Well, then. But by God, somebody took that book, and I'm going to—"

"Why?" I asked.

"Why what?"

"Why'd it have to be there for somebody to take?"

Guild scratched his chin. "Just what do you mean by that?"

"He didn't meet Macaulay at the Plaza the day of the murder, he didn't commit suicide in Allentown, he says he only got a thousand from Julia Wolf when we thought he was getting five thousand, he says they were just friends when we think they were lovers, he disappoints us too much for me to have much confidence in what he says."

"It's a fact," Guild said. "That I'd understand it better if he'd either come in or run away. Him hanging around like this, just messing things up, don't fit in anywhere that I can see."

"Are you watching his shop?"

"We're kind of keeping an eye on it. Why?"

"I don't know," I said truthfully. "except that he's pointed his finger at a lot of things that got us nowhere. Maybe we ought to pay some attention to the things he hasn't pointed at, and the shop's one of them."

Guild said: "Hm-m-m."

I said, "I'll leave you with that bright thought," and put on my hat and coat. "Suppose I wanted to get hold of you late at night, how would I reach you?"

He gave me his telephone number, we shook hands, and I left.

Gilbert Wynant was waiting for me in the corridor. Neither of us said anything until we were in a taxi-cab. Then he asked: "He thinks I was telling the truth, doesn't he?"

"Sure. Weren't you?"

"Oh, yes, but people don't always believe you. You won't say anything to Mamma about this, will you?"

"Not if you don't want me to."

"Thank you," he said. "In your opinion,

is there more opportunity for a young man out West than here in the East?"

I thought of him working on Guild's fox farm while I replied: "Not now. Thinking of going west?"

"I don't know. I want to do something." He fidgeted with his necktie.

**W**E had a couple of blocks of silence after that. Then he said: "There's a funny question I'd like to ask you: what do you think of me?" He was more self-conscious about it than Alice Quinn had been.

"You're all right," I told him, "and you're all wrong."

He looked away, out the window. "I'm so awfully young."

We had some more silence. Then he coughed, and a little blood trickled from one corner of his mouth.

"That guy did hurt you," I said.

He nodded shamefacedly, and put his handkerchief to his mouth. "I'm not very strong."

At the Courtyard he would not let me help him out of the taxi-cab, and insisted he could manage alone, but I went upstairs with him, suspecting that otherwise he would say nothing to anybody about his condition.

I rang the apartment bell before he could get his key out, and Mimi opened the door. She goggled at his black eye.

I said: "He's hurt. Get him to bed, and get him a doctor."

"What happened?"

"Wynant sent him into something."

"Into what?"

"Never mind that until we get him fixed up."

"But Clyde was here," she said. "That's why I phoned you."

"What?"

"He was." She nodded vigorously. "And he asked where Gil was. He was here for an hour or more. He hasn't been gone ten minutes."

"All right, let's get him to bed."

Gilbert stubbornly insisted that he needed no help, so I left him in the bedroom with his mother and went out to the telephone.

"Any calls?" I asked Nora when I had her on the line.

"Yes, sir. Messrs. Macaulay and Guild want you to phone them, and Mesdames Jorgensen and Quinn want you to phone them. No children so far."

"When did Guild call?"

"About five minutes ago. Mind eating alone? Larry asked me to go to see the new Osgood Perkins show with him."

"Go ahead. See you later."

I called up Herbert Macaulay.

"The date's off," he told me. "I heard from our friend and he's up to God knows what. Listen, Charles, I'm going to the police. I've had enough of it."

"I guess there's nothing else to do now," I said. "I was thinking about telephoning some policemen myself. I'm at Mimi's."

He was here a few minutes ago. I just missed him.

"What was he doing there?"

"I'm going to try to find out now."

"Were you serious about phoning the police?"

"Sure."

"Then suppose you do that and I'll come on over."

"Right. Be seeing you."

I called up Guild.

"A little news came in right after you left," he said. "Are you where I can give it to you?"

"I'm at Mrs. Jorgensen's. I had to bring the kid home. That red-head lad of yours has got him bleeding somewhere inside."

"I'll kill that mug," he snarled. "Then I better not talk."

"I've got some news, too. Wynant was here for about an hour this afternoon, ac-

cording to Mrs. Jorgensen, and left only a few minutes before I got here."

There was a moment of silence, then he said: "Hold everything. I'll be right up."

Mimi came into the living-room while I was looking up the Quinn's telephone number. "Do you think he's seriously hurt?" she asked.

"I don't know, but you ought to get your doctor right away," I pushed the telephone towards her. When she was through with it, I said: "I told the police Wynant had been here."

She nodded. "That's what I phoned you for, to ask if I ought to tell them."

"I phoned Macaulay, too. He's coming over."

"He can't do anything," she said indignantly. "Clyde gave them to me of his own free will—they're mine."

"What's yours?"

"Those bonds, the money."

"What bonds? What money?"

She went to the table and pulled the drawer out. "See?"

Inside were three packages of bonds held together by thick rubber bands. Across the top of them lay a pink cheque on the Park Avenue Trust Company to the order of Mimi Jorgensen for ten thousand dollars, signed Clyde Miller Wynant, and dated January 3, 1933.

"Dated five days ahead," I said. "What kind of nonsense is that?"

"He said he hadn't that much in his account, and might not be able to make a deposit for a couple of days."

"There's going to be hell about this," I warned her. "I hope you're ready for it."

"I don't see why," she protested. "I don't see why my husband—my former husband—can't provide for me and his children if he wants to."

"Cut it out. What'd you sell him?"

"Sell him?"

"Uh-huh. What'd you promise to do in the next few days, or he fixes it so the cheque's no good?"

She made an impatient face. "Really, Nick, I think you're a half-wit sometimes with your silly suspicions."

"I'm studying to be one. Three more lessons and I get my diploma. But, remember, I warned you yesterday that you'll probably wind up in—"

**"STOP IT!"** she cried. She

put a hand over my mouth. "Do you have to keep saying that? You know it terrifies me and—"

Her voice became soft and wheedling. "You must know what I'm going through these days, Nick. Can't you be a little kinder?"

"Don't worry about me," I said. "Worry about the police." I went back to the telephone and called up Alice Quinn. "This is Nick. Nora said you—"

"Yes. Have you seen Harrison?"

"Not since I left him with you."

"He's gone. He's left me."

"He's done that before. He'll be back."

"I know, but I'm afraid this time. He didn't go to his office. I hope he's just drunk somewhere and— but this time I'm afraid, Nick. do you think he's really in love with that girl?"

"He seems to think he is."

"Did he tell you he was?"

"That wouldn't mean anything."

"Do you think it would do any good to have a talk with her?"

"No."

"Why don't you? Do you think she's in love with him?"

"No."

"What's the matter with you?" she asked irritably.

"No, I'm not home."

"What? Oh, you mean you're some place where you can't talk?"



"That's it."  
"Are you—are you at her house?"  
"Yes."  
"Is she there?"  
"No."  
"Do you think she's with him?"  
"I don't know. I don't think so."  
"Will you call me when you can talk or, better still, will you come up to see me?"

"Sure," I promised, and we hung up. Mimi was looking at me with amusement in her blue eyes. "Somebody's taking my brat's affairs seriously?" When I did not answer her, she laughed and asked: "Is Dorry still being the maiden in distress?"

"I suppose so."  
"She will be, too, as long as she can get anybody to believe in it. And you, of all people, to be fooled, you who are afraid to believe that—well—that I, for instance, am ever telling the truth."

"That's a thought," I said. The doorbell rang before I could go on.

Mimi let the doctor in—he was a roly-poly, elderly man with a stoop and a waddle—and took him in to Gilbert.

I opened the table-drawer again and looked at the bonds, Postal Telegraph & Cable 5s, Sao Paulo City 8 1/2s, American Type Founders 6s, Certain-teed Products 5 1/2s, Upper Austria 8 1/2s, United Drugs 5s, Philippine Railway 4s, Tokio Electric Lighting 6s, about sixty thousand dollars at face value. I judged, and—guessing—between a quarter and a third of that at the market.

When the doorbell rang I shut the drawer and let Macaulay in.

He looked tired. He sat down without taking off his overcoat and said: "Well, tell me the worst. What was he up to here?"

"I don't know yet, except that he gave Mimi some bonds and a cheque."

"I know that." He fumbled in his pocket and gave me a letter:

Dear Herbert:

I am to-day giving Mrs. Mimi Jorgensen the securities listed below and a ten-thousand-dollar cheque on the Park Ave. Trust dated Jan. 3. Please arrange to have sufficient money there on that date to cover it. I would suggest that you sell some more of the public utility bonds, but use your own judgment. I find that I cannot spend any more time in New York at present, and probably will not be able to get back here for several months, but will communicate with you from time to time. I am sorry I will not be able to wait over to see you and Charles to-night.

Yours truly,  
Clyde Miller Wynant.

Under the sprawling signature was a list of the bonds.

"How'd it come to you?" I asked.

"By messenger. What do you suppose he was paying her for?"

I shook my head. "I tried to find out. She said he was 'providing for her and his children.'"

"That's likely, as likely as that she'd tell the truth."

"About these bonds?" I asked. "I thought you had all his property in your hands."

"I thought so, too, but I didn't have these, didn't know he had them." He put his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands. "If all the things I don't know were laid end to end—"

MIMI came in with the doctor, said, "Oh, how do you do?" a little stiffly to Macaulay, and shook hands with him. "This is Doctor Grant, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Charles."

"How's the patient?" I asked.

Doctor Grant cleared his throat and said he didn't think there was anything seriously the matter with Gilbert, effects of a beating, slight hemorrhage, of course, should rest, though. He cleared his throat again and said he was happy to have met us, and Mimi showed him out.

"What happened to the boy?" Macaulay asked me.

"Wynant sent him on a wild-geese chase over to Julia's apartment, and he ran into a tough copper."

Mimi returned from the door. "Has Mr. Charles told you about the bonds and the cheque?" she asked.

"I had a note from Mr. Wynant saying he was giving them to you," Macaulay said.

"Then there will be no—"

"Difficultly? Not that I know of."

She relaxed a little and her eyes lost some of their coldness. "I didn't see why there should be, but he"—pointing at me—"likes to frighten me."

MACAULAY smiled politely. "May I ask whether Mr. Wynant said anything about his plans?"

"He said something about going away, but I don't suppose I was listening very attentively. I don't remember whether he told me when he was going or where."

I pretended to show scepticism; Macaulay pretended he believed her. "Did he say anything that you could repeat to me about Julia Wolf, or about his difficulties, or about anything connected with the murder and all?" he asked.

She shook her head emphatically. "Not a word I could either repeat or couldn't, not a word at all. I asked him about it, but you know how unsatisfactory he can be when he wants. I couldn't get as much as a grunt out of him about it."

I asked the question Macaulay seemed too polite to ask: "What did he talk about?"

"Nothing, really, except ourselves and the children, particularly Gil. He was very anxious to see him and waited nearly an hour, hoping he'd come home. He asked about Dorry, but didn't seem very interested."

"Did he say anything about having written Gilbert?"

"Not a word. I can repeat our whole conversation, if you want me to. I didn't know he was coming, he didn't even phone from downstairs. The doorbell just rang, and when I went to the door there he was, looking a lot older than when I'd seen him last and even thinner, and I said, 'Way, Clyde' or something like that, and he said, 'Are you alone?' I told him I was and he came in. Then he—"

The doorbell rang and she went to answer it.

"What do you think of it?" Macaulay asked in a low voice.

"When I start believing Mimi," I said, "I hope I have sense enough not to admit it."

She returned from the door with Guild and Andy. Guild nodded to me and shook hands with Macaulay, then turned to Mimi and said: "Well, ma'am, I'll have to ask you to tell—"

Macaulay interrupted him: "Suppose you let me tell what I have to tell first, Lieutenant. It belongs ahead of Mrs. Jorgensen's story, and—"

Guild waved a big hand at the lawyer.

"Go ahead." He sat down on an end of the sofa.

Macaulay told him what he had told me that morning. When he mentioned having told it to me that morning Guild glanced bitterly at me, once, and thereafter ignored me completely. Guild did not interrupt Macaulay, who told his story clearly and concisely. Twice Mimi started to say something, but each time broke off to listen. When Macaulay had finished he handed Guild the note about the bonds and cheque. "That came by messenger this afternoon."

Guild read the note very carefully and addressed Mimi: "Now then, Mrs. Jorgensen—"

She told him what she had told us about Wynant's visit, elaborating the details as he patiently questioned her, but sticking to her story that he had refused to say a word about anything connected with Julia Wolf

or her murder, that in giving her the bonds and cheque he had simply said that he wished to provide for her and the children, and that though he had said he was going away she did not know where or when. She seemed not at all disturbed by everybody's obvious disbelief. She wound up smiling, saying: "He's a sweet man in a lot of ways, but quite mad."

"You mean he's really insane, do you?" Guild asked; "not just nutty?"

"Yes."

"What makes you think that?"

"Oh, you'd have to live with him to really know how mad he is," she replied airily.

Guild seemed dissatisfied. "What kind of clothes was he wearing?"

"A brown suit and brown overcoat and hat, and I think brown shoes and a white shirt and a greyish necktie with either red or reddish-brown figures in it."

Guild jerked his head at Andy. "Tell 'em."

Andy went out.

Guild scratched his jaw and frowned thoughtfully. The rest of us watched him. When he stopped scratching he looked at Mimi and Macaulay, but not at me, and asked: "Any of you know anybody that's got the initials of D. W. Q.?"

Macaulay shook his head from side to side slowly.

Mimi said: "No. Why?"

Guild looked at me now. "Well?"

"I don't know them."

"Why?" Mimi repeated.

Guild said: "Try to remember back. He'd most likely've had dealings with Wynant."

"How far back?" Macaulay asked.

"That's hard to say right now. Maybe a few months, maybe a few years. He'd be a pretty large man, big bones, big belly, and maybe lame."

Macaulay shook his head again. "I don't remember anybody like that."

"Neither do I," Mimi said, "but I'm bursting with curiosity. I wish you'd tell us what it's all about."

"Sure, I'll tell you." Guild took a cigar from his vest pocket, looked at it, and returned it to the pocket. "A dead man like that's buried under the floor of Wynant's shop."

I SAID: "Ah."

Mimi put both hands to her mouth and said nothing. Her eyes were round and glassy.

Macaulay, frowning, asked: "Are you sure?"

Guild sighed. "Now you know that ain't something anybody would guess at," he said wearily.

Macaulay's face flushed and he smiled sheepishly. "That was a silly question. How did you happen to find him—it?"

"Well, Mr. Charles here kept hinting that we ought to pay more attention to that shop, so, figuring that Mr. Charles here is a man that's liable to know a lot more things than he tells anybody right out, I sent some men around this morning to see what they could find. We'd given it the once over before and hadn't turned up nothing, but this time I told 'em to take the dump apart, because Mr. Charles here had said we ought to pay more attention to it. And Mr. Charles here was right." He looked at me with cool unfriendliness. "By and by they found a corner of the cement floor looking a little newer maybe than the rest and they cracked it, and there was the mortal remains of Mr. D. W. Q. What do you think of that?"

Macaulay said: "I think it was a damned good guess of Charles'." He turned to me.

"How did you—"

Guild interrupted him. "I don't think you ought to say that. When you call it just a guess, you ain't giving Mr. Charles here the proper credit for being as smart as he is."

Macaulay was puzzled by Guild's tone.

He looked questioningly at me.

"I'm being stood in the corner for not



telling Lieutenant Guild about our conversation this morning," I explained.

"There's that," Guild agreed calmly "among other things."

Mimi laughed, and smiled apologetically at Guild when he stared at her.

"How was Mr. D. W. Q. killed?" I asked. Guild hesitated, as if making up his mind whether to reply, then moved his big shoulders and said: "I don't know yet, or how long ago. I haven't seen the remains yet, what there is of them, and the Medical Examiner wasn't through the last I heard."

"What there is of them?" Macaulay repeated.

"Uh-huh. He'd been sawed up in pieces and buried in lime or something, so there wasn't much flesh left on him, according to the report I got, but his clothes had been stuck in with him rolled up in a bundle, and enough was left of the inside ones to tell us something. There was part of a cane, too, with a rubber tip. That's why we thought he might be lame, and we—"

He broke off as Andy came in. "Well?"

Andy shook his head gloomily. "Nobody sees him come, nobody sees him go. What was that joke about a guy being so thin he had to stand in the same place twice to throw a shadow?"

I laughed—not at the joke—and said: "Wynant's not that thin, but he's thin enough, say as thin as the paper in that cheque and in those letters people have been getting."

"What's that?" Guild demanded, his face reddening, his eyes angry and suspicious.

"He's dead. He's been dead a long time except on paper. I'll give you even money they're his bones in the grave with the fat lame man's clothes."

Macaulay leaned towards me. "Are you sure of that, Charles?"

Guild snarled at me: "What are you trying to pull?"

"There's the bet if you want it. Who'd go to all that trouble with a corpse and then leave the easiest thing of all to get rid of—the clothes—untouched unless they—"

"But they weren't untouched. They—"

"Of course not. That wouldn't look right. They'd have to be partly destroyed, only enough left to tell you what they were supposed to tell. I bet the initials were plenty conspicuous."

"I don't know," Guild said with less heat. "They were on a belt buckle."

I laughed.

Mimi said angrily: "That's ridiculous. Nick. How could that be Clyde? You know he was here this afternoon. You know he—"

"Sh-h-h. It's very silly of you to play along with him," I told her. "Wynant's dead, your children are probably his heirs, that's more money than you've got over there in the drawer. What do you want to take part of the loot for when you can get it all?"

"I don't know what you mean," said. She was very pale.

"I don't know what you mean," said. She was very pale.

**M**ACAULAY said:

"Charles thinks Wynant wasn't here this afternoon, and that you were given those securities and the cheque by somebody else, or perhaps stole them yourself. Is that it?" he asked me.

"Practically."

"But that's ridiculous," she insisted.

"Be sensible, Mimi," I said. "Suppose Wynant was killed three months ago and his corpse disguised as somebody else. He's supposed to have gone away leaving powers of attorney with Macaulay. All right, then, the estate's completely in Macaulay's hands for ever and ever, or at least until he finishes plundering it because you can't even—"

Macaulay stood up, saying: "I don't know what you're getting at, Charles, but I'm—"

## THE THIN MAN

"Take it easy," Guild told him. "Let him have his say out."

"He killed Wynant and he killed Julia and he killed Nunhelm," I assured Mimi.

"What do you want to do? Be next on the list? You ought to know damned well that once you've come to his aid by saying you've seen Wynant alive—because that's his weak spot, being the only person up to now who claims to have seen Wynant since October—he's not going to take any chances on having you change your mind—not when it's only a matter of knocking you off with the same gun and putting the blame on Wynant. And what are you doing it for? For those few crummy bonds in the drawer, a fraction of what you get your hands on through your children if we prove Wynant's dead?"

Mimi turned to Macaulay and said: "You crook."

Guild gaped at her, more surprised by that than by anything else that had been said.

Macaulay started to move. I did not wait to see what he meant to do, but slammed his chin with my left fist. The punch was all right, it landed solidly and dropped him, but I felt a burning sensation on my left side and knew I had torn the bullet-wound open.

"What do you want me to do?" I growled at Guild. "Put him in cellophane for you?"

**I**T was nearly three in the morning when I let myself into our apartment at the Normandie. Nora, Dorothy, and Larry Crowley were in the living-room, Nora and Larry playing backgammon, Dorothy reading a newspaper.

"Did Macaulay really kill them?" Nora asked impatiently.

"Yes. Did the morning papers have anything about Wynant?"

Dorothy said: "No, just about Macaulay being arrested. Why?"

"Macaulay killed him, too?"

Nora said, "Really?" Larry said, "I'll be damned." Dorothy began to cry. Nora looked at Dorothy in surprise.

Dorothy sobbed: "I want to go home to mamma."

Larry said, not very eagerly: "I'll be glad to take you home if . . ."

Dorothy said she wanted to go. Nora fussed over her, but did not try to talk her out of going. Larry, trying not to look too unwillingly, found his hat and coat. He and Dorothy left.

Nora shut the door behind them and leaned against it. "Explain that to me, Mr. Charalambides," she said.

I shook my head.

She sat on the sofa beside me. "Now out with it. If you skip a single word, I'll—"

"I'd have to have a drink before I could do any talking."

She cursed me and brought me a drink. "Has he confessed?"

"Why should he? You can't plead guilty of murder in the first degree. There were three murders—and at least two of—"

for the District Attorney to let him plead guilty of second-degree murder. There's nothing for him to do but fight it out."

"But did he commit them?"

"Sure."

She pushed my glass down from my mouth. "Stop stalling me and tell me about it."

"Well, it figures out that he and Julia had been gypping Wynant for some time. He'd dropped a lot of money in the market, and he'd found out about her past—as Morelli hinted—and the pair of them teamed up on the old man. We're sickening accountants on Macaulay's books and Wynant's, and shouldn't have much trouble tracing some of the loot from one to the other."

"Then you don't know positively that he was robbing Wynant?"

"Sure we know. It doesn't click any other way. The chances are Wynant was

going away on a trip the 3rd of October, because he did draw five thousand dollars out of the bank in cash, but he didn't close up his shop and give up his apartment."

That was done by Macaulay a few days later. Wynant was killed at Macaulay's in Seaside on the night of the 3rd. We know that, because on the morning of the 4th, when Macaulay's cook, who slept at home, came to work, Macaulay met her at the door with some kind of trumped up complaint and two weeks' wages and fired her on the spot, not letting her in the house to find any corpses or bloodstains."

**H**OW did you find that out? Don't skip details."

"Ordinary routine. Naturally, after we grabbed him we went to his office and house to see what we could find out—you know, where were you on the night of June 6, 1934—stuff—and the present cook said she'd only been working for him since the 8th of October, and that led to that. We also found a table with a very faint trace of what we hope is human blood not quite scrubbed out. The scientific boys are making shavings of it now to see if they can soak out any results for us." (It turned out to be beef blood.)

"Then you're not sure he—"

"Stop saying that. Of course we're sure. That's the only way it clicks. Wynant had found out that Julia and Macaulay were gypping him, and also thought, rightly or wrongly, that Julia and Macaulay were cheating on him—and we know he was jealous—so he went up there to confront him with whatever proof he had, and Macaulay, with prison looking him in the face, killed the old man. Now don't say we're not sure. It doesn't make any sense otherwise. Well, there he is with a corpse, one of the harder things to get rid of. Can I stop to take a swallow of whisky?"

"Just one," Nora said. "But this is just a theory, isn't it?"

"Call it any name you like. It's good enough for me."

"But I thought everybody was supposed to be considered innocent until they were proved guilty, and if there was any reasonable doubt, they—"

"That's for juries, not detectives. You find the guy you think did the murder and you slam him in the can and let everybody know you think he's guilty and put his picture all over the newspapers, and the District Attorney builds up the best theory he can on what information you've got and meanwhile you pick up additional details here and there, and people who recognise his picture in the paper—as well as people who'd think he was innocent if you hadn't arrested him—come in and tell you things about him, and presently you've got him sitting on the electric chair." (Two days later a woman in Brooklyn identified Macaulay as a George Foley, who, for the past three months, had been renting an apartment from her.)

"But that seems so loose."

"Matters," I said. "You can see it in the mathematics. Most of them aren't, and this one wasn't. I don't want to go against your idea of what's right and wrong, but when I say he probably dissected the body, so he could carry it into town in bags, I'm only saying what seems most probable. That would be on the 6th of October or later, because it wasn't until then that he laid off the two mechanics Wynant had working in the shop—Prentice and McNaughton—and shut it up. So he buried Wynant under the floor, buried him with a fat man's clothes and a lame man's stick and a belt marked D.W.Q., all arranged so they wouldn't get too much of the lime—or whatever he used to eat off the dead man's features and flesh—on them, and he re-cemented the floor over the grave. Between police routine and publicity we've got more than a fair chance of finding out where he bought or otherwise got



the clothes and stick and the cement." (We traced the cement to him later—he had bought it from a coal and wood dealer uptown—but had no luck with the other things.)

"I HOPE so," she said, not too hopefully.

"So now that's taken care of. By renewing the lease on the shop and keeping it vacant—supposedly waiting for Wynant to return—he can make sure—reasonably sure—that nobody will discover the grave, and if it is accidentally discovered, then let Mr. D.W.Q.—by that time Wynant's bones would be pretty bare, and you can't tell whether a man was thin or fat by his skeleton—was murdered by Wynant, which explains why Wynant has made himself scarce. That taken care of, Macaulay forces the power of attorney and, with Julia's help, settles down to the business of gradually transferring the late Clyde's money to themselves. Now I'm going theoretical again. Julia doesn't like murder, and she's frightened, and he's not too sure she won't weaken on him. That's why he makes her break with Morelli—giving Wynant's jealousy as an excuse. He's afraid she might confide to Morelli in a weak moment, and, as the time draws near for her still closer friend, Face Peppier, to get out of prison, he gets more and more worried. He's been safe there as long as Face stayed in, because she's not likely to put anything dangerous in a letter that has to pass through the warden's hands, but now . . . Well, he starts to plan, and then all Hell breaks loose. Mimi and her children arrive and start hunting for Wynant, and I come to town and am in touch with them, and he thinks I'm helping them. He decides to play safe on Julia by putting her out of the way. Like it so far?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"It gets worse as it goes along." I assured her. "On his way here for lunch that day he stops and phones his office, pretending he's Wynant, and making that appointment at the Plaza, the idea being to establish Wynant's presence in town. When he leaves here he goes to the Plaza and asks people if they've seen Wynant, to make that plausible, and for the same reason phones his office to ask if any further word has come in from Wynant, and phones Julia. She tells him she's expecting Mimi and she tells him Mimi thought she was lying when she said she didn't know where Wynant was, and Julia probably sounds pretty frightened. So he decides he's got to treat Mimi to the interview, and he does. He beats it over there, and kills her. He's a terrible shot. I saw him shoot during the war. It's likely he missed her with the first shot, the one that hit the telephone, and didn't succeed in killing her right away with the other four, but he probably thought she was dead, so he dropped the piece of Wynant's chain that he had brought along as a clincher—and his having saved that for three months makes it look as if he'd intended killing her from the beginning—and scoots over to the engineer Hermann's office, where he takes advantage of the breaks and fixes himself up with an alibi. The two things he doesn't expect—couldn't very well have foreseen—are that Nunheim, hanging around trying to get at the girl, had seen him leave her apartment—may even have heard the shot—and that Mimi, with blackmail in her heart, was going to conceal the chain for use in shaking down her ex-husband. That's why he had to go down to Philadelphia and send me that wire and the letter to himself and one to Aunt Alice later—if Mimi thinks Wynant's throwing suspicion on her she'll get mad enough to give the police the evidence she's got against him. Her desire

to hurt Jorgensen nearly gummied that up though. Macaulay, by the way, knew Jorgensen was Roseben. Right after he killed Wynant he had detectives look Mimi and her family up in Europe—their interest in the estate made them potentially dangerous—and the detectives found out who Jorgensen was. We found the reports in Macaulay's files. He pretended he was getting the information for Wynant, of course. Then he started worrying about me, about my not thinking Wynant guilty and—"

"And why didn't you?"

"Why should he write letters antagonizing Mimi, the one who was helping him by holding back incriminating evidence? That's why I thought the chain had been planted when she did turn it in, only I was a little bit too willing to believe she had done the planting. Morelli worried Macaulay, too, because he didn't want suspicion thrown on anybody who might, in clearing themselves, throw it in the wrong direction. Mimi was all right, because she'd throw it back on Wynant, but everybody else was out. Suspicion thrown on Wynant was the one thing that was guaranteed to keep anybody from suspecting that Wynant was dead, and if Macaulay hadn't killed Wynant, then there was no reason for his having killed either of the others. The most obvious thing in the whole lay-out and the key to the whole lay-out was that Wynant had to be dead."

"You mean you thought that from the beginning?"

Nora demanded, fixing me with a stern eye.

"No, darling, though I ought to be ashamed of myself for not seeing it, but once I heard there was a corpse under the floor, I wouldn't have cared if doctors swore it was a woman's, I'd have insisted it was Wynant's. It had to be. It was the one right thing."

"I guess you're awfully tired. That must be what makes you talk like this."

"Then he had Nunheim to worry about, too. After pointing the finger at Morelli, just to show the police he was being useful, he went to see Macaulay. I'm guessing again, sweetheart. I had a phone call from a man who called himself Albert Norman, and the conversation ended with a noise on his end of the wire. My guess is that Nunheim went to see Macaulay and demanded some dough to keep quiet, and when Macaulay tried to bluff him, Nunheim said he'd show him and called me up to make a date with me to see if I'd buy his information—and Macaulay grabbed the phone and gave Nunheim something, if only a promise, but when Guild and I had our little talk with Nunheim, and he ran out on us, then he phoned Macaulay and demanded real action, probably a lump sum, with a promise to beat it out of town, away from us meddling elastics. We do know he called up that afternoon—Macaulay's telephone-operator remembers a Mr. Albert Norman calling out right after 'working' to him, so don't get snooty about this—uh—reconstruction of mine. Macaulay wasn't silly enough to think Nunheim was to be trusted even if he paid him, so he lured him down to this spot he had probably picked out ahead of time and let him have it—and that took care of that."

"Probably," Nora said.

"It's a word you've got to use a lot in this business."

"THE letter to Gilbert was only for the purpose of showing that Wynant had a key to the girl's apartment, and sending Gilbert there was only a way of making sure that he'd fall into the hands of the police, who'd squeeze him and not let him keep the information about the letter and the key to himself. Then Mimi finally comes through with the watch-chain, but meanwhile another worry

comes up. She's persuaded Guild to suspect me a little. I've an idea that when Macaulay came to me this morning with that hokey he intended to get me up to Scarsdale and knock me off, making me number three on the list of Wynant's victims. Maybe he just changed his mind, maybe he thought I was suspicious, too, willing to go up there without policemen. Anyhow, Gilbert's lie about having seen Wynant gave him another idea. If he could get somebody to say they had seen Wynant and stick to it . . . Now this part we know definitely."

"Thank God."

"He went to see Mimi this afternoon—riding up two floors above hers and walking down so the elevator boys wouldn't remember having carried him to her floor—and made her a proposition. He told her there was no question about Wynant's guilt, but that it was doubtful if the police would ever catch him. Meanwhile he, Macaulay, had the whole estate in his hands. He couldn't take a chance on appropriating any of it, but he'd fix it so she could—if she would split with him. He'd give her these bonds he had in his pocket and this cheque, but she'd have to say that Wynant had given them to her, and she'd have to send this note, which he also had, over to Macaulay as if from Wynant. He assured her that Wynant, a fugitive, could not show up to deny his gift, and, except for herself and her children, there was no one else who had any interest in the estate, any reason for questioning the deal. Mimi's not very sensible where she sees a chance to make a profit, so it was all O.K. with her, and he had what he wanted—somebody who'd seen Wynant alive. He warned her that everybody would think Wynant was paying her for some service, but if she simply denied it there would be nothing anybody could prove."

"THEN what he told you this morning about Wynant instructing him to give her any amount she asked for was simply in preparation?"

"Maybe, maybe it was an earlier fumbling towards that idea. Now are you satisfied with what we've got on him?"

"Yes, in a way. There seems to be enough of it, but it's not very neat."

"It's neat enough to send him to the chair," I said, "and that's all that counts. It takes care of all the angles, and I can't think of any other theory that would. Naturally, it wouldn't hurt to find the pistol, and the typewriter he used for the Wynant letters, and they must be somewhere around where he can get at them when he needs them." (We found them in the Brooklyn apartment he had rented as George Foley.)

"Have it your own way," she said, "but I always thought detectives waited until they had every little detail fixed in—"

"It's all right by me. What do you think will happen to Mimi and Dorothy and Gilbert now?"

"Nothing new. They'll go on being Mimi and Dorothy and Gilbert, just as you and I will go on being us, and the Quinns will go on being the Quinns. Murder doesn't round out anybody's life except the murdered's and sometimes the murderer's."

"That may be," Nora said, "but it's all pretty unsatisfactory."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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